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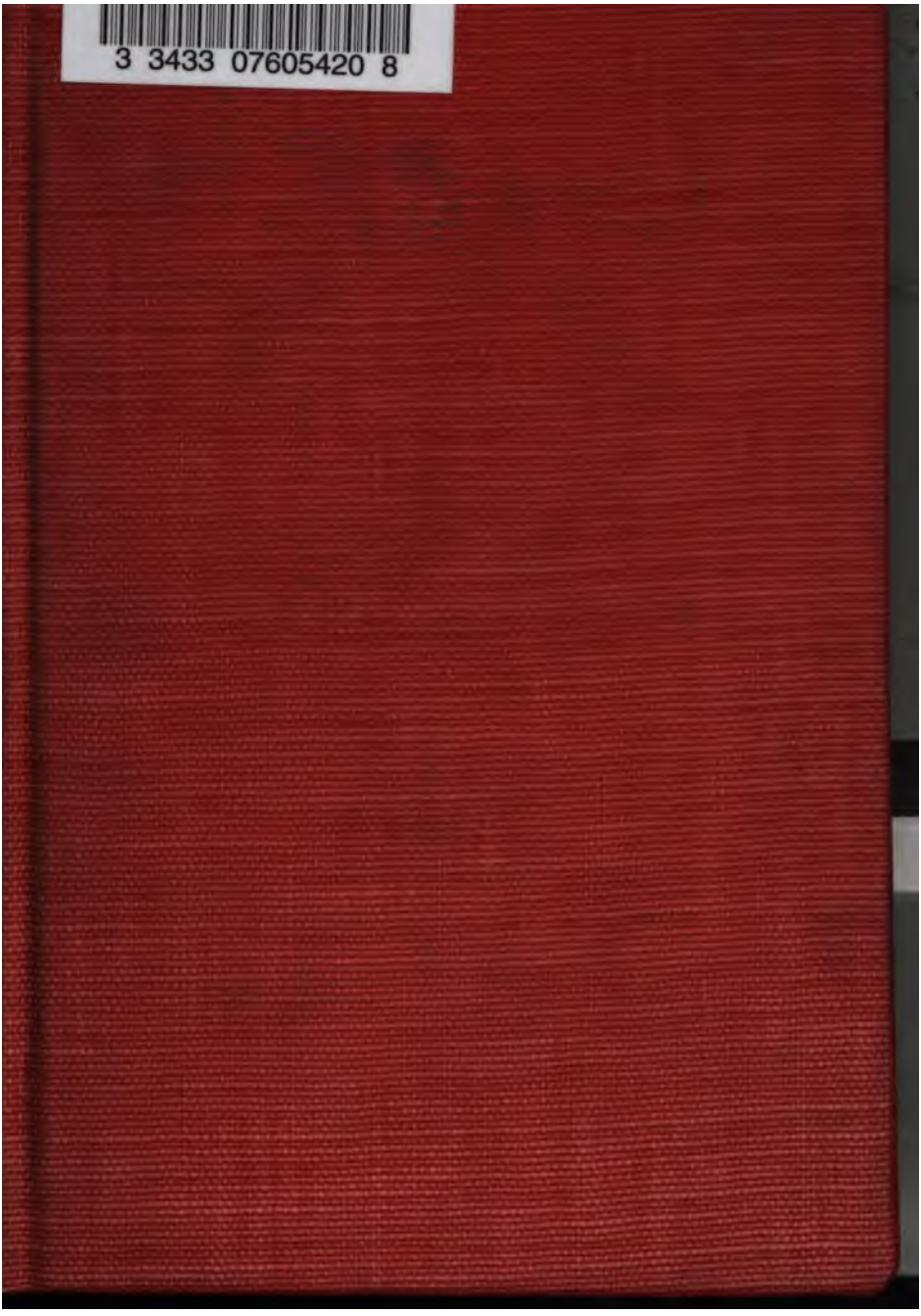
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WOODHILL;

OR,

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE,

BY ~~TALVI~~.

AUTHOR OF "HELOISE," "THE LITERATURE OF THE SCLAVIC NATIONS," ETC.

Robinson

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PREFACE

IN sending these pages into the world, I would wish, before everything else, to guard myself against the supposition that, in the background on which their contents are drawn, I have intended to give a picture of North America. As such, my book would be in the highest degree imperfect. It is not *a picture of America* which I would here unroll before my readers, but *American pictures,* as, in my experience of many years, I have beheld them.

If I bring before the reader, in succession, the child of the world and the pious maiden, the cavalier and the farmer, the social philanthropist and the Pharisee, and other truly national characters; if I portray, in single features, the social relations of the opposite sexes and the various stages of life, and the influence which the methodism of the East exerts over the religious barrenness of the West—I am yet far from wishing to insinuate that these characters and relations are the exclusive types of society as it has formed itself in the North-American Republic. These types exist, on the contrary, in such infinite gradations, and in such a mixture of colours, of which one imper

ceptibly runs into the other, that here, as elsewhere, the stamp of nationality is not unfrequently lost in that of humanity. The pictures which I lay before the reader are certainly *truthful*, but he must not forget that many other equally truthful pictures, which had the same right to be exhibited as these, have remained unexhibited.

In particular, I have purposely refrained from touching upon politics, except where it was unavoidable.

To my American readers I would simply remark, in explanation of such detailed descriptions and delineations as may seem to them superfluous, that this book was written originally for Germans. I would also caution them, in case they should find the characters with which they will meet, drawn from life, and perhaps think that here and there they recognise an acquaintance, against accusing me, in consequence, of personality. I acknowledge no one of the characters drawn in the following pages to be the portrait of a particular person, nor any of the events pictured in them as the description of any scene actually experienced. In the conception and delineation of these characters and scenes, inasmuch as they bear the impress of nationality, the eye and hand of the European will hardly be mistaken; but only a one-sided national pride, only a limited popular vanity, can prevent the reader from also recognising in them the heart which beats for the free native land of the dearest which it possesses on earth, and the home of its voluntary adoption.

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WOODHILL.

CHAPTER I.

GUARDIAN AND WARD.

THE notary put up his papers, arose, and, with ceremonious politeness, congratulated Miss Osten upon her entrance into a new period of her life. For he had just—nearly two years later than her years admitted of it—declared her legally of age. He added the wish that her property might prosper as well under her own management, as under that of her guardian—for he had to-day had the opportunity of comparing its present large amount to the much smaller sum which was left to Clotilde when her father died, three years before, and the present orderly state of her affairs to the unhinged, uncertain character which they bore at that time. He then bowed, and left the room.

Clotilde, a tall, slender figure, in the blooming freshness of youth, over whose features, so full of soul, there hung a cloud of quiet sadness, and her former guardian, Baron Sassen, remained buried, long after the door had closed upon the lawyer, in deep, thoughtful silence. Before them stood a table on which rolls of gold-pieces were spread out, and valuable *government bonds and* documents arranged in packages.

But it could easily be seen that it was by no means money and its value that occupied the minds of both.

The Baron was a man of middle age—portly, indeed, decidedly *distingué* in his appearance, with a noble, strongly-marked cast of features. He was the first to break the silence, and the tone of his sonorous, manly voice, was unusually gentle, as he said:

"Clotilde, you have your will now. Your estates have been turned into ready money; twenty thousand thalers in gold lie here before you, there as much again in bonds and bills of exchange, which can at any moment be changed into drafts on any commercial house, the place for which it remains for you to designate. Will you not speak now? Will you still refuse your confidence to your long-tried friend, the friend to whom your father himself has directed you?"

"My confidence?" replied Clotilde; "who deserves it more, who has more right to possess it, than you, my dear friend? And yet," she added, with a sigh, "in this one case I fear your censure; but still—I feel so sure that I am doing right."

"Explain yourself," said the Baron, urgently. There was something of irritation in his voice, as he continued: "you must confess that I have a right to demand an explanation of the apparent contradictions in your conduct. Two full years have not yet passed, since, on your twenty-first birth-day, you saw me willing to lay down the office which my excellent friend had intrusted to me four years ago, and to render up an account to you of the administration of your property. But you would hear nothing of it. You asked me, as a friendly favour, to continue the superintendance of affairs unfamiliar and burdensome to you; and God knows whether I appreciated the happiness of still being allowed to serve you.

"*From that* time I was your man of business, Clotilde, *your faithful steward, no* longer your guardian. I am con-

scious that you can accuse me of no presumption ; I have paid to you large sums and small—even three months ago, when you went to the capital, those two thousand thalers—without a question as to what you needed them for—though I did on that one occasion, take the liberty of an older friend, and warn you urgently, not to let your tender heart be abused in acts of charity—for it was to such a use that I expected that sum, or at least a part of it, to be put. You can therefore judge, Clotilde, how astonished I was, how hurt I felt, when, four weeks ago, I received a letter from you from the capital, in which you commission me to sell at auction, without delay, your house—your paternal roof, Clotilde—as well as the other real estate in which I had profitably and safely invested your property, and to call in your outstanding capital so as to turn it into drafts, about which you promised to give me further directions.

" My letter, full of surprise, full of entreaties for an explanation, has remained unanswered. I have executed your commission—your property has been made as disposable as you can wish for. But now I beg you to reward this resignation to your will, in the extent of which I have almost hurt my own conscience, by taking back this unjust mistrust."

Clotilde had listened to the last part of her guardian's long speech with her eyes fixed on the ground. " Perhaps," she now said, with an embarrassed smile, " perhaps, my honoured friend, I shall put you upon the track, if I ask you to give me, instead of these Prussian government bonds, a letter of credit to one or the other house in New York or Philadelphia."

The Baron's inquiring glance was so severe and discouraging, that Clotilde continued with increased confusion :

" You know that Dr. Stellmann, who married my earliest friend, thinks of emigrating to America as soon as the packets begin *to sail again. They* are kind, pleasant people. I intend *to join them. For I, too,*" she added, with a forced

smile, "am, in my way, 'weary of Europe,' and hope, after withering away here for the past few years, like everything else, myself to spring up again, abroad, in that fresh soil, fanned by the enlivening breath of Freedom, to a new fresh life."

Grief and anger had, while she was speaking, been pictured in her friend's face. "Can it be possible!" he cried; "you, too, infected by that malignant fever of the present age? Even your heart, Clotilde, which I have always looked upon as the seat of the noblest, most retiring German womanliness—even your clear, cultivated mind, penetrated by the unfortunate emancipation-mania of our day! What will you do in Wisconsin, of whose backwoods and their eternal liberty that visionary dreams? If, in the years he spent at the university, he had attended to his medical studies, or learned any other useful thing, instead of brooding over unripe plans of government-reform, he would not be in want of employment here. But let him go. He may and will work his way. But you, Clotilde! Would you help him root out the backwoods? Would you perhaps found, with your treasures, a colony in the land of freedom, for political fugitives, who are to fatten the soil with their bloody theories, and build up a new government on the foundation of their school-boy wisdom? Do you not know that woman's dignity, that *morality* has root only where civilization prevails? Do you perhaps wish to spread these in the prairies by lecturing?"

This bitter burst of unjust anger showed Clotilde only too plainly, how much she had offended and hurt her friend by the secresy of her plans.

"My intentions are by no means so adventurous," she calmly replied. "I expect there to fulfil that which you German men like to look upon as our only mission, that is, *to superintend* and take part in the affairs of a household, as *well as I could have* done it in my native land. Indeed, as *things have turned* out, far better; and only there. For, let

me confess it to you, my much-honoured friend, Dr. Stellmann and Henrietta will not be my only companions—*I am betrothed!*"

Clotilde kept her eyes firmly fixed on the ground while she was pronouncing the last words. Thus she did not see that a deadly pallor spread over her friend's face, and that, through the immense exertion of manfully crushing down the agony which went through his heart like a dagger, a cold sweat started from his noble brow.

There was the silence of death in the room for some minutes. At length the Baron said, in a hollow voice: "Proceed!"

"You know that of the political prisoners, who, in consequence of the Frankfort conspiracy,* were, in our principality also, condemned to the fortress, two have recently had their term of imprisonment considerably shortened by the mercy—or rather a caprice—of the government. But it seems that six years of confinement had still left in them too much dangerous matter for their own country. There was joined to their liberation the condition of a so-called voluntary exile. One of these was Hubert, whom you may remember; he was my dear father's favourite scholar, and had only just passed a brilliant examination, when, one night, he was arrested and led off for trial. To him, my friend, I am betrothed; and as his wife, I will go with him into exile, to America."

The Baron had, meanwhile, by great exertion, succeeded in collecting himself. "I knew Hubert," he said, "a noble youth, more led than leading astray. But strange, strange indeed," he added, passing his hand over his forehead and eyes, as if trying to bring back some recollection—"strange, that your father never told me of this. By heaven! Your father thought you free—he would not—and yet, Clotilde,

* *Known under the name of "Das Frankfurter Attentat."*

you must have engaged yourself to him six years ago—for it is as long as that since Hubert was arrested."

"I will tell you all. I must go back very far. I was sixteen years old, when I became acquainted with Hubert, who was just in the last year of his course. We professor's daughters, you know, are spoiled girls. If Nature has only been a little kind to us, we see ourselves surrounded by a host of young admirers; for to one young lady in our circles, there are at least ten hale and hearty young men. And I, the only daughter of tender, loving parents, whose means admitted their following their hospitable inclinations, and keeping open house, was particularly spoiled, and full of pretensions, and my vain heart found no small pleasure in the circumstance that the students, whose coarse and awkward manners often annoyed me, were joined in their admiration by the young officers of the garrison, whose outward refinement, at least, won my approval. Still I had, from the first, sufficient judgment to distinguish Hubert from the crowd, and feel flattered by his attentions. My good mother often praised him, as the most modest and most intelligent of our visitors, and my father thought he might be proud of this scholar, and called the state happy which trained up such servants—so high-minded, and so deeply and thoroughly cultivated."

"My poor friend!" said the Baron, with a bitter smile, "only his uncommon goodness of heart could deceive a judgment so clear as his!"

"I, too," continued Clotilde, hurt by his injustice, and encouraged by it to speak more decidedly, "I, too, felt Hubert's great worth, and—let me say it freely—never yet had any man made so agreeable an impression upon me. But I was young and vain. That which later and more matured feelings recognised as signs of a deep, true love—his slight *approaches in society*, his reserve in the common gallant intercourse *of young* people—seemed to me coolness, indecision,

The attentions which he paid me in the domestic circle were not exclusive enough for me; it vexed my silly heart that I had to divide them with my venerable mother; and the fact that Hubert, over a learned conversation with my father, absorbed with him in the mutual reflection upon the oppressed state of his country, often seemed to forget my presence entirely, sometimes irritated me so much, that I showed the first young man that entered the room, a kindness of which my heart knew nothing; and so, without knowing what I did, flattered vanity in some, and in others, perhaps, with wicked thoughtlessness, even wakened feelings that were still slumbering."

"You judge yourself too harshly, Clotilde; I knew you then, as I do now. Often, while you probably reckoned me, in compliment to my thirty years, among 'the old people,' I have gazed with delight upon you, the opening bud. You were never a coquette!"

"A coquette? No; a coquette is cold and heartless! But—oh! the heart is a dark abyss! My means of rousing Hubert's feelings more effectually, seemed to me the more innocent, that they never failed. For my attention to others always irritated him very much, and soon brought about a full, warm declaration on his side; so full, so warm, that even the most spoiled heart must be satisfied. Mine trembled with joy, but the very consciousness that I had in fact myself called forth his confession, made me more reserved than it was really in my nature to be. I told him that I was too young yet to have anything to do with things so important, and he seemed willing to be satisfied with the answer; he did not urge me, and I saw plainly that he was not very desirous for our speedy union at least, and that he wished in no way to bind me."

Clotilde stopped. "Go on!" said the Baron, with ill-restrained *impatience.*

"I would willingly, my dear friend, spare you these de-

tails, if they were not necessary to the explanation of what follows. At this time there were again serious disturbances in Germany, and the suspicious eyes of the government were turned in all directions. I often heard my father, who, you know, was a decided liberal, warning Hubert against incautious actions, and holding up before him the criminality of immature enterprises, by which just those sacrifice themselves vainly for their country, who ought to be its champions at the right hour. Hubert appeared to agree with him, but his friendship with several individuals, of whom the government was particularly watchful, troubled my father. In this state of things my seventeenth birthday drew near. It was at the end of April, just at the time when the outbreak in Frankfort, and the arrests in various places which followed it, gave much cause for comment. My birthday had always been celebrated by some little domestic festival. But as it happened that at the close of this winter the last of our subscription-balls was to take place on that night, my mother did not wish to spoil it by a party at our house, and I was willing, as I was passionately fond of dancing, to take the ball as a birthday-celebration. Early in the morning came my female friends and many young gentlemen with wreaths and bouquets. Hubert was the only one who did not make his appearance. Every time the door opened I hoped to see him enter, and when the visiting hours were passed, and the evening drew near, I was excited to the highest degree. At length, as we were just about to dress for the ball, at an hour when my mother never received calls, Hubert was announced. 'Would you like to see him?' asked my mother. 'It will be time enough this evening,' I answered, full of vexation; 'if he had been in a hurry with his congratulations, he would have taken the trouble to come sooner.' My *mother* smiled. 'Tell him, then,' she said to the servant, *'that we are just about* to dress, but that we hope to see him *at the ball.' This* late visit exasperated me still more; I had

endeavoured to excuse his staying away by illness, absence from town, mistaking of the day. Why did he come to make a ceremonious call, at an hour when he knew I could not see him?

"I entered the saloon highly excited, and, besides this, in the vain consciousness of being most elegantly and becomingly dressed. He was standing at the door. I did not look at him, but I *felt* his searching, uneasy glance. To my vexation, I had been obliged to give away all my dances in the morning. For a long time, in the constant expectation of seeing him, I had managed, by artful evasions, to reserve one or the other favourite dance, but at length, full of anger at his delay, had engaged myself for these too. In such a dance-loving circle as ours, cotillion followed cotillion, one waltz another, in rapid succession; it was only during the dances, or at the end, at supper, that any conversation could be thought of. Hubert came immediately to ask me for the first dance. He looked disturbed—fool that I was, I imagined it was my displeasure that had moved him so. I told him, scornfully, that I was engaged for the whole evening. He gave me a startled look, and was about to speak, when my partner, a dashing lieutenant, approached me, and I went with him to take my place in the dance. As I flew past Hubert in the waltz, I noticed with a beating heart how uneasily his eyes followed me. I had hardly reached my seat again, when he came up to me, and politely asked my partner's permission to take a turn with me. You know perhaps that the great superfluity of gentlemen at our balls has given rise to these extra-turns, in which those who have not succeeded in securing to themselves partners for the evening, borrow, as it were, the lady for a short time. My partner bowed, but I said: 'Mr. Hubert, my mother does not wish me to dance these extra-turns; she fears they might exert me too much.' *He stepped* back and said, hastily, with a *sad, reproachful glance,* 'Will you then at least grant me

a few moments after the dance?' 'Certainly,' I replied, smiling, 'if there is time.' The lieutenant led me, after the dance, to my seat, at the other end of the hall, and, placing himself before me, entertained me with shallow compliments. I seemed to be sitting on coals. Now I saw Hubert coming towards me. At that moment a lady stopped him; and by the time that he had freed himself from her, the music struck up anew, and my partner came to seek me. I had already risen, had given him my hand, when Hubert stepped up to me. 'It is too late,' I said, laughing, and left him. Once more I met his look, so passionate, so sad—once more. There was anger, grief, and love—yes, deep, fervent love, in that urgent, burning glance, which, for nearly six years, has haunted me in my sleep and in my waking hours. When I again looked round after him during the dance, he had disappeared. I have never seen him since."

Clotilde hid her face in her hands. The Baron looked at her in anxious surprise. "Solve this riddle, Clotilde," he said, at length.

"When I came to the breakfast-table the next morning," continued Clotilde, "I was immediately struck by the sad expression in my parents' faces. 'Only think,' said my mother, 'there were to have been several arrests last night. Most of those implicated have escaped. They must have been warned. But our poor friend Hubert was taken just as he was about to leave the city in disguise.'

"'Impossible!' I cried, utterly confounded; 'he was at the ball last evening.'

"'That is just what surprises me,' replied my mother. 'His two friends, Romer and Listau—you know them—left town already last night at six o'clock, with extra-post, and, I hear, have taken his baggage with them. They were in *safety before the police* discovered any thing. But what in *all the world can* have induced him to wait until it was too

late for flight? He must have been aware of the danger, as his friends knew it.'

"A terrible suspicion crossed my heart. Perhaps he stayed and exposed himself to this danger, in order to see—to speak to me once more. And I—I hardly dared to think the thought. My father looked very sad. 'I hope the poor fellow will not be deeply implicated,' he said, with a sigh, 'or he may have to pay dearly for it.' Towards noon, Henrietta came in, who at that time was already engaged to Stellmann. The latter had heard through some of his fellow-students that Hubert had received, the day before, a letter from a friend, warning him that evidence had been given against him, Romer, and Listau, before the court in Frankfort, and that our ambassador had been informed of this, in order to give notice of it to his government. A rapid flight was instantly resolved upon. That could hardly be a proof of guilt, for the mere examination before committal, you know, often lasts for years, and punishes the innocent with equal severity as the guilty. Hubert and a few kind friends had, with much trouble, collected some money for their flight, and provided disguises, passports, and a carriage. Hubert was here, as in every thing, the leader of the enterprise—the support of all who took a part in it. But when all was ready, he declared that he had still some necessary business to attend to. He soon returned, however, and urged his friends, who were waiting the time of departure with anxious impatience, not to delay a moment longer; that he could not go with them, but would leave the city in the evening, at nine o'clock, in disguise—would have a horse waiting for him outside the gate, and join them later. No entreaties of his friends could shake the unfortunate man in his purpose. He remained; they escaped in safety.

"*Henrietta had hardly* left, when a boy, the son of Hubert's servant, whom he had already once or twice employ

as a messenger, brought me a piece of paper, hastily closed with a wafer. Read," continued Clotilde, as she took from her pocket-book a note, whose hurried writing was almost effaced by tears, and the paper quite yellow with age and frequent moistening.

"Clotilde, you are displeased with me. You will not see me. I felt that I could not go, without once more delighting my eyes by the sight of you. But I wish now that I had gone with my friends. I could then take your smile with me, as a last sunbeam, into the night that awaits me. Perhaps I am banished for ever. Perhaps I shall never see you again. You know I would not bind you. I would not build up the tabernacle of your life's happiness on a volcano. You are free, Clotilde; but I—I belong to thee for ever, my beloved, my adored. Think sometimes of the poor exile, who has loved thee many thousand times more than all the gay coxcombs who crown thee with flowers. Ask your father not to be angry with me. He looks at the times with the eye of an old man; I, as one who can and will still raise up new structures. I am going to England, and shall soon write to him. May you be happy, Clotilde; I can never be so without you. HUBERT."

Sassen had read these lines not without emotion. "Poor Hubert!" he said, "but now he is rewarded."

"No words can express the sensations which this note called forth! So long as the examination lasted—this long, painful winding through the torture-chambers of existence—so long I was full of hope; my father shook his head doubtfully; a hundred well-known examples spoke of the terrible severity of the punishment for political offences. Still, youth *hopes, as long* as the horrible certainty does not yawn upon *it, and therefore it is* happy. Twenty months passed away *during the examination*—twenty months, nearly two full years!

A short space of time, indeed, when you compare it to the five or six years of other courts. Then came the sentences; that of Hubert was ten years—*ten years* of confinement in the fortress! Oh! Baron Sassen, do your governments know what they are about? Ten years, or for life, is not that all the same? What can be done with trees that are rotten with the ever damp atmosphere of the dungeon? Can fruits still be expected, when the plant has already in its bloom been deprived of its nourishing soil? Ten years! The heart of a girl of eighteen can hardly realize such a length of time!

"This terrible sentence fell upon me like a clap of thunder. But it did not convince me of Hubert's guilt; what his crime was, only the secret tribunal could know, in whose privy chambers the documents were piled up. I had my father's testimony, which I could not doubt: his judgment might have erred, but his hands were unstained. And was it not for my sake that he was a captive? for my sake that he was to be so long without the golden light of freedom? Without his unfortunate love he would be free and in England.—Oh! this love, which had thrust him into prison, should, I resolved, brighten the night of this prison for him!

"The examinations, you know, had been held in the capital. Before Hubert, with several others, was conveyed to the fortress, he was allowed to arrange his affairs. He was permitted to see his father, in presence of a government officer; they suffered him to write letters, to receive some, of which less notice was taken. During this short period, I succeeded in conveying to him a note, which I had written at the first news of his condemnation, in which I told him that I loved him, that I had long loved him, but had not well understood my heart—that I would never belong to another, but remain faithful to him and wait for him ten years. This message reached him—and then the prison-gates were closed upon him, and four long, gloomy years have crept past since

that time. No voice from his prison-grave has ever penetrated to me!"

"Did your father know of this step, Clotilde?"

"My parents knew about Hubert's letter; not about mine. My resolve would have grieved them, and without reason. They would have been glad to keep their daughter with them ten years longer, but to know beforehand that it must be so, would have troubled them. And could they, kind as they were, and entirely as they entered, in everything else, into the feelings of my young heart, sympathize with me in the one point which was lacerating my breast? Could they share my pangs of conscience? They called it accident, fate, Hubert's own want of caution, what was to me, on his part, the full measure of love—on my own, the giving vent to a childish, sinful vanity. For I had learned to know my heart! If I had consented to see him when he came to our house so late, if I had granted his request at the ball, he would not have delayed his flight in order to write me. He would have escaped!

"My father induced the Faculty to intercede for Hubert with the king. They gave him the most brilliant testimonials. In vain! He was all the more dangerous as an enemy. My parents at length looked upon his case as hopeless, and—trusted to Time to efface his image in me. They did every thing to cheer me, to divert my mind. My beloved parents! I tried to be happy, so as to make them happy. Before long Death came, and took first my mother, then my father! I was all alone now in this world! One half of my heart was in the grave, the other was shut in by prison walls. You have been a kind, faithful friend to me, during these last four years, Baron Sassen! You know how a black thread of mourning has wound itself through this whole period of my *life,* You know too, how, far from caressing and petting my *grief, I turned now to* one, then to another of the fair blessings *of life, to cheer* myself. Travels, Art, Literature, acti-

vity in benevolent institutions,—all these I exhausted, as it were; but the worm was in my heart.

"A few months ago, the pardon which the grand-duke of Hesse had granted to those who had been condemned by his supreme court, first wakened in me the thought, whether it were not possible to bring about a similar act of mercy at our court. The influence of a certain minister was well known; I had met his wife at a bathing-place—she played, and was often embarrassed for money. Confused thoughts filled my brain, but I was determined to act. I went to visit a friend at the capital. I requested of you a considerable sum of money. With disgust I employed means by which I countenanced the lowest passions, but they were the only ones which higher powers had left in my hands. I am on the point of leaving my country. I could, without danger, lay bare the web of intrigue by which it was made possible to draw from the prince, on his birthday, the favour of shortening the time of Hubert's imprisonment, and, so as not to make it too conspicuous, that of one of his fellow-prisoners, by six years. But—I have given my word to be silent on that subject. And what good would it do? Would, could monarchs be blind, if they did not willingly submit to have the bandage placed on their eyes?

"And now I had gained the object of the most fervent, burning wish of my life.—Hubert was free! And God had showed me the mercy of letting me, who had been the cause of his imprisonment, be also the means of his liberation. But a hard condition, that of emigrating to America, was joined to the pardon: 'emigration by the first ship that would sail from Bremen for one of the ports of the United States.' The prisoners were asked if they had parents, from whom they wished to take leave. As they both answered in the negative, they were brought to Bremen with a military escort, and there put *under guard until the* ship should sail. They were *allowed to see no friends otherwise* than in presence of a police

officer. As it happened that so early in the season there was only a vessel going to New Orleans, the choice was left them of waiting for the next one, which was bound for a Northern port. Hubert's companion chose the latter, but he himself found this continued guardianship so insupportable, that he preferred to land in New Orleans. The vessel sails in three days."

"Clotilde, I do not understand you yet. You have not told me all. You said you were engaged to be married to Hubert."

"I am so. As soon as I heard that Hubert was free, I wrote to him. I reminded him, in this letter, of the one in which I had told him, some time ago, that I would wait for him ten years. I asked him to tell me conscientiously, whether he was still as desirous that I should become his, as he had been six years ago, before his long seclusion had perhaps given him a clearer look into himself, and made him understand himself better; that a new life lay before him; he could go to meet it entirely free and unchained; that his only obligation to me was perfect sincerity. But if he still loved me as before, if he still believed that his happiness depended on a union with me—then I was his betrothed, and as he was not allowed to come to me and take me home, I would join him in Bremen."

Sassen listened breathlessly. A dim hope rose up unconsciously within him.

"When this letter was sent," Clotilde went on, "when I had done everything that was in my power to conciliate the avenging angel—oh! what a heavenly quiet came over me then! I spent some days in a blissful state of calm inward peace. Without impatience I awaited his answer; I knew he would tell me the truth; he could not do otherwise. My letter made a matter of conscience of his doing so, and if he had ceased to love me, *one* expression of generosity—that he would not take me from my country, that he would not offer

me an exile's hand, that my sacrifice was too heavy, or something of the kind—would be enough to convince me of it."

"Clotilde," Sassen interrupted her, "you do not love Hubert!"

"How?" replied Clotilde in surprise, "what makes you doubt it?"

"How could you *quietly* have waited for the answer to such a question, if you loved him?"

"Is not the wish of making the one we love happy, the true nature of love?"

"And is not the desire of possession no less so?"

"True," rejoined Clotilde; "but could all the great sacrifices which I was willing to make for him, have made him happy, if he did not still wish to call me his own? I was not blind to these sacrifices; I knew that a plant, after it has reached a certain point of maturity and development, cannot be transplanted without injuring some of the finest of its vital fibres, which have grown deep into the mother-earth that gave it sap and nourishment—that it can never take root again in a strange soil. But was that the question? Could that be the question, where duty spoke so plainly?

"The answer, which came to me by return of post, could not leave me in doubt, and will convince you too. Perhaps—nay, I am sure—that some of the heavenly sounds of love which this letter contains, were intended for my ear alone; but I feel too deeply that I owe you, my dear friend, a vindication of the extraordinary step upon which you see me resolved, to hesitate, from false delicacy, in showing you Hubert's letter."

The Baron, silently, and with a nervousness very different from his usual calm manner, unfolded the paper which his ward offered him. He read:

"Clotilde, that you can ask me whether your image, your bright, sacred image, still lives in my heart, that you can

ask me whether I can go forth upon a new life without you, that is the only thing which casts a shadow upon the young sunny day that is now breaking to him who has risen from the grave. O Clotilde! from the sunbeam which you sent after me into the dark night, I have drunk the light, the warmth of Life, until now! what would have become of me without thee! And now—even the gift of liberty would be loathsome to me from the despot's hand, did I not suspect that it is to thee that I owe it! Without thee that would be banishment, which with thee is entering the wished-for haven of earthly bliss.

"I know what you sacrifice for my love, my Clotilde: the friends that know you and love you; the world in which you shine; the country which, even in slavery, is still dear to a woman's heart. But I do not hesitate to accept these sacrifices, and a thousand more, for my love shall be to you friends, and world, and country. By my side you too shall begin a new life in the land of liberty, you too shall sow in the virgin soil, that receives and brings forth again alike energetically, that seed of a nobler humanity which the decayed earth of Europe can no more take into itself without blighting it by its poisoned vapours. That which would here remain for years a mere dream, can and must awake there to a fresh life; the ideal, laughed at here as a vain fancy, may gain reality and form there. He suspects not, the tyrant, who threw me into prison as arbitrarily as he now sends me forth again, that by that which he considers a new punishment, he opens for me the gate of the true Temple of Freedom, and through my reunion with you, that of Heaven! Outside, too, of the walls of the fortress in which he kept me confined for four years, Germany is nothing but a huge prison with thirty-eight cells. Since my earliest years of boyhood, America has been the object of my yearning, of my dreams. *My father fled, to escape* the tyranny of the Corsican. Spain, *India, North and* South America became the scenes of his

warlike deeds; but when, after ten years, he at length returned to his own fireside, to his deserted wife and children, it was, among all his tales of the many adventures he had met with, of the distant climes which he had visited, chiefly his report of that land where each one feels himself a king, that the boy listened to with a greedy ear, and which filled his soul with longing after the soil of Freedom.

"Thither, my Clotilde, let us go; let us not dwell in the cities of the East, the busy markets of insatiable covetousness, the half-civilized seat of political intrigues, the wild sporting-field of all the vice exiled from the Old World, where man's worth is measured by his money, where greediness for gain devours, at the same time with the noble metal, the nobler nature of man;—not there let us build up the fireside of our domestic happiness! Nor will we stay in the land of slavery, to which our kind ship will bear us! May the time not be distant, when Humanity can purge these spots of shame from the pure mantle of Freedom! No, my Clotilde, in the sacred primeval forests of the far West, on the carpet of Nature, the flowery prairie—there we will erect our tabernacle! Thou shalt be my world—I will be thine!

"My father died in the first year of my imprisonment. The barbarians would not let him bless his son on his dying-bed. Not even the papers left by him have been delivered to me. They are lying sealed in the chambers of the court in my native city. But the small fortune which he bequeathed me, is sufficient for the purchase of a piece of land, for its cultivation, and a life free from care in any part of the country where no other luxury is known but the breathing of fresh air. I have drawn a portion of it, large enough to bring us safely to our destination; the rest, which a friendly hand must first arrange, will be sent after us to New York by one of the earliest ships.

"Time *presses, my Clotilde!* Is it possible—is it no dream —*that one short month*—a month, whose after-play of cap-

tivity, whose *mockery* of freedom weighs almost more heavily upon me than my chains of the last six years—will bring thee to my arms, beloved of my soul! And to be mine for ever!"

Sassen had read with a gloomy composure. Some portions of the letter he looked over again, and then, giving it back to his companion, said in a tone of bitter sadness: "Poor Hubert! Yes, it was cruel to thrust you into the solitude of a prison! Six years of the school of life would have made a worthy citizen of the yet flexible youth—six years of brooding in the dark, over unripe fancies, has made an arrogant dreamer of him. Do you believe that this man can be a safe guide to you through life, Clotilde?"

His ward was silent awhile; it was evident that she felt hurt. But at length she said, gently: "Your view is too dark, my friend! We have *both* much to learn yet. Hubert will help to educate me—I, him. But however that may be," she added, with a firm voice, "I am betrothed to Hubert. I will be his faithful companion through life. My trunks are packed, in the adjoining room. I leave, early to-morrow morning, to be united to him for ever in a few days."

"You are right," said the Baron with decision, "it is too late. It was too late years ago!"

He arose. She did likewise. His tall, noble form stood close before the agitated girl. All her blood rushed suddenly to her heart, and then retreated just as suddenly; she turned pale and trembled, for she felt, she hardly knew how, that her friend had still something to say to her.

"Clotilde," he began, "you have pained me beyond description; nevertheless, I thank you for having at length suffered me to look into the pure heaven of your heart. Your goodness, your magnanimity, your self-sacrificing spirit, can only make you more and more to me the object of a—veneration *such as I have* never before felt for a human being. *Yes, Clotilde—I probably see you now—for the last time in*

this life—suffer therefore that I—I too may speak to you once sincerely, so that you can feel even beyond the ocean, that you have left behind you here a—friend, in life and death!"

That strong man's hesitation, the trembling of his voice, nearly overpowered her. She turned one look upon him; a tear was glistening in his eye. For the first time she understood him. A mist seemed to rise up before her eyes. She was obliged to sit down. He continued:

"When you were still a lovely child, Clotilde, I already a man, I delighted in gazing at you, as I delighted in the beauty of the morning sky, or the odour of the rose. When I had been working the whole day, when I was weary of the burden and troubles of business, and full of annoyance and disgust at the mad, profligate doings of modern times, that shake with ruthless hand everything sacred, everything that we are wont to reverence—at such times I used to like to make an evening visit to your father, who had learned to live in his profound investigations of antiquity as in another world. He was so venerable in his cheerful, childlike simplicity, and this had something refreshing for my ever-working brain. But still more refreshing was the sweet atmosphere of your whole nature, Clotilde—so cheerful, so loving, so guileless! It always seemed to me as if I felt strengthened by your presence, as if, when I had seen you, I had gathered new force for work and struggles.

"But when the sterner realities of life broke in upon you, and turned your eyes to higher things than the toys of the world; when you yourself became more of a companion and friend to me, who was your parents' companion and friend, then I learned to feel that the man who succeeded in winning your heart would be the happiest of mortals.

"Twelve years of difference in our ages made me timid. And even if I now and then supposed that I had given you to understand *plainly enough* the nature of my feelings, you *did not comprehend my meaning*. You had accustomed your-

self to look upon me as one of the 'old people,' as one who must be held in high respect, even as a Mentor, perhaps. You never even thought of the possibility of my *loving* you. All this discouraged me. At last I disclosed my secret to your father—it was not a year before he died. He was moved—and pleased. Yes, Clotilde, I may say that the excellent man heard me with joy. He told me nothing of your heart's history; he would not anticipate you. 'Try to win her affection,' he said. Soon after this his confidence made me your guardian.

"I had to enter upon this office only too soon. Perhaps this—paternal relation estranged me from you more than it brought me nearer to you. For me it seemed a new barrier. For when I made myself acquainted with your affairs, I was almost startled by the large fortune that you possessed, without being yourself aware of it; for the confused state in which it had been, under your father's management—he was everything but a business-man—had allowed you but a small income, and for a long time past you had not been considered rich. Now you were suddenly found to be a rich heiress—I was weak enough—I confess, my pride could not bear the thought that the world, which knew me as one of the leaders of the hated nobility party, might suppose that I had sacrificed my aristocratic principles for your wealth. Your wealth, Clotilde, which was poverty in comparison with your inner treasures!

"This again sealed my lips. I was a fool! But what matter? It would have been too late, at any rate! You had long been bound by your generosity. You are going from me! My eyes shall not even behold you any more. I am not young enough, not unmanly enough to die of a broken heart. But the flowers that adorned my life, the hope that for me, too, the golden vapour of conjugal happiness might *some day hang around* the commonplace triviality of every-*thing—all these* you bear away with you forever, Clotilde!"

She sat silent and trembling, her head resting on her hand ; her eyes, from which the scalding tears gushed forth, hidden in her handkerchief.

"It is past now," he continued, commanding himself. "May God be with you ! I know that He will ever be your chosen guide. If you still value the advice of an experienced friend, you will endeavour to persuade Hubert to settle down in one of the larger Eastern cities. You both, accustomed as you are to the most refined advantages of civilization, will miss much even there, but can also be a great deal to each other. In the far West, among the pioneers of the forest, where, more or less, rude power still takes the place of the law, neither you nor he will be in your place. Do not suffer yourself to be bribed by a sickly romance devoid of judgment, to which you would be sacrificed. You should also seek to induce Hubert to spend his time in useful activity. A dreamer will never make you happy.

"I will make all necessary arrangements about these papers," he added, as he tied them up with a business-like calmness, in which nothing but a certain hastiness of motion betrayed his inward state.

Clotilde too had collected herself, and risen from her seat.

He took her hand.—"Farewell !" he said, in a low voice, pressing that tender hand between his own with a painful energy. She looked up to him with a glance full of soul. She expected that he would press a friend's last kiss upon her lips. But he would not trust the feeling which, kept down with manly force, was raging all the more fiercely within his breast. Breathlessly he stood, close before her. But he did not kiss her. He silently fixed a long, deep glance upon her. "If you need your friend," he said at length with a trembling voice, "summon him. Even beyond the sea I will follow you ! and now—the Almighty be with you !"

He dropped *her hand, and hastened* from the room.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE.

CLOTILDE sat for a long time stupefied, bewildered, speechless. Confused sensations were coursing through her breast. It seemed to her as if she had just suffered a terrible loss, without well knowing *what* she had lost. By degrees it took a clearer form before her soul's eye. The ideal picture of a Christian household rose up before her; the husband—he bore the features of Sassen—its noble head, a sure guide to everything good and right; the beloved, esteemed wife, the light of the house, which feeds for him and his the sacred fire on the domestic hearth, from which flows all the warmth of life; blessed with the world's goods, and in the quiet, comfortable enjoyment of them, and thereby too enabled, as united instruments, to extend the blessings of the Lord to suffering brethren and sisters; surrounded by the graces of existence, by art, science, and a sweet abundance, which gives a certain charm even to the everyday face of life; this picture rose up before her softly, airily, enticingly.

And opposite to it the wilderness of the West, the wide grave of all her memories, of all the ties of her youth, the immersion of her whole past. She must begin a new life; she must *educate* herself for a new life, and, with unsparing hand, *cut off the stem of her existence at the root.* She must walk in a strange world, doubly strange to her from the *expression of her nature* through a strange language—a *language which she loved* and had thoroughly learned, but still

a strange one ; *a language in which she could not pray.* And she must walk through this strange world by the side of a strange—yes, a *strange* man.

For could she deceive herself ? While Sassen was familiar to her through the intercourse of many years, while she had learned to know every shade of his mind, his disposition, all his favourite occupations, his inclinations, had not Hubert become almost a stranger to her ? True, six or seven years ago, she had often seen him, often conversed with him. But how different are the impressions of a man received by a young girl of sixteen from those by a woman of twenty-three. How different are their standards, their claims. She had hardly talked with Hubert of anything but a dance, a ride, the health or the engagement of one or the other mutual acquaintance. And he ? What had he loved in her much besides her rosy face, her slender figure, or, at the most, her singing and playing ? He knew her inner nature as little as she did his. The freshness and charm of youth gives importance even to the indifferent. Whoever listens to the customary social conversation of very young persons, and observes their intercourse in the dance and the game, and would investigate why they laugh and weep, why they like and dislike, distinguish and neglect, may not hope thus to penetrate into the yet unopened depths of their minds, still incomprehensible even to themselves. Sweetly do the green buds grow upon the mother stem ; here and there a small rosy stripe peeps forth from the shell of green leaves, like the soul of the maiden from the nature of the child. But it is only the opening rose that sends forth the balmy odour which forms its true being, and without which a rose would never be a real rose. As among plants, so among men.

Into what an abyss of dark reflection did these thoughts cast her. She roused herself forcibly. A thousand little affairs were *yet to be attended to.* If she wished to keep up, she must not give way for a moment to the sadness which

overcame her at the idea that all she loved, the friends of her youth, the scenes of her joys and sorrows, the sphere of her activity—that all these she must take leave of on the morrow, perhaps for ever.

None of her friends knew of her plan, except Dr. Stellmann and his wife, her travelling-companions, who had engaged their passage, obtained passports, and made all the necessary arrangements for the journey. She had spent the two preceding days in writing letters to different persons, to some of whom she merely communicated her resolve, gave others a more detailed explanation, and sent to others still a few cordial words of farewell. The letters were to be delivered when she was gone. Her servants knew that she was going to make a long journey; now she called them before her, told them that she would not return, and dismissed the weeping girls with liberal presents. She would gladly have taken one of them with her to that strange land, but one had an old mother, whom she would not deprive of her child in her old age; the other's talkativeness had deterred her, for it was most important to her to carry out her plan with the strictest secresy. She did not fear the wild ocean, the land of the stranger, so desolate for her, the thousand privations that awaited her. But the shallow curiosity of the crowd, their wide-open eyes, the insulting surprise of their looks, their intrusive questions, their well-meant advice—these were what she dreaded, what she feared. She had, therefore, resolved to wait till she reached the seaport, where Stellmann was well acquainted, before she sought for a faithful servant to take with her across the ocean.

Now everything was ready. After a night spent in tears and prayer, she sat the next morning in the travelling-carriage, beside Henrietta, who also pressed her wet handkerchief to her face. But the fresh morning breeze soon dried her tears. *The object of her* love of many years sat opposite her, ready *to meet the future with* cheerful courage and sanguine hopes.

It was only half a year since they had ventured to marry, for the tedious medical studies and examinations through which Stellmann had to go before he was allowed to practise, had damped even *his* courage too often to make him *very* urgent in his entreaties to Henrietta's parents to let her become his wife before he had passed his final examination. But even when he had happily slipped through this gate, and found the entrance into the holy of holies, no bread awaited him at the altar. In the city he was obliged to cure the poor, who were unable to pay, to make himself known ; and on the eggs and ham with which the peasants showed their obligation, he might manage to subsist, but they would neither pay for the rent, nor for decent clothing. Emigration to America, which had long been the Doctor's favourite dream—for he had already at the high school belonged to those "weary of Europe," who hated tyrants, and declared every one an enemy who could not with the same knife which he had just plunged into a monarch's heart, quietly cut himself a piece of bread—this dream rose up once more before him. Henrietta was willing —seven years of waiting would have made her ready to follow the beloved of her soul to Irkutsk, if it had been necessary, and *his* courage, *his* power of joyful anticipation, which made him see the sky of the transatlantic vista filled with golden suns, was enough to raise in her, too, the most delighted expectations. They resolved, therefore, to take advantage of the commencement of spring navigation for executing their plan. New Orleans was just the place for the Doctor ; it might be supposed that there was no abundance of German physicians there, and if he did not succeed there, it was at least a part of the land of liberty, where every place offers any one who will bestir himself—and no one was more willing to do so than he—ample means of gain.

An engagement of seven years' duration had not diminished either Stellmann's or Henrietta's love, on the contrary, *perhaps strengthened it, for the same* reason that old married

people love each other better than young ones; but the long, constant intercourse—Stellmann's means had not allowed him to visit other universities—which yet brought with it neither the educating *duties* of marriage, nor its hallowed *rights*, had robbed their relation of the freshness, the holiness, which gives the state of a betrothed, but not married couple, so peculiar a charm. Henrietta, brought up to great order and precision, and often hurt by Stellmann's thoughtlessness, and the little reliance that could be placed on him, had accustomed herself to a certain tutoring tone towards him, which he had already disliked in his betrothed. It displeased him, however, far more in his wife, and he hoped to cure her of it, by endeavouring to turn her attention to her own imperfections, which, in reality, did not strike him as unpleasantly as might be supposed from the strong expressions of his blame. His intention was merely to make her conscious that they who are not without faults themselves, should not censure others. He was, therefore, in the habit of turning the small reproaches which she sometimes made him, round upon her, and aiming the point of the arrow at the attacker.

"Dear Stellmann," Henrietta would say, after vain attempts to place her feet in safety, "I beg of you not always to put your heavy boots on my dress." "But you sat down on my travelling-cap yesterday, and the seat can be seen better than the floor."—"I fear your cloak, that is continually slipping from the front seat on to Clotilde's feet, must be very much in her way; you ought to fold it up, or sit upon it." "I suspect your immense basket there, between you and her, troubles her much more. It takes up at least the third part of the seat."—"But how could you put the guide-book, which we need so much on the journey, into the trunk, with all the other books, my dear Stellmann?" "You will not want much information about the Luneburg Heath, Henrietta; and had you not *even put the nightclothes* at the bottom of the bag, so that *we had to unpack* the whole affair at the first station?"

Thus Stellmann, instead of being prevented by her mistakes from committing similar ones himself, seemed to look upon them as the most perfect justification of his own. Clotilde, involuntarily, had to think of the spirited little fellow of three years of age, who, accustomed never to let himself be worsted, upon an occasion when an older friend, to meet his eternal curiosity about the why and the wherefore of things, said to him, "I see you are a philosopher," replied, very decidedly, "You are one, too."

This petty quarrelling and fault-finding between the young couple, soon found still other points to take hold of. Henrietta was round and plump of body ; she could not bear much heat, and was determined to have all the windows of the carriage open. Stellmann, though not delicate, was thin and frosty ; in his capacity of physician, he declared the rough March winds to be exceedingly dangerous, and would not acknowledge the truth of Henrietta's joking assertions, that in this he only consulted his own inclination, just as he also called his favourite dishes very wholesome, and forbade his patients eating what he did not like. Those moments when one of the couple drew back into a corner to sleep, and closed their eyes, were quickly used by the other party for opening or shutting the window, just as the nature of the waking half happened to be hot or cold, not without drawing on their heads some reproaches from the other on awakening.

Or they could not agree about the hour of starting the next morning. Stellmann thought it foolish to spoil one's night by rising before daybreak, as they could, at any rate, only go a certain number of miles a day with their hired horses. Henrietta declared that it was prudent to think of the possibility of an unlooked-for delay. Or Stellmann wished to stop at a hotel, where he had heard the meals were splendid, the prices reasonable. Henrietta preferred another one, where her *aunt had once lodged*, and praised the excellence *of the beds and the fineness* of the linen. Clotilde was

always called upon to decide, but this was a thing with which our friend would have as little as possible to do.

Often, too, the remembrance of home, and of her parents, came over the young wife, and she would silently weep. Stellmann saw it with heartfelt sympathy. But he did not show this; instead of talking to her about her mother, her companions, her home, and letting her weep until her heart was lightened, he pretended not to see her tears, began singing students' songs, telling anecdotes, or talking nonsense to the beggar children who ran along beside the carriage, until she was diverted, and, with tears in her eyes, began to laugh. Then they would commence singing together, or make plans for the future. A few hours would pass in innocent happiness, until perhaps a new disagreement, as to whether the house which they were going to build, should be situated on the banks of the Ohio, or the Mississippi, whether it should have one or two stories, and the like, brought up another light cloud upon this bright sky.

Clotilde's heart ached at this picture of a happy marriage. Henrietta was one of the dearest friends of her girlhood, and she had never looked upon her as far below herself, though she knew that circumstances had granted herself a more thorough education. Stellmann had passed for an excellent head at the university, as well as Hubert. His morals were good, his honour was unblemished, his political opinions were the same as those Hubert was known to entertain. What then made the latter superior to him?

But it was only *before* their meeting that she could ask thus. When she had seen Hubert, when he had knelt at her feet, and covered her hands with burning tears, with still more burning kisses, when each of his words, each of his looks, expressed the tenderest, most fervent love and reverence,—then she knew what made him superior to the other —*it was his nobler* nature. The feelings of the lovers, in *those first hours* after their meeting, no words can describe.

A blissful consciousness of giving, of receiving, entered Clotilde's heart, the like of which she had never known before. Hubert, it is true, looked pale and wan; the long confinement seemed nearly to have broken the strength of his youth. But it was just an immeasurable, melting pity which enhanced her affection for him so greatly. She too had lost the first bloom of her beauty. But her *soul* looked out from her blue eye more clearly, than before she had suffered so deeply, so painfully. And now each could hope for the other new strength, new bloom, in the new life which they were both, hand in hand, and full of hopes, going forth to meet.

It proved that Henrietta had done well to urge them on. For the Swan—so the vessel was called that was to take them to America—was already lying outside of the harbour; and instead of having, as Clotilde had hoped, a day for their final preparations, their departure was hastened by the sudden favourable wind, and the emigrants had notice given them to repair immediately to the steamboat which was to convey them to the vessel, it having already put out to sea. This was a source of great perplexity. Hubert wished urgently not to leave Europe otherwise than as Clotilde's husband. Clotilde herself had counted upon it with certainty. The voyage seemed safer to her with him as such by her side. But time pressed. Should she hurry through the holy rite, as we hurry through a meal or some other everyday business, when the travelling-carriage waits at the door?—Nothing was more offensive to her delicacy! Perhaps they would find a clergyman on board! In a word, the moment flew by; the carriage which was to take them to the boat was waiting.

There was no clergyman on the vessel. Their party and three or four merchants of the most common kind, were all the cabin passengers. *Everybody* arranged themselves. Stellmann *gave up his place in* their state-room to Clotilde, and

took one in Hubert's. The lovers agreed that their marriage should take place immediately after their safe arrival. Meanwhile, a constant close intercourse from morning till night, a cordial exchange of thoughts and feelings, during this sweet daily communion, was to prepare them for that step.

Any one who has floated upon the deep in the ever-rocking-cradle of a sailing-vessel, knows only too well what terrors, what sufferings, what an entire surrender of our individuality this situation brings with it, until even this unnatural state has, by habit, become a second nature. After our friends had safely passed this time of probation, and the clear weather grew milder and milder, as their course took them farther south, and the season advanced, each one made, as it were, a plan of life aboard ship for himself. Henrietta, who, from the beginning, had suffered more than the rest, imagined that she could bear the motion best while lying in bed, flat on her back. Stellmann, who was exceedingly lively, tried to divert his mind by restless activity. He liked to join in the lighter work of the sailors, but when there was nothing to do, he would pace violently up and down the deck. Clotilde felt well only in the fresh air. She was on deck before breakfast, and by degrees felt so much at home there that she could busy herself with working, while Hubert (whom the motion did not affect in the least, and whose inward nature allowed him to bear better than the others the want of regular occupation) sat at her feet on a tub turned upside down, and absorbed himself and her in close conversation.

How much they had to tell each other! Hubert, in particular, was inexhaustible.—With a poetical mind, he combined a certain magic power of speech, heightened by a mellow, full, manly voice; Clotilde smilingly and eagerly drank in those sweet tones, and was herself satisfied with merely replying *to his questions.* And yet, what was it that he had to *tell? In sad monotony* he had spent the six years of their

separation; instead of *living* them through in activity, he had been suffered only to *dream* them away. But through the night of his fancies, the bright golden thread of his love had wound itself. Before the paper which Clotilde had sent after him, those lines of heavenly consolation, he had knelt early and late, as for his morning and evening devotions; the image of a reconciling future had smiled upon him from those words. When, with the whole force of his eloquence, with melodious voice, his brown, sparkling eyes raised to hers, he spoke of his love in a thousand repetitions, and yet always in new, flowery, ravishing words, and told her how her image had shone forth from the night of his existence like a star; when the ocean around them murmured harmoniously, now rising high in majestic billows, now crowding wavelet on wavelet, softly, gently, in its deep green mystery, reflecting the broad, boundless heaven, with its mass of colours and vapoury cloud-pictures; when she sat before him thus, hand in hand, and eye in eye—then it seemed to her as if some magic had transported her into the midst of a fair poem, into the living poetry of the Beautiful, away from her little world of naked reality, of useful activity, of harmless, temperate enjoyments, commonplace annoyances, and lukewarm friendly intercourse. Yes, she was happy; happy, as the human heart can be only once, only for one short hour!

Then the evening would come, and the moon would spread its magic light over the calm, holy deep. Stellmann, half forcibly, would bring Henrietta up on deck, and she always thanked him for it in the end. The four would then seat themselves close to the side of the ship, as near as possible to the magic watery mirror, silent, thoughtful, or in low conversation about their future, about the friends they had left, or the wondrous beauty of the evening. Or they would sing sweet four-part songs by Hauptmann or Mendelssohn, and *the Swan, which bore* them, kept time as it cut *the waves, and the startled* waters murmured the accom-

paniment. Yes, these were moments of a deep, foreshadowing, exceeding bliss!

Clotilde wished to hear more about Hubert's home-circle, about his father, his mother. Hubert liked to tell of his childhood, and spoke of his mother, particularly, with deep feeling. His father, early in life, had fought with the English army in Spain. A longing for his country drove him towards home; he thought he had come only for a short time, for he hated the tyranny of the French. Love enchained him there. He married Hubert's mother. Hubert was not yet two years old, when the campaign against Russia, which his father was ordered to join in the Westphalian service, induced the latter to withdraw himself from this unpleasant summons, by escaping to England, where he again took service, and was ordered to India. When the war of deliverance broke out he was far away. Hubert's mother, with a pious, resigned heart, learned to look upon herself almost as a widow. News of her husband came only very rarely from that distant region; at length they ceased entirely. Years passed; Germany, free once more, formed new hopes, met new disappointments, and the husband did not return. The deserted wife, a strong, heroic soul, was father and mother to the boy and the delicate girl, who had been born after her husband's departure. When Hubert was nearly twelve years old, his father suddenly returned. He had fought in all the principal parts of the world; had long been confined by his wounds; his letters had been lost. Hubert's mother did not investigate, she hardly asked; she was willing, was resolved to believe everything which he, her beloved rambler, had to say in his excuse. He deemed himself happy to be at home, in her arms once more. He was the tenderest husband, the most affectionate father. Three years after, the wife died. Her husband was in despair, and Franz, the son, old enough to feel *his irreparable loss.* His father now placed him at a high

school, and lived himself on a small estate which his wife had bought and managed with a thrifty hand.

The daughter married young, while the son was in the second year of his university course. The father died, in his best years, after much suffering from the effects of a wound, while his son was pining in prison. These were the outlines of Hubert's biography.

Clotilde's eye had early been sharpened by observation. She loved, she admired Hubert's fine poetic nature, but she distinguished with correct tact his total want of practical talent—that he was just deficient in that which he needed most in the country that was to become his own. Soon after starting, he discovered that he had left his trunk in the hotel at Bremen, filled with new clothes and linen. His travelling-bag contained some of the latter, but when this was used up, Henrietta had to open her boxes, to supply the deficiency from the superabundant treasures, which, remembering that they were going to a dear country, she had taken along for her husband. Stellmann, who liked to joke upon his wife's over-carefulness, took this occasion to address Hubert in a solemn oration, thanking him, in the name of his future great-grandchildren, for helping to wear out these articles of clothing, and thus lightening the burden of their duty to appear in the yellow shirts and oldfashioned collars of their ancestors, in the next century.

But not only Hubert's wearing apparel—his travelling money, too, was in the trunk; at least that which was to take him from New Orleans to New York or to the West, for the voyage had been paid for in advance. Fortunately Clotilde had her treasures with her. She had carefully packed her money, her jewels, her most important papers, into a small leather bag, which, light and easy as it was to carry, she hung over her pillow at night. Hubert had an incredible ignorance about the

everyday affairs of life; notwithstanding that a voyage to America had already been one of the dreams of his youth, he had as yet read very little about this country, which was growing up with such remarkable rapidity. He had held fast the ideal conception that he had formed of it in early youth; a republican government, equality of rights, perfect liberty of conscience, sublime, primitive natural features in shape of gigantic rivers, majestic mountain ridges and impenetrable forests. But in his historical studies he had skimmed over the United States only in the most superficial manner, and had hardly ever thought of informing himself, through the relations of modern travellers, in what way the hero-boy, whose waking had once been so joyfully welcomed by Europe, had developed into a man.

The authorities had not been cruel enough to refuse him and such of his fellow-prisoners as could pay for it, the luxury of books, which, however, were carefully examined when they arrived and before they were sent back. But Hubert had used the permission to send for books, only for historical, and still more for philosophical works, with which he was remarkably conversant. He was acquainted with English literature and was enthusiastic for Shakespeare, whom he read in the original without difficulty. But he had never once thought of taking any trouble about the pronunciation and the conversational expressions of the English language, which are so indispensable to the traveller.

During his imprisonment he had accustomed himself to sleep in the daytime and keep awake in the night, and would perhaps have continued this perverse mode of life on board the ship, had it not been for Clotilde. To regulate his rising and going to bed, or certain meals, *by fixed hours,* seemed to him the height of absurdity, *one of the commonplace* conventionalities of the human

race. Various dilatory habits had grown up with him; if he was riding in a public conveyance, and ordered the driver to stop when he had reached his destination, he would not have the money ready, but pulled out his purse only after the carriage had stopped, without noticing the annoyed faces of his companions at the delay. Or, absorbed in conversation, he would forget the stopping-place entirely, and would have to go back a mile or two on foot, though without ever being in the least out of humour at this. If he had occasion to mingle with a crowd, it often happened to him that his pocket-book or handkerchief, or even his watch, was stolen. Sometimes, too, he only thought something had been stolen from him, until he found that he had left the missing article at home, or lost it in the grass while resting during an already forgotten walk taken a short time before.

When travelling, during his vacations, he had never been able to make himself at home in the different kinds of money of different states, and as the embarrassments which were the result of this, always brought him back to his favourite idea—and it should be that of every faithful German heart—namely, that all Germany should have *one* coin, because it must and ought to be *one* itself, the time in which he might have increased his practical knowledge of this evil, generally passed in disputes about the necessity of removing it.

On such journeys, too, he saw hardly one of the curiosities which excite the interest of most people. While his companions let themselves be shown about in palaces and galleries, or delivered their letters of introduction, he rambled about over the surrounding country; laid himself down to dream by the forest-brooks, or climbed to the tops of mountains without a guide. But to make a regular plan *for his journey*, was utterly impossible to *him, for he was quite incapable* of retaining distances

and numbers of miles in his head; he staid at places that he liked, and from those where he felt uncomfortable he hastened away—just as it happened too, sometimes, that when a student, he had spent his quarterly allowance in a few weeks, while another time he had it still untouched at the end of the next quarter.

With an open, noble heart, and the love for solitude natural to a dreamy, poetic mind, we could apply to him, during his university-life, the apparent contradiction, that he had more *friends* than *acquaintances*. And these were—for his purse was no less open than his heart—very *dear* friends. He was a generous creditor, without being, with his few wants and a high degree of humanity, a careless debtor. Indeed, the payments of his small debts to mechanics, labourers, etc., was the only point in which he showed himself punctual and orderly; a trait which contributed not a little towards ensuring to him the most universal love and esteem.

Clotilde soon looked her beloved friend through, now with approbation and then with indulgence. There was only *one* point which gave her a painful feeling. Hubert's spiritual nature had developed itself in a certain modern philosophical school, whose sophistical system was as ill-matched as its phraseology to Clotilde's simple Christian morality. She soon saw that it had led her friend to a sort of pantheism, which confounded her. It was not, indeed, the cold, ideal, hardening pantheism of our day, which Hubert had received within himself; his poetic nature, which had planted the germ of a belief in God's existence deep within his breast, had not suffered that annihilating doctrine to penetrate into his heart, even if his mind had harboured it. Indeed, only bigotry could say that Hubert was without religion. He believed in God as the natural Power by which everything was formed and primitively conditioned; he believed in Him *with a certain holy* awe, and the divinity which he attached *to everything springing* from God, was the support of his

morality, and must not be mistaken for that philosophical materialism which entirely identifies God and the world, cancels moral freedom, and, with consistency, can only end in the horrors of fatalism. But Clotilde, with terror, thought him on the road to these opinions. She hardly understood him. *She* loved God as a father, feared Him as a judge, adored Him as the All-wise, All-seeing, Almighty; she heard His voice in the Holy Scriptures, she worshipped His unfathomable love in the wondrous, holy mystery in which He has revealed His mercy to the sinful human race. She felt His breath, saw His finger, everywhere. To *her* this life was but a school for the next. And here in the inmost core of her soul, was there to be no answering sound from that of her chosen husband. Involuntarily she avoided speaking with Hubert about that which was most sacred to her; she dreaded to make the discovery that his God was but the result of a philosophical inference. "Love," she said to herself, "that love which is the essence of his whole being, will bring right all errors of his mind. Love will teach him to know God in His truth—that love which passeth all understanding." And thus, with gentle hand, she drew a concealing veil over that which she recognised as the shade of his inward nature, and was happy in the light—of her love.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARRIVAL.

THE morning of a sultry day was breaking, and a deep blue arch of sky rose above the Atlantic, when the gentle current of the waves bore a boat full of shipwrecked sufferers towards the coast of Florida. For two long, anxious days, and three fearful nights, they had drifted about on the boundless ocean, without food, without shelter, totally helpless, when at length the beams of the awakening morning showed the unfortunate people the white, shining, chalky coast in the distance, and a fresh east wind drove them quickly into one of the little coves into which Florida's numerous streams empty, winding through reeds and morass, before they finally join the sea. There were thirty living persons in the boat, men and women; besides these, the small withered corpse of a child, convulsively clasped by the mother's arms, on the lap of a wild-looking woman with ashy cheeks and features distorted by despair. Several fellow-sufferers, who had sunk under hunger and anxiety, had been buried in the ocean, to lighten the boat, but no power could tear from her the last remains of her famished baby.

Pale as death and bewildered, all looked around when the third day broke; but the sight of the land, at no great distance, quickly fanned those last sparks of life which hope alone had kept glimmering, to a bright flame. An indescribable, trembling emotion suddenly seized all the unhappy creatures. With renewed strength the stoutest plied the

oars ; some screamed aloud, with a mixture of ecstasy and grief ; others prayed, not in words, but in the dim, penetrating conviction of God's omnipotence ; with difficulty several once active men raised themselves up by degrees from the bottom of the boat, where they had lain since yesterday morning, in deathly weakness, speechless, motionless. One bold, depraved young fellow, who in his despair had cursed God and man, and made his companions shudder by the continual utterance of terrible oaths, burst into tears, and for the first time in his dissolute, abandoned life, a feeling of gratitude to God shot through his hardened heart.

When the boat was, at length, near enough to the shore to make it safe to jump, or to reach the firm ground by wading through the morass, there was not one whom delight did not give a momentary strength. Some of them, totally exhausted, fell into the shallow water, and were pulled on shore by the stronger ones. Only one, a young female, pale as death, wrapped in a wet black silk cloak, hung round by her long fair loosened hair as by a veil, she alone stirred not a muscle, not a feature ; and, as she sat cowering there, gazing before her in apathetic silence, amidst all the wild emotion of her companions, she was a painful picture of mute despair.

The sight of her moved a good old sailor, one of the most active, to whose strength and presence of mind, the others, inefficient as they were, owed their delivery.

" Poor soul," he said, compassionately, " I fear all is over with you !" And as she did not answer when he shook her, and only gave him a dull, listless glance, when he called to her : " Here is the land, come out, madam !"—he said once more : " Poor soul !" and lifted her up, put the poor, exhausted creature across his shoulders, just as one might carry a bundle of clothes, and bore her on shore. Here he put her down in a *dry place,* drew her cloak over her *tender, naked feet, and went* back to his companions, to

consult with the most collected ones, about what was farther to be done.

Thanks to God, it was no inhospitable shore on which they had been cast. To the north of the little cove, a wide strip of land stretched along the ocean, the broad outer edge of which glittered in the morning light like snow. Some hundred steps from the beach, a steep bank rose up to no great height; thick woods covered the upper surface. There was no egress there. But on the beach itself, indistinct traces of horses' hoofs were still discernible; boards lay scattered about, and a hook fastened into the hard ground, and half-decayed remains of net-work, which lay near by, showed plainly that fishermen had been busy here, and that there must be human habitations at no great distance. While some of the party, urged by a gnawing hunger, dragged themselves to the bank, and tried to ascend it, so as to look in the woods for berries and herbs, and others quenched their burning thirst from a little pool of water, which a recent rain had left in a hollow, the remainder consulted among themselves, whether they should row farther up the river, or, exhausted as they were, drag themselves along the beach, to the north.

Before they had come to a decision, God sent the poor sufferers help, by leading in that direction two negroes, who, with their guns and ample provisions, had come that morning from the nearest plantation, to this beach, for the purpose of shooting seafowl. They were welcomed with cries of mingled joy and grief, as soon as they came in sight. As they approached, they were quickly surrounded, and so many wasted hands were eagerly stretched out towards the provision bags of the two negroes, so many sunken eyes fixed beseechingly upon them, that bread and meat were soon prudently divided in small portions, and the brandy by drops, among the crowd. Some of the sailors could speak English to the negroes, and understand the jargon in which they tried to comfort the *poor unfortunates*, by assuring them that massa was a grand

and good gentleman, who would take care of them, and give them clothes and food and drink.

After the provisions had been distributed, and the first curiosity of the blacks satisfied, the younger of them proposed to go back immediately to the plantation, to procure wagons and horses for the worn-out sufferers, and whatever else they were in immediate need of. All who could still use their feet were eager to accompany him, but when it had been explained to them that massa's house and stables were some hours' distance from the beach, and the dwellings of his slaves and officials still farther inland, the greater part, only too conscious of their weakness, gave up the idea. Only a few of the stoutest followed, but it was painful to see how one after the other sank down by the way; and, at length, when he had quite lost sight of the briskly progressing hunter, sorrowfully returned to his companions.

For these, meanwhile, the old negro had shot a few plovers and gulls, that were skimming the waves near the shore. Every lucky shot was accompanied by joyful shouts from the poor starved creatures; ten at once rushed to the spot, or waded deep into the water, to reach the fallen bird, to pluck it, and clean it out with their pocket-knives. Others, meanwhile, had, with much difficulty, made a fire with the boards that lay around, and cut some rude spits; and whoever could have seen the crowd of miserable creatures crouching around the crackling flame, greedily filling their famished stomachs, and rejoicing over their deliverance and fair prospects with loud voice and coarse delight, would hardly have recognised in them the half-despairing wretches of the night before.

The old black, who felt quite comfortable in his capacity of benefactor, sat in the midst of them like a king. His good-natured grin showed, under a nose three inches broad, and between lips that seemed swollen with blood, two rows *of dazzlingly white teeth,* so enormous, that under other cir-

cumstances, the women would certainly have been afraid of him. He informed them that, as some of the experienced seamen had already supposed, they were in Florida; not on one of the countless long narrow islands, which once, without doubt, connected with the continent, now shield it, like a bulwark, from the rush of the waves, but that they had been cast upon one of the few coasts of the state, which are washed by the ocean itself in all its glory; and that this belonged to Tallahasota, forty or fifty miles south of St. Augustine. And at the same time he had much to say about, and in praise of his master, whose name was Castleton, but who was generally called Don Alonzo, or Massa Alonzo.

While this was going on, Clotilde—for she was the unfortunate young woman we have noticed—had lain insensible, in a deathlike faint. One or the other would approach her, to offer her some food, but all turned away again, some because they thought her dead, others, perhaps, because they felt dimly that this unconsciousness was a blessing for the poor widowed one. She had lain for several hours, on the hot sand-bed, in this stupefied condition, when she felt herself taken hold of by warm hands, and lifted up by a strong arm, which supported her back. Slowly, raising the leaden weight of the lids with difficulty, she opened her eyes. They fell upon a noble, manly face, looking at her kindly, compassionately, bending closely over her. She saw Hubert's features, Hubert's eye!

For a few moments she looked deep, deep into it, and a sweet surprise faintly tinged her deathlike cheeks.

"You!" she at length whispered. "It was really a dream, I have you back again!" And winding her arms about his neck convulsively, she drew him down to her, and his cheek was wet by a burning tear.

With a soft, soothing voice, he said, gently extricating himself from those enchaining arms:

"Collect yourself, madam, wake up, rouse yourself!"

It was almost Hubert's rich, manly, sonorous voice, only

milder, with more youthful softness, and the voice did not speak the familiar German, it spoke to her in English. Speechlessly, and with an unnatural smile, she gazed at him. Her senses were bewildered. Her head seemed ready to burst open.

"Madam," continued the stranger, kindly, "you have been long unconscious.—A few words will bring you to yourself!—I beseech you—not these looks, not this smile! Give way to your sorrow, your tears, try to remember! You were shipwrecked, separated from your betrothed"—and, as a convulsive shudder came over her—"but your friend may live, does live—can he not have been saved as well as you?—Feel of yourself, of your damp clothes—look around you! You are in America, in the United States, in Florida. I am a planter of this state, ready to aid you and your companions."

While the stranger was speaking, Clotilde had mechanically done as he urged her to do, and, by feeling and looking around, had become conscious of her situation. But more than anything else, a close examination of the man himself had brought her to her senses. No, that was not Hubert, his form was taller and more slender. The great softness of his features showed an age which had hardly reached maturity. His eye had not the clear, proud, joyous sparkle of Hubert's, but was set deep in the shadow of bushy eye-brows; only a moment's expression of cordial benevolence had softened its consuming fire to a gentle melancholy. Cheeks and brow wore the yellowish brown tinge of a Southerner, while, before the prison atmosphere had paled the complexion of the vigorous German youth, a rich rosy colour had borne witness to health of body and soul. Every trace of resemblance had disappeared; it was only in delirium that she could have been thus mistaken!

But now the dread reality came over her with all its fearful power. She started up wildly, her hands convulsively

tore up her fair hair by the roots; moaning loudly, she threw herself back upon the ground, turned away her face, and struck her tender brow against a sharp stone. She succeeded in her dim object of stupefying herself again. Another deep faint and total unconsciousness ensured to her once more several hours of repose.

The young planter, seized with deep compassion, employed this moment. He ordered some of his servants to bear the young lady to the carriage, which stood in readiness, and placed in it also the other three women who were among the shipwrecked company. The little corpse he ordered to be wrapped in a blanket, and promised the lamenting mother, whose wild despair had now given way to quiet tears, to have it buried in his own cemetery. The men were all disposed of in several wagons which had been brought for the purpose; he himself and some of his servants hastened on before the melancholy procession on horseback.

About four or five miles from the shore, near a river which had its source in George's Lake, and along which the road wound through the forest, stood, in a grove of orange, palm, and magnolia trees, the hospitable mansion which was the destination of the train: a low, spread-out building, surrounded by a broad veranda, up the pillars of which the Multiflora-rose, with its millions of buds, clambered in luxuriant abundance. The grove itself, with its fresh foliage and sweetscented blossoms, seemed like an oasis in the sandy soil of a boundless fir and pine forest. But Clotilde was incapable of appreciating the beauties of Nature which surrounded her. She was put into the hands of several coloured females; all were kindly attended to, but the beautiful stranger, whose whole appearance indicated a higher rank and more refined education than that of her companions, was recommended by their young master so *decidedly* and with such warm sympathy to the care of the *best and most* experienced of the handmaids, that they

lavished upon her all the delicate attentions which only a woman's hands and heart can give.

Resting on swelling pillows, on snowy linen, under soft blankets and coverlets, refreshed by restoratives and strengthened by nourishing food, Clotilde's body would soon have regained a certain degree of ease, and her mind would in consequence have had to bear the whole immense burden of her suffering, had not kind Nature turned her unspeakable grief into the channel of a violent fever, which robbed her for a time of all clear consciousness. Forms of a foreign clime moved around her, strange in colour and features, their heads fancifully bound around with gay-coloured stuffs, with white gauzy wrappings ; a language which hitherto had only spoken to her from the kingdom of Poetry, which had never mixed for her in the everyday scenes of life, was whispered around her by low, melodious voices; an elderly man often stood by her bed, taking her hand, feeling her forehead, and looking deep into her eyes, that were now glazed, now sparkling with fever ; by his side stood a more familiar, youthful form, and gazed upon her with deep pity. Between these would crowd with equally palpable reality the images of her past. It was not her coloured nurse, it was her mother, who covered her and smoothed her pillow; it was her father, who, with Hubert, stood by her bed, and felt her pulse. Then, suddenly, the flames rose above Hubert's head; she heard the voices of Stellmann and Henrietta crying for help, she heard the sea roar; now she saw Hubert spring into the water, saw him sink beneath the waves ; she screamed aloud, and the Baron stood close before her, and raised his warning voice again. Suddenly a tall, noble-looking woman, dressed in black, approached her. She bent over her, and made strange motions over her with her hands ; she kissed her forehead; she disappeared, and a small crucifix remained in her own hand; then Hubert *rose* up from the waves, and *there was a roaring sound* around her, but it was not water

that was fluctuating about her, it was fire, and Hubert dragged her into it, and the Baron struggled with him, and would have saved her, until she drew him down with her into the sea of fire.

Thus the delirium of fever raged for weeks fiercely in her brain, and nearly two months passed away, before the disease was broken and conquered by Clotilde's strong constitution, and the faithful nursing which she received. Now only she became, by degrees, conscious of her isolated situation, now only she learned to feel all her misery ; but her grief had become milder, and the brighter the light of reason began to burn within her, the more she was subdued and penetrated by the feeling that it was *God's* hand that had laid this burden, which seemed almost too heavy for her shoulders to bear, upon her, and that He would help her carry it.

It was in the night following one of those calm, happy evenings of her voyage, that she was suddenly awakened from her sleep by wild, fearful screams of agony. "Fire ! fire !" was the terrible cry that met her ear, and the whole ship trembled with noisy confusion, screaming, and running to and fro. She sprang from her bed, and threw her travelling cloak over her long night-dress. Hardly had she done so, when she heard Hubert's voice at her door : "Open to me, Clotilde !" She did so. He was pale, but was almost entirely dressed. "Come with me, dearest !" he cried, "we have yet time for escape !" A thick smoke already filled the room. He lifted the trembling girl, and carried her from the ladies' cabin, up stairs, where friends and companions in their night-clothes were already crowding against each other in complete bewilderment.

The deck was in flames. The body of the ship must long have been burning secretly, treacherously ; now the fearful, ungovernable flames burst forth in three or four places at *once.* They had just reached the topsail, and the huge mass *of fire threw a* blood-red glare upon the crowd who were

madly huddled together on the quarter-deck, rending the air with their shrieks. It was a terrible scene. All were rushing among each other in dread confusion. "Help! save us! the boats! water!" these cries resounded from all sides, and above them all the captain's thundering voice was heard giving orders. From the steerage, the stairs of which were already burning, heart-rending shrieks came up; help for the poor wretches there seemed hardly possible.

Suddenly the foremast fell, its foot having been consumed by the flames; new screams of agony rose up, as it brought down with it the captain and one or two sailors, here crushing a couple of limbs, there killing instantly. The vessel, shaken in all its joints, suddenly fell upon the leeside; with a horrible crash the woodwork burst asunder; it seemed as if the mouth of Hell had opened. All was lost!

The boats had been lowered some time before. The long-boat, which was fastened to the stern of the ship, was already over-filled; Stellmann and Henrietta threw themselves into it still, but such crowds pushed between them and Hubert and Clotilde, that he quickly turned with her to the other boat, to which few had yet repaired, because it was nearer the fire, but into which the mate had just thrown a bread-basket, and jumped after it himself. He received Clotilde from Hubert's arms. She was safe. He was about to follow her, but suddenly he cried: "Your property, Clotilde, I will save it for you!" and not listening to her agonized call of, "Come, oh come!" he ran back to the ladies' cabin, which the flames had not yet reached, although a thick black smoke hung around it.

Clotilde wrung her hands in fearful agony; he was back again in a few moments, but they had been enough to more than fill the small boat. Those who had first entered it had long been calling: "Push off! Away from the ship! We are lost!" *and the long-boat,* over-filled to a fearful extent, *was already cutting the fiery-red* waves at some distance off.

"Don't take any more!" cried some. "The boat is too full!" screamed the mate. "Take only this one!" cried another, touched by Clotilde's grief. Just as Hubert was preparing to jump, two imploring arms embraced his knees; it was a boy, whose leg had been crushed by a falling beam; moaning piteously, he had rolled himself to the edge of the vessel, to reach the boat. Filled with compassion, Hubert took the little sufferer and let him slide down among the crowd in the boat. But at the moment when he sprang after him, it pushed off. Hubert fell into the water. The boat shot with powerful rapidity from the vicinity of the burning monster. Hubert, an excellent swimmer, followed it. "The boat is too full!" was the cry of all, as they held back the frantic Clotilde. "Do not part me from my wife!" implored Hubert. "Swim to the other boat!" cried one; "You will ruin us all!" another. But Hubert, nevertheless, swam after the boat, exerting all his force.

Now he had reached it, now his hand grasped the edge. But one of the rowers, in fury, struck him upon the fingers; they were broken by the blow; the unhappy man sank. Now he came up again. "I *must* come in!" he cried. "Take him in," said some—"We shall all be lost!" was the mate's reply. At this moment one of the men, with desperate fury, dealt him a terrible blow on the head with the heavy oar. The waves met over the head of the daring swimmer—his voice broke in one heart-rending cry. At this Clotilde's eyes closed; uttering a smothered cry of woe, she sank back insensible. A succession of terrible shrieks and fearful groans not far off, recalled her for a moment to half-consciousness—the long-boat, incapable of bearing its enormous burden any longer, had sunk. The fiery glare of the distant burning ship showed them now the corpses of the drowned, now the struggles of the swimmers.

At this sight, an unspeakable horror seized Clotilde's *companions; in mute,* breathless fright they rowed away from

the swimmers—soon every human sound around them had died away, every trace of their fellow-sufferers disappeared, but for miles around the sea was sparkling in the fiery glare thrown off by that huge mass of flame, the burning vessel, and it was only when the sun stood high in the heavens that the reflection ceased.

There was a moderate wind from the north. They had continued to row towards the south-west, where the most experienced knew they should find land. Their provisions lasted hardly a day. Fright, anxiety, hunger, soon thinned their ranks. In the despair of an inexpressible agony, Clotilde implored God a thousand times that she might die, and during this terrible period she had indeed moments when, mentally and physically exhausted to the last degree, she believed herself near her end. But her youthful constitution struggled through those horrors, as it now vanquished the fury of a nervous fever.

Long after the actual disease was broken, she was obliged to keep her bed, utterly exhausted, in a darkened room, in perfect quiet; the female slaves who waited upon her, walking on tiptoe and speaking in whispers, had been forbidden by their master to excite her by any questions or explanations. Thus she was still in complete ignorance of her situation, and of those who surrounded her, when, one day, at length, three months after that fearful catastrophe, she was able, seated in an arm-chair, and supported by pillows and bolsters, to receive her young host, and thank him for his generous hospitality.

When Alonzo Castleton entered the room where Clotilde sat, he was deeply touched by the quiet grief which hung over her features, the holy expression of her eye, the heavenly spirituality which pervaded her whole being He had already heard from her companions as much of her history as they knew themselves. *The latter,* at their own wish, had been *forwarded by him to St. Augustine,* where he too had spent

a part of the time during Clotilde's illness. She thanked him in simple, touching words, for his generous, humane conduct towards her, and then entreated him to do her the favour of having a few lines, which, with trembling hand, she had written down, inserted in all the principal papers of the North American seaports. It was a request to F. H., if God had rescued him from the wreck of the Swan, and to all those who knew anything of him, to communicate with C. O. without delay, through an address which she begged Alonzo to determine.

The latter looked down, then raising to Clotilde an eye full of pity, he said: "This step, my dear Miss Osten, is one that I have already taken three months ago, without asking your permission. I must beg you to resign yourself patiently. There has been no answer. Your friend cannot be alive."

Clotilde had hardly dared to entertain even a dim hope; had she not herself seen the waves ingulf her beloved, and the only possible means of escape, the boat? And yet, when she heard Alonzo's words, it seemed to her as if she had lost him a second time. She covered her eyes with her hands, and sat for a long while in silence, her face hidden, until the scalding tears stole out from between her snowy white, thin, delicate fingers.

"If our sympathy can afford you some consolation," said Alonzo, at length, "let me assure you that you have it, in the highest degree. My mother, too, a woman who has loved and suffered immeasurably, came here from St. Augustine, in the hope of being able to do something for you. Do you not remember having seen her at your bedside, Miss Osten?"

"Your mother? Many a kind, careful form has appeared to me, without my being able to distinguish what was dream and what reality. I do recollect a fair, tall lady, with melancholy in her eye, and dressed in mourning. Was this your mother?"

"It was. Her whole appearance and manner wear the impress of the grief which she bears through life, the life that is a burden, a penance to her, and whose rich gifts the poor unhappy woman, with fanatical perseverance, refuses to enjoy."

"Oh!" cried Clotilde, painfully excited, "where is she, the dear sufferer? . She, she will understand me! The unfortunate are, as it were, bound together by a kindred tie!"

"A hateful, self-imposed duty summoned her from your sick-bed to the convent of Santa Lucia. For the period commenced, during which, for eighteen years past, she subjects herself, in consequence of a stern vow, to a cruel penance for an imaginary sin."

"I do not understand you," said Clotilde, her interest roused.

"For the sin," replied Alonzo, with a bitter smile, "of having once loved and become the wife of a heretic.

"Is it possible?" cried she; "then you are a Roman Catholic?"

"Not so," he replied; "I belong to the Church of England, as my father and grandfather did before me. But my mother is of Spanish descent; her ancestors belong to the conquerors of this land, which, as you may know, came into the possession of the English only in the last century, and not into that of the United States until this one. The Roman Church had always possessed in my grandmother, a passionate, imperious woman, one of her most devoted daughters, and my poor mother, too, the older she grows, seems to follow more and more this unfortunate course, since she was startled, by a most cruel hand, from the short dream of her love, from which, as it were, she tore herself with her own power. Only that, with her gentle heart, religion takes a different form; that, while it drove my grandmother to a spiritual pride, to a love of *persecution, to a fanatic* hatred, it has bruised my *mother's noble soul to its inmost* core."

"Tell me all," said Clotilde, when her host stopped; "do not think that misfortune has made me so selfish as to let me feel only for myself."

"On the contrary," replied Alonzo, "I hope, by the story of my mother's affliction, to succeed in diverting your thoughts from your own for a short time. But you must first grow stronger, calmer. I hope now to be allowed to see you often, and my mother too will return, as the hostess of this house, and thus make it more agreeable to you."

Alonzo now visited the convalescent every day. Weeks passed, before the severe penance of Donna Josepha—this was his mother's name—was ended; but as Tallahasota had no neighbours within a circuit of twenty or thirty miles, the fact of a fiery youth and a beautiful girl living alone together, could not be made the subject of unkind remarks.

Clotilde's state of mind during this time might be difficult to describe; it was dreamy, listless, bewildered. Her senses threatened to burst their bounds when she tried to realize her nearest past; her future lay before her, a long, dark night; and thus she endeavoured forcibly, mechanically as it were, to live only for the day, for the moment. Constant intercourse with a noble youth, whose grace of manner pleased her, whose generosity and premature manliness won her esteem, could not endanger her. Her heart lay buried in the depths of the ocean. To live, to *breathe*, was for her a duty. She had no wish left to be happy.

Alonzo's situation was more critical. The daily, exclusive intercourse with so lovely a being, whose natural charms illness and sorrow had only made more touching, more interesting; so full of resignation to God, and gratitude towards him, God's instrument, for a gift which now could only be a burden to her; so full of moral dignity, which excluded as a matter of course any familiarity—this could not *but have had the* effect of rousing the feelings of the passionate, *excitable* Southerner, had not Alonzo, from his early

childhood, been betrothed to his fair cousin, Virginia Castleton, whose charms and capricious humour alone served to retain him in a magic circle, from which he would have endeavoured in vain to escape, even if a certain innate reverential feeling*—a quality which he owed to the *Spanish* blood which flowed in his veins—had not forbidden him to make such an attempt.

Their intercourse, therefore, remained entirely within the bounds of friendship. Clotilde communicated her former history to her host only in the most general outlines. His total ignorance of the state of affairs in Germany, would have made a detailed explanation necessary, which would have been too painful to her. She therefore only told him that she was from Germany, that she had been about to emigrate with a party of friends, that their hastened departure had prevented her from being married, before they sailed, to the man to whom she had for years been engaged, and that she had also lost all her property by the shipwreck. Alonzo saw in all this nothing extraordinary; he knew that thousands of German emigrants arrive at the seaports of the United States every day. He did not think of inquiring after her motives; as, indeed, there are few Americans, who do not see a sufficient motive in the supposed conviction that their country is better than any other, and the wish to live in the land of liberty. Only when Clotilde—when time had calmed her a little—one day requested him to forward a letter for her to a commercial house in New York, to which she had had letters of credit, and, in asking his advice as to the course she had better pursue about this, named the large sums for which they had stood, he was evidently surprised, and went about the business immediately, with great interest.

When Alonzo and the fair stranger were together, it was

* The feeling which we would designate is best expressed by the Latin "*pietas*," ("*Pius Æneas*"); there is no word for it in the English language.

usually the former who had the most to tell, and his family history—which by degrees he related to Clotilde—could not but have the beneficial effect that he promised himself from it; namely, that of diverting her from herself and her misfortune. We will tell it here in a few words.

CHAPTER IV.

ALONZO AND HIS FAMILY.

ALONZO'S ancestors, on his mother's side, had come to Florida, with Don Pedro Melendez, in the year 1565; had joined him in attacking and cruelly massacring the unfortunate Huguenots, who had peacefully established themselves here—and, as *he*, in his bigoted frenzy, had boasted, "this was not done to the French, but to the Lutherans." When, some years later, the brave Gascon knight, Dominique de Gourgas, went on an expedition to Florida, for the purpose of avenging his countrymen, the two Losadas—this was the name of Alonzo's ancestors—escaped the bloody retribution, for they had already gone on new adventures, and were in Venezuela, aiding their uncle Diego to found St. Iago de Leon de Caracas. One of them, however, who was also named Diego, returned to Florida, took possession of the extensive lands which had been presented to Melendez and his followers by the king of Spain as a reward for their enterprise; and though, for two centuries, the sons of the family were first sent to old Spain, and more lately to the capital of the Spanish colonies for education; still Louisiana and Western Florida remained the chief places of residence of this branch of it, and the post of captain-general, or other royal offices, were generally held by the Losadas, or their near relations.

A quiet possession could not be thought of, the Indian tribes of the peninsula being particularly well prepared for *war; but it was first deemed* necessary to win the friend-

ship of the latter by treaties and alliances, when, in the second quarter of the eighteenth century, the English settled in Georgia, and these were looked upon as the more dangerous enemy of the two. The warlike colonists of Florida and Georgia did not wait for the war which soon broke out between their mother-countries; bloody feuds, worthy of the wildest portions of the Middle Ages, carried on between the two provinces, preceded it, and did not even cease when peace was at length declared. But when the spirit of the age, by degrees, gained a certain influence even over the Spanish colonies; when the Floridians, yielded to Great Britain in the peace of Paris, had felt, though only for twenty short years, the blessing of an active and enlightened government; when, at length, they saw the states around them, who had freed themselves, flourishing in commerce and wealth, and compared their condition with their own; there was more than one among the few most influential planters of Spanish Florida, who, weary of the long night, longed to share in the enjoyment of the young day of freedom.

The Losadas belonged to the few high families who had remained in the country during the English dominion. Don Alonzo Losada, the possessor of immense tracts of land, extensive enough to form a principality, had been moulded, by travelling and a long residence in England and the United States, into an educated, enlightened man. He was the last of his family, in whom all the wealth of its different branches was united in an only daughter his heiress. He was the only rich man in the land, for the inhabitants of both Floridas were [illegible] poor, and without means of support; and he was, therefore, a man of almost princely importance. From far and near came suitors for the hand of his daughter; as Spaniards and Catholics, they seemed to have the best claim; but Don Alonzo rejected them all, and chose a son-in-law from among *the young planters* of his neighbour-state, Georgia. His *name was William* Castleton, and he was descended—as

Alonzo assured Clotilde—from one of the oldest English families, a younger son of which had settled there in the middle of the last century.

Indeed, our German friend often noticed, with a secret smile, what an undue importance this son of a democratic republic attached to a noble descent, and distinguished family-connections. A longer residence in the United States taught her that there is no land in the world where high birth, and consequential, fashionable connections, are more valued than in democratic America.

Lucia Losada, the daughter of Don Alonzo, was still young, when, according to Spanish custom, without consulting the inclination of the bride, her father married her to the husband he had chosen. Her objection—accompanied by every sign of abhorrence—"that Castleton was a heretic," her father answered with the admonition to convert him. But Lucia, imperious, passionate, bigoted to the highest degree, was not the person to allure any one into the precincts of the "only true church." Poor Castleton soon came to the conviction that she not only abhorred the heretic, despised the English colonist in him, but also that she was passionately devoted to a certain Spanish officer, whose claims he had rejected in a bloody duel. No persuasion, no commands, could induce her to leave Florida and her paternal possessions, on which she considered her husband an intruder. Here she reigned supreme, with a sceptre of iron. For her son, who, by the marriage-contract, was educated in his father's church, she contracted an unnatural hatred. He grew up at some school in the States, married a fair planter's daughter in South Carolina, and devoted himself chiefly to this state.

The daughter, Donna Josepha, afterwards the mother of Clotilde's friend, Alonzo, could not be taken from her. At a very early age she was put in a convent, where her mother, whose severity caused her child to look up to her with fear

and trembling, visited her often; her kind, pitying father, who, when he was not in Washington, lived in Georgia, less frequently. In her sixteenth year, and beautiful as an opening rose, Josepha returned to the house of her mother, just when the latter was in the most furious state of mind at the prospect of seeing Florida yielded up to the United States, and thus falling entirely into the hands of the heretics. Ever since the other American colonies had broken loose from their mother country, there had been a complete anarchy in Florida, and every friend of the country necessarily longed for a well-regulated government. But Donna Lucia declared that even a state of insurrection was preferable to a dominion of heretics. As soon as the first steps towards taking possession of Florida, though only half-official, had been taken at Washington, and when the wild Seminoles rose up to be a support to the weakness of the Spaniards, she had removed to St. Augustine, to take sides with Governor Estrada. Her wrath against her husband, whom she supposed to be an instigator of the project, reached an unnatural height. She did not allow a word of English to be spoken in her vicinity, she sent away her negroes, most of whom had been brought from Anglo-American Georgia, and surrounded herself with that mixed breed peculiar to all Spanish colonies, whose veins are filled in nearly equal parts with Indian, European, and African blood.

Four or five years after this, when Josepha left the convent, she found her mother on one of her loveliest, most flourishing plantations, on Amelia Island, at the mouth of the St. Mary river. She had only recently gone there, and as it had already been reported from New Grenada, that an expedition was in preparation there "for liberating the two Floridas," and as the islands which guard the coast in this region like a dam, would be particularly exposed to attack, *this step of Donna* Lucia excited some surprise and much *suspicion. Very soon,* indeed, the island was occupied by a

company of adventurers, of whom it has never been clearly discovered on what authority they acted. They professed themselves commissioned by "the supreme government of Mexico and South America," and took possession of the island in the name of the united provinces of New Grenada and Venezuela. Donna Lucia bade them welcome, invited the officers to her house in Fernandina, and remarked freely, that as her rightful king had given her up, she would at least be on friendly terms with such as had, like her, Castilian blood in their veins. Josepha looked at the rude, wild fellows with a shudder. She timidly asked her mother whether all soldiers looked as she had always fancied only bandits did. But if Donna Lucia, as was the general suspicion, had really played a part in this enterprise, she was to be severely punished for it.

For this unauthorized occupation led the United States, which had long been in negotiation with Spain about the purchase of Florida, to rapid action. A man-of-war suddenly landed in Fernandina, United States troops covered the whole island, drove back the former occupants, far less than they in number, without a struggle, and raised the American flag in sight of Donna Lucia's house.

Among these troops there was a young Englishman as volunteer, who, at the peace between America and Great Britain, had gone into the service of the former power, and taken part in the bloody war with the Seminoles under Jackson. The manners of the American officers, but particularly the brilliant appearance of this young man, necessarily gave Donna Josepha a totally different idea of a true soldier. Donna Lucia scornfully repulsed all the civilities of the new comers; the doors of her house were closed to them, and if she was riding with her daughter upon the beach, and met the officers, who saluted them respectfully, she would turn away her head. But *these* rides, the walks to church, the *Christmas solemnities, which* were just commencing, gave

ample occasion for meetings, signs, speaking, and, finally, an understanding.

Love, in the South, progresses quickly; obstacles and secresy make the path alluring, instead of deterring from it. Alonzo Castleton passed rather hastily over this part of his story, when he was telling it to Clotilde. "My father," he said, "was of noble birth—he could not otherwise have been an English officer; but, at the same time, he was attached to his church. He could never hope for Donna Lucia's consent. As for my grandfather, he had been for some time occupying the post of ambassador from the United States to Spain. My grandmother's anger, when she discovered her daughter's love-intrigue, increased the passion of the latter to such a degree, that she consented to a secret marriage, hoping from month to month for her father's return. But Heaven blesses no union on which rests a mother's curse. The time for my birth approaching, my parents were forced to lift the veil from their secret sooner than they had intended. To protect my poor mother from the fury of Donna Lucia, who even lowered herself to personal ill-treatment, my father carried her off secretly, and took her to Pensacola, where General Jackson was stationed—a journey which, at that time, on account of the disturbances in the interior by the Seminoles, could only be made by sea. I was little more than a year old, when my grandfather returned, and, almost at the same time, my father died. His death seems to have been attended by very unfortunate circumstances. My timid hand dares not unveil this mystery.

My mother, for some time, gave way to the deepest despair. A daughter, who had only been born some weeks before the sad news reached her, was sacrificed by it. She died when but a few months old, and my mother's life, from this moment, was spent in unconquerable grief, remorse and *penance; for my* grandmother, through her confessor, had

worked upon her daughter's mind so much, that she too began to look upon her union with a heretic, which God had punished so plainly by a speedy dissolution, as a sin. Soon after this, my grandfather came to Florida. He felt the deepest compassion for his unhappy daughter, and wished to take her with him to Georgia, so as to remove her entirely from her cruel mother. But she, poor woman, biassed by the prejudices of her church, would not go among the heretics. She preferred to take up her residence in a convent at St. Augustine, where I, the object of much tenderness from the good nuns, passed the first years of my childhood very happily, and was even allowed to see my grandmother from time to time. When, a few years after, the latter died, my grandfather made my mother a present of this plantation, on which we now are, and she spent here some months of every year. Me he took with him, had me educated at a good school in Philadelphia, and at college in Cambridge, and, when he died, divided his property in equal parts between my mother and his son, who was at that time Governor of South Carolina. With the latter he had already before made the agreement that his fortune should be re-united by the marriage of his grandson with one of his grand-daughters. In order to do away with every recollection of my poor mother's misfortune, I was called, with the consent of my uncle, by the family-name of my mother, Alonzo Castleton."

"And have you never wished," asked Clotilde, "to seek out your father's relatives? Has your heart never drawn you to England, so as to hear more of them?"

"I was too young, when he died, to have learned to love him. Every question about him made my mother's wound bleed afresh. Perhaps, at some future time, when the cold earth covers her burning grief, I may go to England, and try if I cannot find a grandfather or grandmother whose heart will beat for the *poor, desolate* Creole."

A melancholy smile accompanied these words of Alonzo's. He changed the subject, and never spoke of his father again. We need hardly remark that Clotilde, too, was silent upon this point.

CHAPTER V.

STILL-LIFE.

WITH such conversations as these, time passed heavily and sadly on. When once the disease was broken, Clotilde's healthy, youthful nature recovered itself with remarkable rapidity. She could soon sit up all day, and walk to and fro on the broad, lofty veranda, and, at length, drink in the cool, balmy air from the cupola at the top of the house. The bloody Seminole war was still raging at the south of the Peninsula. The north-east coast, and, indeed, the whole region between the sea and George's Lake, where Tallahasota lay, seemed secure; still, there had been instances that treachery was lurking in the midst of the wigwams of the apparently friendly Indians. The militia had therefore been called upon to protect the plantations against the possible attacks of these tribes. Alonzo, young as he was, filled the rank of captain in it, and, as Justice of the Peace, was one of the magistrates of the place. The necessary arrangements for the alimentation and proper division of the troops, often kept him away from home over night. Directly behind the habitations of his slaves, which were pleasantly situated among palm trees and magnolias, an immense, luxuriant savannah spread out to the south-west, the outer edge of which, fringed by thick woods, had always to be guarded by a watch. Alonzo Castleton rode here and there; he had meetings with the neighbouring planters—and neighbours in Florida often *have considerable tracts of land* between them—or he went

to Volusia, to learn the latest intelligence from the general of the troops stationed there.

His activity won Clotilde's whole esteem. She had long since recognised the noble nature in him, and the maturity of manhood in the youth of twenty. There was a depth of passion in him that contrasted strangely with a certain want of energy. His outward appearance bore the same stamp. A dark fire glowed in his eye, his features were noble, his brow thoughtful; but his sallow complexion, the dark shadow under his eyes, his indolent gait, and the want of flesh on his well-formed limbs, made one miss the freshness and vigour of a Northern youth. He needed an outward impulse to stir him to action.

Clotilde, meanwhile, lived in perfect solitude, in which, with her body, her soul, too, slowly recovered its tone. She felt plainly that she must come to a decision, that she must take some step; that she could not, through the whole remainder of her crushed existence, be the guest of this young man. To return, so poor, so destitute, to her native land, which, as she well knew, she had left against the approbation of all her friends—after her last interview with her guardian, to meet him again, in such deep affliction—this, she felt, was impossible! She could not even write, so exclusively were her thoughts directed to the one, the lost! "Let them mourn for me, thinking me dead, those good friends," she said to herself; "for am I not dead to the world, to life?"

She at length concluded to wait, before forming a plan for the future, for the answer which she had long been expecting from the house in New York to which she had written. She knew that she could not repay Alonzo, but she could restore to him the money he had spent for her physician, her medicine, and the materials which he had ordered from St. Augustine for her necessary wardrobe. She must reward the *faithful servants* who had nursed her and worked for her. She *was not impatient* for the answer. She, who had always been

so active, so avaricious of her time, now spent her sad existance in a state of dull apathy, disturbed by nothing but a dim dread of being roused from it, and forced to action by some intelligence, some occurrence.

The excitement of the world, the pressure of business, the claims of society, can only lull our grief to sleep, not heal it; but solitude, too, is only salutary to the contented mind, to which it gives time for contemplation; or to a bewildered one, which it teaches to collect, to understand itself. To the heart that mourns over an unalterable misfortune, an irreparable loss, it affords no consolation. Love alone can console for lost love, and the sympathy, the pity of friends, that kindly puts an end to the fatal brooding over that which is irrecoverably lost, and prevents the sufferer, with gently restraining hand, from tearing the healing bandage of time from the bleeding heart. Clotilde, in her solitude, had but one comforter—the best comforter—God. To Him, whose hand, as she felt in painful resignation, had surely been laid so heavily upon her only for her true good, to Him she gave up her soul entirely. But the consolation that we find in God, can only draw us closer to Him; it cannot make us love life and the world again.

And so Clotilde's soul, too, was loosened more and more from all active connection with the world. For hours she would sit in the cupola of the house, and look out upon the rich, fragrant country, and upon the wide, boundless ocean, which rolled so calmly and holily in majestic waves, and nevertheless was the grave of her beloved one. And how enticingly did Nature display before her Earth's voluptuous charms. The mansion-house of Tallahasota lay on one of those lovely hills known in Florida by the name of uplands, a gently rising slope of rich, fruitful clayey soil, covered with noble, beautiful trees of every kind, and looming out, as we have said before, like an oasis from *the sandy tracts* of pine-forest that extended *for miles around. The magnolia grandiflora*, with its majestic

height, and its magnificent, giant flowers, which had grown, as it were, from a gigantic Past into the diminutive Present, the slender palm-tree, with its leafy roof, the vigorous, fresh green oak, which seemed to Clotilde like a greeting from home, the dark melancholy cypress—all these overshadowed and guarded the house; only the refreshing sea-breeze was allowed to pass through the crowd of low orange and myrtle trees which covered the slope towards the east, and spread their balmy fragrance over the whole surrounding country.

To the north, at the foot of the hill, the river glittered through the thicker woods, and on its banks, in the still evening hour, the gray cranes would assemble in small groups, and send, as is their wont, a strange cry, like a call, through the air, as a sign for their companions. Game in great numbers, and flocks of wild turkeys, filled the woods a little farther off; and near the house, around the tops of the lofty cypresses, hovered swarms of small, gay, bright-coloured perroquets, and about the balmy flowers of the bushes, now and then, a tiny humming-bird, still more dazzling in colour. Where the savannah joined the plantation, it was exuberant in rich grass and an immeasurable quantity of flowers, which served as pasture for countless flocks of cattle. All around bore the stamp of sensual contentment, cheerful enjoyment; not a spark of the wild flame of war, which for years had been raging in the interior of the land, had yet been borne hither. Smilingly, revelling in voluptuous delight at its own beauty and calm, Nature lay spread out before Clotilde.

But he who thinks that the poor lonely one found consolation in this sight, knows little of the human heart. The more the magic power of the scenery around her penetrated her soul, the more cruelly her breast was lacerated by a boundless woe. Yes, so it is! Nothing heightens more our grief for a loss, than to have a feeling for the beauty of the earth forced *upon us; nothing* makes it more cutting, than the terrible *contrast which* harmonious Nature presents to our wounded

senses, our shattered heart. We see rise up before us then, with fearful distinctness, the shadows of our crushed hopes, of our frustrated claims to human happiness, the *ghosts of the days of our withered future*, in one long, ghastly, fearful train!

He who would console an unhappy brother,—we mean a *very* unhappy one, and one who is not yet old enough to have done with the world at any rate,—he who would raise up his poor, desolate, crushed heart, should not lead him out into Nature, into the clear sunny smile of the awakening year, should not show him the world in its beauty. Let not the rich earth call out to him with its thousand voices: "See, everything is in bloom and full of fragrance, thou alone art withered and dead! See how glorious is all around thee, but thou canst not feel its glory, because thy glory has departed! Everything joins in the loveliest harmony, thou alone intrudest thyself discordantly!"

Bind not new ties around the bleeding heart, which is already rent asunder by its struggle. Suffer it to belong to that world for which its afflictions have fitted it, and nearer to which they have drawn it. It may be that in days of mist and rain, in stormy autumn nights, when heaven and earth seem to mourn with it in pity, it will obtain a moment of melancholy peace, in its harmony with the outer world. The chains that hold the body to earth, while the soul soars up to the object of our constant longing, are not the ones which bind us in reality. A time will come that will break them, and a quick resolve can even anticipate that. But we bear within us chains that are much harder to loose, in our purest, as well as our sensual inclinations. If the world were truly *only* one of trial, full of thorns and rocks, as the pious say, patience and courage would bear us through, as through a lengthy cure, which leads to final convalescence. No, just that it is a glorious *garden, sprung* from God, teeming voluptuously *with the fruits and* flowers of Art, of Science, of

Love, of the purest pleasures, which invites us to enjoyment, while destiny constantly steps in the pilgrim's way and darkens it with the veil of mourning,—this is the true misfortune of the longing, thirsting, much-disappointed human heart!

Thus poor Clotilde's fresh wounds began to bleed more violently at the sight of the glorious nature around her; she could not clearly define her feelings, she hardly knew herself why her nerves were constantly quivering and being lacerated by the one thought, "I have lost him!" True, she had learned actually to *love* Hubert only during the four short weeks of their voyage; but the *thought* of him was grown together with the last seven years of her past, during which all those nearest and dearest to her had been taken away. All that she had ever lost during her life was blended in her soul with his loss.

At other times, again, she thought she recognised a kind of sympathy in nature. When, in the evening twilight, she crept up to the cupola, which overlooked the whole country around, and sat there, wrapped in a light shawl, in breathless silence, listening to the countless wonderful night-sounds of Nature, many a plaintive note would reach her ear. How melancholy the croaking of various kinds of frogs sounded over from the distant swamp, distinct above the rest the little tinkle of the bell-frog, just as when, in the country at home, the flocks were going home to their rest; or the sharp shrill cry of the small screech-owl would come through the still night; or the painful scream of a rice-bird, upon whose nest a hawk had pounced. Her heart beat quicker in sympathetic anxiety, when she heard that sound. She liked particularly to seek with her eye the solitary wood-pelican, when, at dusk, he was perched, so sadly and gloomily, at the top of a cedar, his head resting on his breast, his strong wings drooping, looking out *upon the ocean* with his deep, melancholy eyes, and yet keeping *anxiously at a certain* distance from the sea. She too

gazed out upon it incessantly, seeking the land of the German with her soul's eye.

These dangerous reveries were at length broken in upon by a visit from Donna Josepha, whose time of penance was over for this summer. Alonzo joyfully announced it to Clotilde. He knew so little of the human heart, that he had not a doubt that, because they were both good and unhappy, they must needs become friends and comforting companions. But Clotilde soon felt that Josepha could neither give nor hardly receive from her anything. However, this acquaintance became salutary to her in one point. She saw in Donna Josepha the evil of giving way entirely and unresistingly to an immoderate sorrow. She was hardly thirty-eight, but, bowed down and worn out by grief, and nearly blind from incessant weeping, she could have been taken for fifty. Her withered features still bore traces of great beauty; but she despised this beauty, indeed, she hated it, because, as she said, it had tempted her to sin. She gave Clotilde a warm greeting, and expressed her sympathy with deep feeling; but it was plain that she had only come to convince her that she could alone find peace in the bosom of the church—and, as a matter of course, only in the Roman Catholic church. Their conversations, which she always brought back to this point, began to make poor Clotilde's asylum uncomfortable to her.

At this period Alonzo at length received an answer from his business-man in New York. It contained sad intelligence. The firm in Hamburg, which had given Clotilde a draft and a letter of credit for the amount of twenty thousand thalers, had failed two months before, dragged several other houses to ruin with it, and also brought considerable loss to that in New York, to which the letters had been addressed. The firm professed not to be under obligation to pay, even if *the papers should* be produced.

Clotilde smiled sadly as she read the letter. "And can

this still pain me, when I have lost so much that was far nobler?" she asked herself. But, nevertheless, this intelligence cast her down again, deeply. She was quite poor now. She who had grown up in affluence and abundance, she who was accustomed to distribute with full hands, the generous protectress of everything good and beautiful, the benefactress of the poor—she must now remain in debt, and submit to the thought of having lived for months on the kindness of a stranger and his menials. "Down, proud heart!" she said, pressing her hand firmly on her poor heart, and with difficulty forcing back a bitter tear.

This disappointment had one good effect, in rousing her slumbering energy. Already the next day she had formed a resolve. After once more expressing to Alonzo her gratitude, and her regret that, though she would always feel under obligations to him for his kindness, she was now also forced to remain in his debt for the expense she had caused him, she requested him to obtain for her a situation as teacher in a school, or governess in a private family.

Alonzo would not hear of this. He, as well as his mother, urged her to make Tallahasota her home; but she remained firm, and Alonzo at length listened to her representation that a more active life would do her good, and be the best thing to steel her heart against its sorrow. He therefore promised to put the necessary advertisement in the papers of St. Augustine and the neighbouring states, and obtain for her those in which she would be apt to find a notice that suited her. "Perhaps," he said, thoughtfully, "I can find something better for you."

Some weeks passed, during which, indeed, several opportunities offered, which Clotilde was ready to improve. But her young friend, whom, owing to the generosity he had shown her, she was obliged to consult, rejected everything.

One day he came to her with a more cheerful mien. "I *have," he said,* "a proposal to make to you, which I hope

will be acceptable. You have heard me speak of my uncle, a distinguished lawyer in Charleston. He offers you his house as a home. He has two daughters, of about your own age, Miss Osten, who wish to perfect themselves in music. You, with your fine talent, and thorough knowledge of the art, can be very useful to both. Besides this, the eldest, Virginia, in her enthusiastic way, has lately been seized with a passion for your language, and wishes to continue her studies in it. My uncle is ready to pay his daughters' instructress an annual salary of five hundred dollars. You will find friends in my cousins, dear Miss Osten, for they are both lovely girls. If you are willing, I will take you to Charleston myself."

Clotilde did not hesitate, and thanked him warmly. The time had come when Donna Josepha would at any rate return to St. Augustine, and thus she would not deprive her of her son, by being the occasion of his journey. She could see plainly that he readily seized the opportunity of going to Charleston for the winter, and the colour that tinged his cheeks when he mentioned Virginia's name, led her to suspect that she was his intended wife.

The only thing of worth that Clotilde had saved from the wreck, was a small, but valuable diamond ring, a present from her mother, the only one that she wore on the voyage, and which, as it was rather tight, she did not take off during the night. When Mrs. Castleton left Tallahasota, Clotilde commissioned her maid—a sensible, trustworthy mulatto woman—to sell this ring to a jeweller, and named for its price thirty dollars, which was about one-third of its value. It pained her to part from this last remembrance of her Past, but to leave Tallahasota without at least showing herself grateful to the servants, would have been still more painful. The rest of her debts she hoped to be able to pay in the course of the *year, from her* salary. A week after, the *maid sent her, to her great* surprise, a hundred dollars, as the

price of the ring. She soon divined that Donna Josepha's generosity had been at work here, and as she knew that the latter never wore any jewelry, she was obliged, not without a blush, not without a deep sigh, to take it as a present. For, until now, the favour of circumstances had spared her any humiliation!

She could now distribute freely, and still retain enough to send to St. Augustine for a plain bonnet and shawl, and some mourning stuffs for the journey, to supply herself with warm clothes for the approaching cold season, and fill up several other gaps in her scanty wardrobe. All was arranged with the greatest economy; she cut out the clothes herself, and made them with the assistance of the servant-girls. Thus she endeavoured to deaden her grief by restless activity, and now that she had once taken a resolution, to meet her new destiny with firmness and courage. Meanwhile, the middle of October drew near, the period when the Castleton family, who generally spent the summer in one of the Northern states, or at some sea-bathing place, settled down again at their house in Charleston. Alonzo and Clotilde therefore fixed the day of their departure, and made their travelling-plan. As far as St. Augustine, Alonzo's horses were to carry them; from there, a packet went twice a week to Savannah and Charleston.

Already some time before, shortly after she had resolved upon a new course of life, Clotilde had forced herself to write to the Baron. She had still a small estate, which, in the hurry of her departure, had not been sold, and some trifling outlying capital which had needed earlier notice. With a few constrained words, she informed her friend of her misfortune, the outlines of which, she remarked, he had probably seen in the papers. She begged him to send her the money which still was hers—at the most, a few hundred dollars—to *Charleston, to the* care of Mr. Richard Castleton, and promised *to write* again from there. "Do not chide me, my

dear friend," she wrote, "for this cold tone, in which you will not recognise your Clotilde. I am no longer the same. Four months have hardly passed since I saw the waves meet over Hubert's beloved head, when, on *my* account, to save *my* property, he missed the moment of escape; and I still live! I still eat, drink, and sleep—yes, I read, work, write again! Do you recognise in this harsh, dull nature your friend Clotilde, whose feelings were always sensitive like those of the mimosa? No, I am no more the same! No more happiness can proceed from me; I am no more susceptible to any. Only in one thing I am unchanged. I know that I must bear the burden which the Almighty has placed upon my feeble shoulders; I know, too, that we women are wrong in believing *love* to be our aim in life—my hard fate has taught me that it is only *duty!*"

The travellers spent a few days in St. Augustine. Clotilde here first had an opportunity of admiring the strength of the Anglo-American element, which in the course of hardly twenty years had already given this old Spanish citadel a so decidedly national American character. For two centuries and a half, the little city, with its convents and churches, had lain there, as it were, in indolent ease in its bed of orange-trees, and suffered itself to be fanned, across the low bulwark formed by the flat Anastasia Island, by cool, refreshing winds, without caring much for what price it might dispose of its golden fruit in the Northern market, or whether the East wind that refreshed it so, favourably swelled the sails of the vessel which bore its rich cargo to the North; and now, in these twenty years, how business-like and merchant-like had it learned to act, and still, with its motley population of one-half Spaniards and French, mulattoes and mongrels, Greeks and Minorcans, kept at bay the prosaic, dry, withering influence of the other half, the restless, working, gaining, speculating Yankees!

Clotilde looked upon the gay scene with a passing interest

Leaning on the arm of Alonzo, who wished to show her the wealth of the land, she passed through the market-place, where splendid fruits and flowers lay heaped up. They stopped beside a wagon which was particularly distinguished by the balmy fragrance of its contents: a wealth of fair and gorgeous flowers, such as Clotilde had never beheld before. They were about to be conveyed to the church of St. Lucia, to decorate it for an approaching holiday. The driver of the wagon looked at Alonzo and saluted him respectfully, but then, his eye falling upon Clotilde, he changed colour, and quickly turned away his head. Clotilde, too, had recognised him. It was the same terrible man who had struck Hubert on the head with his oar—it was Hubert's murderer!

He had remained in St. Augustine, and taken service with a gardener. He did not now bear the fiendish, wild expression of that time. Despair and fear had then made a barbarian of him. The deepest pain was depicted in his face when he beheld that pale, touching figure, clad in deep mourning.

A deathly pallour overspread Clotilde's features; she trembled violently. "I am not yet fit for the world," she said to herself bitterly, and Alonzo could not again persuade her to go out with him. Only to church she went once with Josepha. "May not peace come to me in that holy spot?" she asked herself. "It is not my church, but what matter? It is a place from which thousands call upon the Lord!"

A sensation of holy calm came over her soul for a moment when she entered the imposing ancient gothic cathedral. She followed Josepha, and when the latter prostrated herself before her patron-saint, (a figure, large as life, which stood in a recess,) to whom she owed her name, she knelt beside her. The image was covered with costly jewelry; among the rest, Clotilde saw her diamond ring upon the waxen finger of the saint. There was a sharp pain at her heart; she arose, and *never went to the* church again.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW LIFE.

THE carriage which had conveyed our travellers from the dock into the city of Charleston, at length stopped before a brick house, which, high and narrow, elegant in its appearance, with bright window-panes, green blinds and marble steps, was in no way distinguished from the long row of houses on either side. Clotilde would have preferred it if the Castletons had lived in one of the pleasant buildings resembling country-houses, standing separately at the side of some streets through which they had passed, but which, as she heard, were not so fashionable as these houses built in the New York style. Alonzo sprang from the carriage, but before he could ring the bell, the door opened, and a young girl appeared, a small figure, plainly dressed in black, with hat and shawl on. It was evident that she was about to go out, and was not there to meet them. But she immediately cried: "Welcome, cousin Alonzo! I hope you have not left your travelling-companion behind you!"

When Clotilde, upon this, had also alighted, she met her with a warm, cordial greeting, and a pair of good, honest blue eyes were fixed on the stranger, not with curiosity, but with a look inviting confidence. The young lady rang for the servants, and while Alonzo looked to the baggage and was paying off the driver, she led Clotilde up the marble steps, through the *narrow hall* laid with gaily-painted oilcloth,

into one of the splendid parlours. The costly furniture, heavy damask curtains, a soft thick Turkey carpet, unrivalled in brightness of colours, the walls hung with oil-paintings in massive frames, and an exquisitely sculptured marble mantelpiece, all testified to the wealth of their owner.

Alonzo soon followed them. Although he could suppose that his cousin must know who the stranger was, he would have considered it a want of politeness towards the latter if he had not formally introduced her. "Cousin Sarah," he said, "allow me to introduce Miss Osten to you. Miss Osten, Miss Sarah Castleton."

Both bowed. "I was just going to prayer-meeting," said Sarah, "but I shall stay at home now, for Virginia has gone to the concert with Mr. Thorn, and will hardly be home before ten o'clock. We are very happy now, cousin," she continued, turning to Alonzo. "We have more means of grace than ever before. Dr. Church, from Boston, leads the meeting to-night. You have no idea how eloquent his prayers are! The spirit of the Lord is upon him. I hope you will hear him, cousin. He is a good man."

"Is that the same Church, Sarah, who was horsewhipped in Portland, on account of that temperance affair?"

"The same. It was a shameful affair. I think the Unitarians disapproved of this wicked act as much as the Christians, cousin Alonzo."

"Perhaps so," said Alonzo. "But I hope he won't meddle with things here that don't concern him."

"The temperance cause concerns every Christian, cousin!"

"The temperance folks ought not to spoil their good cause by sticking so close to the Abolitionists. Their intercourse with those scoundrels injures them vastly with us."

"With us, too," was Sarah's reply; "and yet no one ought to reject the water of life because the same cup in which it is *offered him, might* be filled with a poisonous draught. But," she *continued, turning to* Clotilde, "perhaps you would prefer to

go to your room, until tea can be got ready again. It was just over when you came."

Clotilde acquiesced, and Sarah, carrying a silver-plated lamp and her travelling-basket, led the way up two high flights of stairs, covered with rich carpets. "Don't lose your breath," she said, pleasantly; "papa and sister Virginia have the rooms in the second story." They now entered a large handsome apartment, where stood an immense bed with snow-white covers and pillows, but without curtains; a small room adjoining, containing a wash-stand and looking-glass, seemed meant for a dressing-room. In the middle of the plain white marble mantelpiece lay an enormous bible, bound in velvet and gold, and concentrating in its outer garment, as it were, all the splendour which otherwise was carefully avoided in the whole room; on both sides of this stood, in tasteful and regular groups, some smaller books, mostly memoirs of pious missionaries, Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," Hannah More's "Practical Piety," Melville's "Bible Thoughts," and several other books of the kind. On the toilet-table lay another bible, smaller in size and plainer in dress. This was obviously meant for reading, the larger one only to reverence; Watts' Hymns lay beside it.

"I hope, my dear Miss Osten," said Sarah, hanging her bonnet and shawl in the closet, for she was very orderly, "I hope you do not object to sharing my bed with me. Our house in the country is very large; there we could give you two or three rooms to yourself, but in the city we are limited in space. But the dressing-room will give us ample opportunity for our private devotions. I need not disturb you, if you perhaps like to perform yours alone. I know that some Christians prefer this. We can easily come to an agreement. How many hours daily do you spend in prayer, Miss Osten?"

Clotilde was exceedingly embarrassed, and not a little surprised, *at being thus catechized* by this sweet creature in their

first conversation. She replied, with cast-down eyes, that she did not follow any rule in this.

"Very well," rejoined Sarah, looking at her with her mild eyes, "excuse my importunity, dear Miss Osten! I would not at once have asked you such close questions, had I considered you a stranger. But I would wish you to find a home here, to look upon this humble chamber as the haven to which the Lord has brought you, to learn to praise His almighty name even for the storms by which he has shattered the slight vessel of your earthly happiness. If I, in my weakness, can aid you in this, I shall give thanks to my Saviour for deigning to make use of me as His humble instrument." With this she kissed her, and left the room.

Clotilde remained behind, overwhelmed with the most varied impressions. She was most painfully surprised that in this house of splendour and fashion, she was not even to have a small chamber for herself; it was particularly repulsive to her German feelings to share her bed even with this lovely girl. But, "down, proud heart!" she again said to herself, and this time not without some bitterness; "forget not that in this house of the wealthy, you are only a paid servant. And how good and pious this girl is! Her way is different from mine, but why should it not be an equally sure one? I fear, however, she thinks it the *only* sure one. And how if it were so? Has it really led her to that which she requires of me? Has she too suffered? Has she drained the cup and overcome its effects?—How calm, how soothing everything around me looks! There is an atmosphere of peace about me in this holy spot. Perhaps I shall obtain it here, that heavenly peace for which my heart is yearning in vain!—How did she say? Praise God *for* my affliction, my terrible affliction? Oh! my heavenly Father! Dost Thou indeed require of us this complete denial of the nature Thou hast given us? Am I a *sinner, if I* praise Thee only *notwithstanding* my affliction? Is *it not enough that I* bow beneath Thy chastening hand—must

I kiss the rod with which Thou dost punish me, if I would please Thee ?"

She calmed herself with difficulty when the servant came to call her to tea. Sarah, who presided at the tea-table, received her kindly. Her father also was present this time, a man of fine presence, from whose fiery black eye his Spanish blood shone out, while his massive build and formal deportment showed his English descent, and his dark, sallow complexion and cavalier air characterized the South Carolinian planter.

He greeted Clotilde condescendingly, and asked her, with a peculiarly cold, stiff, truly national politeness, several dry, customary questions. After inquiring about her health, and asking "how she liked America," he wished to know of what part of Germany she was a native, and, after hearing her answer, informed her that the best German was spoken in that region. A friend of his, who was descended from one of the first families in the state, and had travelled in Germany, had assured him of this. His daughter Virginia was very enthusiastic for German literature. It was only a pity that the latter was so misty, and that infidelity was so predominant in it. Miss Osten must not think, however, that he was at all prejudiced against the German nation; on the contrary, he considered it a very estimable one ! He had never seen more industrious people. And music was so common among them. He was sure Miss Osten was also very musical. His sister-in-law in New York had told him, too, that most people there preferred German servants; for the Americans were too proud to live out; they were difficult to obtain, and had within them a certain consciousness that they were made for something better.

Mr. Castleton had not made this long speech in one breath, but frequently interrupted it by appeals to Miss Osten's opinion, and offers of toast and cake. Her brief replies to the former were by no means calculated to disturb

him in his national self-complacency. "I hope you will like it with us, Miss Osten," he said, at length, drew one of the lamps towards him, and began to read the papers.

Alonzo, who, while Clotilde was up stairs, had requested his uncle not to hurt her easily moved feelings by questions about the shipwreck and her loss, had sat as if on coals during this conversation. At length he broke the painful pause which followed it, by the desperate question:

"Cousin Sarah, have you not lately had a four-days'-meeting here?"

"Yes, cousin, and, the Lord be praised, one blessed with abundant fruits. Two hundred and thirty-seven souls have been hopefully converted, and have joined the flock of the Lord. On twenty-three others, who gave the best hope, and sat daily on the anxious seat, struggling between God and the world, the light of grace has not yet shone. They are still in bonds, and we cannot strictly include them, when we count up the result of this year's revival, with hearts grateful for the blessing of God."

"Has not Aaron Fisher become a Christian?" inquired Alonzo; "I think I heard it spoken of on my way here, that the rich old miser was about being converted, too. That would be lucky for your church, Sarah, which is so in want of money."

"The Lord's Word," replied Sarah, simply, "is sent to the rich as well as the poor. Blessed is he who listens to the call before it is too late. Mr. Fisher is among the three and twenty. We do not give them up yet. A servant of the Lord from Connecticut, a zealous labourer in His vineyard, is still tarrying with us, and has made them the special object of his efforts, these lukewarm hearts, which say like Felix, "When I have a convenient time, I will call for thee," and like Agrippa, "*Almost* thou persuadest me to be a Christian." *Every day he visits* Mr. Fisher and many others, young and *old; he prays with* them, and wrestles for them at home in

his quiet closet with the spirit of the Lord. May his labours be blessed!"

"Your report of this," said Alonzo, "would give your aunt, Mrs. Gardiner, great pleasure, cousin Sarah!"

"She does not need a report from me," replied Sarah, with sparkling eyes. "She is near us. She came from Massachusetts to Charleston expressly to enjoy the revival."

Mr. Castleton looked up from his paper. "Was that what she came for?" he asked, "I thought her object was to dispose of her slaves more advantageously. You know, Alonzo, she always used to complain that she made so little on them, and she hoped to hire them out at a higher price than her business-man, if she could not sell them."

"That business, papa, is only secondary. She has gone to the interior now, where the New-England clergymen hope to bring about a four-days'-meeting. For it would be entirely contrary to the gospel to offer the bread of life merely to the rich inhabitants of the city, while the others are perhaps thirsting for the means of grace, which we here have the full enjoyment of."

"Are your own ministers so wanting in zeal, Sarah," said Alonzo, smiling, "that you need the drawling Yankees to work upon your sinners?—Excuse me, dear cousin, I forgot that you are a little Yankee girl yourself."

"Yes," she answered, returning the smile, "and I look upon this mixture in myself as a particular blessing. For however good the labourers may be that we have here, they do not possess the energy, the impressive resoluteness, the inspired disregard of all so-called delicacy and other worldly forms, that distinguish our New-England ministers. But one reason of their being so peculiarly victorious, is that they have the aid of so many of their church-members. What an influence, for instance, does my aunt Gardiner exert! She and Mrs. Roley, *who is also* from New England, *are the lights of the church*, although, as women, they can be but

weak vessels of it. It is really edifying to have examples like them on the road to holiness."

"Pray, cousin Sarah," cried Alonzo laughing, "do not take Mrs. Roley for an example in your gait. She walks like an elephant."

"Nor aunt Gardiner in her loquacity," added Richard Castleton, "for during the few days she spent here, she nearly preached me out of the house."

All these and similar railleries were powerless against Sarah's cheerful equanimity. "How long," she said to Clotilde, "have I wished to learn German! You have such beautiful hymns in your language. And what good, pious men your nation can boast of, who shine out in twofold glory from the crowd of infidels around them. I have once read some translated extracts from a book by an excellent man named Young Stilling. This is a book which I should much like to read entirely. How long do you think it will be, Miss Osten, before I can understand it?"

"That depends upon how much time you devote to the study of the language, and what are your capacities for learning it."

"My capacities are indeed not very great, and my time is very limited, too. But do you think I will understand it when I have taken lessons for a quarter, three times a week, and besides this half an hour every day for writing exercises?"

"If you have such a predilection for that book, we might use it from the beginning to read in, and connect the grammatical exercises with it."

"I had rather begin with the Bible," said Sarah, "Luther's translation is said to be so beautiful."

"It is so, but the language is obsolete, and just because the *ideas* would occupy you so much, it would hardly be fit to teach you forms of expression."

"But the hymns? How much time will I want to be *able to read German* hymns? Six weeks? Eight weeks?"

Clotilde smiled. "I cannot calculate the time with such

mathematical precision. As soon as you understand the language itself, you will be able to read *everything* in it. Our sacred poetry, however, is very simple, but this lies more in the thoughts than in the language."

While the two girls had been conversing together, Alonzo had manifested his impatience in various ways, and listened to every approaching carriage. Mr. Castleton, too, had looked at his watch several times, and remarks such as, "How long that concert lasts!" or "Virginia stays out late," showed that he too was impatient.

At this moment a carriage stopped before the house, and a loud ringing of the bell, and lively voices in the hall, announced Virginia's return. The door flew open, and a tall, graceful girl, whose beauty, at the first glance, struck Clotilde as extraordinary, entered the room, followed by two gentlemen. Over a rich silk dress, she wore a short black velvet cloak, which had, after the newest fashion, a hood of pink satin attached to it. This, which served at the same time as an ornament for the cloak and a covering for the head, Virginia had thrown back on entering the house, thus displaying the loveliest head that ever sat upon a pair of gracefully sloping shoulders and a delicate, slender throat. A mass of glossy chestnut curls hung on both sides of her perfectly regular face, while a heavy braid was fastened, by a golden arrow, in a knot at the back of her finely-shaped head. A high, dazzlingly-white forehead, a straight, delicate nose, a mouth around which Cupids seemed to be playing, and a pair of large, brown eyes, full of mind and soul—all these were in perfect harmony with the lovely form of her face, and can be described in words; but the marvellous delicacy and peculiar flexibility which characterized the whole of her features, no pen can depict. The want of that which was necessary to make her a *perfect* beauty, namely, a fresh, blooming complexion, and fulness of *figure, as well* as a certain roundness of form, *and feature, was partly* concealed by the excitement of the

evening, partly by the cloak, and, when this was thrown off, by her dress, which was extremely rich and fashionable.

Her whole manner was in the highest degree *dashing*. This is a word the full meaning of which is only appreciated by those nations who speak the English language. It is only in a society where, as in North America, *beauty* and *fashion*, or, as in England, *rank* and *fashion*, have an all-imposing power, that this adjective can maintain its full value; it is only there that a "belle," who is often not in the least beautiful, only fashionable, can feel herself perfectly secure, perfectly certain of her triumphs.

It could be seen that Virginia was accustomed to conquests. She entered the room in lively conversation with her admirers—one of whom, who might for this evening consider himself the favoured one, was carrying her fan and embroidered handkerchief—and called out to her father, without noticing the guests:

"Papa, Castelli sang divinely! And only think, that flatterer, Mr. Seaton, declares that my voice is a great deal finer than hers, and really thinks me silly enough to believe it! Good heavens, cousin Alonzo!" she suddenly cried, as she saw him approaching her. "And this young lady?" she continued, her eye falling upon Clotilde.

Sarah upon this introduced to each other the two young girls, both so lovely, and yet so totally different. Virginia gave Clotilde a deep look, full of soul, which at once won her heart.

"I have so longed to see you, dearest Miss Osten! And I am so sorry that I was away from home when you arrived!" She asked a few more questions about her health, etc., unimportant in themselves, but spoken with the most charming grace of look and manner! But she had no mind to let her admirers off so soon, especially as one of them, who seemed *to feel rather neglected* that evening, was looking at the fair *stranger with undisguised* satisfaction. She therefore pressed

Clotilde's hand, which she had retained in hers, once more, and, dropping it, turned to the gentleman.

"Mr. Thorn," she said, with a most fascinating roguishness, "who was that lady who made so many fine speeches to you to-night when we were coming out?" And without waiting for an answer, she continued, turning to the other gentleman: "I am sure, Mr. Seaton, Mr. Thorn must have made a conquest of this lady. You should have heard the reproaches with which she overwhelmed him! 'That he did not come to see her any more, that he had given her up!' It was quite touching to listen to. And was not something said about letters, too? Were they love-letters?"

"No, indeed, Miss Castleton; they were not half so interesting. Letters from my sister."

"Aha! Do those go through you?"

"You need not look so mischievous," said Thorn, laughing; "the lady is married."

"A charming widow?"

"Charming? You saw her in the mirror of your own bright eyes, Miss Virginia! It was Mrs. Chambers, an old friend of mine from Savannah, whom I have neglected shamefully."

"Hush, hush! She did not look as if she would like to be called *old* in any sense. Cousin Alonzo! You are tired with the journey. You are dreaming already! Do you intend to honour us with a long visit this time? Shall we ride together again?"

"I am always at your service, cousin," answered he, whose eyes, far from being tired, had hung upon her unceasingly during the last conversation. But she quickly turned to the third of her admirers.

"Mr. Seaton, don't forget to bring back that French novel that I lent you, to-morrow. Isn't it delicious. How charmingly this George Sand pictures love. But do you think Raymond *a natural* character? He is a monster! *And Ralph! Was there* ever a more tiresome person? M

wonder Indiana doesn't learn to love him till the end of the book. How well it is, Alonzo, that all cousins are not so tiresome!"

At length Sarah, who had taken no active part in the conversation, asked Clotilde if she were not tired with the journey and did not need rest. This was the signal for a general breaking-up of the party. "I hope soon to become better acquainted with you," said Virginia to Clotilde with a pressure of the hand, and one of her speaking looks. "A singular girl!" thought the latter; "how can any one that feels so deeply, find pleasure in such shallow talk?"

When she and Sarah had reached their room, the latter said, with a sigh: "Virginia is good, but she is of this world! Does not the Apostle say: 'She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth!' May the Lord in His heavenly wisdom yet lead her from the broad road of destruction to the narrow path of righteousness!

"These late evening-calls," she continued, as she commenced undressing herself, "are exceedingly unpleasant to me, for they prevent Papa from having evening-worship; and yet he promised my dear mother on her death-bed not to neglect this duty of a Christian father of a family. Now, to be sure," she added, putting some pins on the pincushion, "he only does like the Episcopalians, who stop half-way, and, after the manner of the Papists, read their prayers; but even that is better than *no* domestic altar.

"However," she went on, putting on and carefully buttoning her nightdress, "he ought not to mind the visitors, for we should not be ashamed of a Saviour who has bled for us. What if He should be ashamed of us before the throne of grace—of us, whose righteousness only hangs about us like filthy rags! If the Lord had not called my mother home so early, much would be different."

"*Were you very young when you lost your mother, poor Sarah?*" *asked Clotilde.*

"My mother left us," replied Sarah, throwing a hasty glance at the glass, to smooth her hair under her night-cap, "when I was hardly twelve years old. Day after to-morrow it will be just six years. It was a hard trial for me, and for my poor father too, who had already buried one wife, Virginia's mother. But would it not be wrong to sorrow, as she is the gainer, while we only are the losers? She had fulfilled her mission! Yes, she *had* obtained grace!"

She suppressed a rising tear as she said this, while hanging up and folding the clothes she had just taken off. Then she sat down by the toilet-table, read a chapter in the Bible, and, kneeling down by her bed, prayed for about ten minutes with closed eyes and in a low whisper. After this she laid herself down, with the remark that it was already late, and she had therefore not prayed as long as usual—but did not divert her mind by other talk; and when she had bid Clotilde good-night, and enjoined her not to stay up too late, she was in a few minutes wrapped in sound, gentle slumber.

While Sarah was reading and praying, Clotilde had quietly unpacked her clothes and hung up her dresses—she had only the most necessary wardrobe—in a small closet which Sarah had emptied for her. A drawer of Sarah's bureau was also put at her disposal, and, unaccustomed as she had been from her youth to the limited space which even wealthy American ladies are often contented with, she thought it quite fortunate that her supply of linen and other articles of dress was small in proportion, as otherwise she would have been obliged to keep her trunk in constant use, just as if she had been travelling—an uncomfortable state, which is characteristic of the land of motion, to which fate had led her, and not unfrequent there, though little felt.

She had purposely undertaken this mechanical occupation while Sarah was still awake. More over-excited than fatigued, she needed quiet and *solitude* to collect and calm herself, and *to place her heart before Him* who alone could breathe into

it true consolation. Why was Sarah's methodical, unimpassioned piety, which, however, came from her inmost heart, and ensured to her the richest treasure of existence, a quiet conscience, almost more repulsive to her than Virginia's worldliness and coquetry? Never yet had she seen devotion in this dry, unimaginative form; just the opposite of the enthusiastic exaltation, the ascetic fervour of Donna Josepha!

She looked at the sleeping girl; how softly, how calmly she breathed! How lovely, like an emblem of the most perfect peace, did that young blooming face peep out from the snow-white cap! Oh! was she not to be envied?

Clotilde approached Sarah's table, and opened her bible at the mark which she had left in it. She wished to see what part of the Holy Scriptures had exerted such a strangely soothing influence over her, after her heart had just been pained by her conversation about her sister's dangerous course, her father's indifference, and the early loss of her mother. She saw with astonishment that Sarah had just been reading the twelfth chapter of Joshua, the record of the great warrior's victory, which contains a topographical description of the conquered land, and the names of the thirty-one vanquished kings. And yet, in reading it, she had looked as attentive as if she were reading the Sermon on the Mount, or some other immediate outpouring of the Spirit.

Clotilde did not know that Sarah made it a rule to read the Bible through in order, from beginning to end, at her morning and evening devotions, and only at other times allowed her heart the luxury of drinking in its favourite portions. And are there not, among her brethren in the church, many most estimable families, where the genealogies and the reports of the bloodiest atrocities of the degenerate people of God, serve just as much for an introduction to family-prayer as other parts of the Bible, because it might appear *like sinfully* despising the Word of God to pass over these *and certain other* portions, at the reading of which the mis-

tress of the house, at least, would prefer not to have her daughters and young maid-servants present.

Clotilde, too, had early accustomed herself to regulate her intercourse with God by certain forms and hours. With her, however, it was not the effect of a habit formed by education. Her parents, though they could be called good, practical Christians in one sense, and *pious* ones, as far as they lived and acted with reference to God, had yet been strongly infected by the rationalism of the age, which attaches small value to such forms, such hours. During her years of development, Clotilde, not satisfied with the slight manifestation of piety in her beloved and honoured parents, had been at variance with herself. For a time she had thought it sufficient to begin her day with virtuous resolves, and end it with self-examination and the endeavour to attune her soul to that universal feeling of love which Coleridge describes so finely; that calm, reverent quiet and self-denial, in which no wish arises, no thought finds expression, and the soul as it were only loses itself in the *spirit* of prayer, in the sole consciousness of its own weakness, its own worthlessness, and God's power, wisdom, and love. But then she again felt how just this weakness inclines the human heart to let itself be diverted from collecting itself for this formless, unconscious prayer, and be disturbed in its devotion, unless a fixed form supports and limits the thoughts, and a certain *reminding time* holds, as it were, a warning influence over our wandering ideas. She had therefore gathered all her soul's chief wishes, expressions of gratitude, and prayers for grace and mercy, into a certain simple form of words, which she repeated daily—sometimes, we will confess, for it was only *human*, almost mechanically, and with hardly conquered abstraction; but generally with a warmth that came from her inmost heart, and with which, too, she confidingly brought before that God who was her father, her comforter, her friend, those particular desires which were connected with the events of the day. But, above all, she

strove fervently to enter into the spirit of the one chief prayer, and to let all her thoughts, all her words, be penetrated by the one wish : " Lord, Thy will be done !"

To-night, too, though late, and after a long struggle, she laid herself down to rest by Sarah's side with a resigned spirit.

CHAPTER VII.

FAMILY SCENES.

CLOTILDE, notwithstanding her final success in collecting herself, had been kept awake the greater part of the night by excitement; her morning-sleep, therefore, laid itself so heavily upon her consciousness, that she only awoke at a slight touch from Sarah, who stood before her in a simple morning-dress.

She started up. "Poor Miss Osten," said Sarah, kindly, "you have had a sad night! But the breakfast-bell will soon ring, and I thought you would like to be ready. I will leave you alone now, to attend to some little household-duties. May He who gave, and who hath taken away, comfort you!"

She left her with a kiss. Clotilde dressed herself quickly, and had just finished, when she heard a loud bell, which reminded her of some public institution. She immediately descended three pair of stairs to the basement, where Sarah had told her that the dining-room was. At that moment a lady on horseback galloped up to the house—it was Virginia, accompanied by Alonzo, for he had taken her at her word, and obtained the favour of a short ride before breakfast. She looked beautiful in her Amazon dress—her green cloth riding-habit with gilt buttons, and a little black hat with feathers, gave her the appearance of a huntress; the fresh morning-air had spread the loveliest glow over her cheeks. Alonzo's eyes hung upon *her with delight*, and even her stern father *looked at her with obvious* satisfaction.

And, being in high spirits, she showed no particular inclination to shorten this enjoyment of her two admirers, by changing her habit for a less becoming morning-dress; on the contrary, she declared that she was ravenously hungry, sat down at the table, and called, with comically exaggerated impatience, for something to eat and drink, while she overwhelmed her cousin with jesting reproaches for having persuaded her to take such a long ride, and made him, by trifling railleries, looks, and allusions, the happiest of men.

After breakfast, Mr. Castleton again seized the large bell, to call the servants to prayers, which in this house were generally held when the stomachs of the family were filled, and while those of the servants, who had risen much earlier, were still longing for their breakfast. But Virginia declared she felt too hot to bear it any longer, and must first change her dress. "Come back soon, then," said her father; "how much time do you need?" "Not five minutes, Papa!" But five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and Virginia did not appear. The family and the servants in attendance, who had already taken their places, were waiting in silent impatience. The two gentlemen had taken up the papers. At length Phyllis, Virginia's maid, entered the room. She was a negro beauty of most voluptuous figure, her face more gray than black, with brown moonlight eyes, and two rows of teeth which would have shone through the darkest night. She came to excuse her mistress. "She was too tired to come down again, and had lain down."

"Well then!" said Mr. Castleton, rang the bell with an energy that betrayed his ill-humour, and hastily seized the prayer-book. At this summons several negro women came in from the kitchen, some with coloured handkerchiefs around their heads, others with their woolly hair covering their skulls like a cap. All sat in silence, Mr. Castleton with the velvet-covered prayer-book in his hand, when suddenly he looked at his watch and started up.

"I have an appointment at half-past eight precisely. I am sorry, Sarah! But I must go to my office. Once more, I'm very sorry—but the affair is important ——."

The servants rose to go away, but Sarah, whose young face glowed with a holy earnestness, said resolutely:

"Keep your seats, my friends! Go, Papa, if you must go. Meanwhile I will try to supply your place at the family-altar. I know it is written: 'Let the women learn in silence,' and 'I suffer not a woman to teach,'—but it is better that these, whose souls the Lord himself has placed in our keeping, should receive the Bread of Life from my weak hands, than not at all."

Mr. Castleton looked embarrassed, muttered something about twenty thousand dollars that were at stake, and went his way. But Sarah laid the prayer-book aside, took up the bible which lay on the mantelpiece—as indeed, by her management, there was one to be found in every room in the house—and read, with a clear voice and simple delivery, the last half of the fourteenth chapter of Luke. She did not mind it, that the story of the guests bidden to the supper exposed her father and sister, who were absent on trifling grounds; she felt that just at such a moment the parable would make more impression than ever on the souls entrusted to her, and this was of more importance to her than all claims of an artificial delicacy. She then knelt beside her chair, in which all present followed her example. With a perfectly natural voice, and a flow of words disturbed by no false shame, she made a long, extemporaneous prayer, in which, however, the total want of individuality and its perfect logical order, showed Clotilde that it was no momentary outpouring of the heart, but a train of thought composed of the rich phraseology of Scripture, to arrange which with some fluency any frequent visitor of prayer-meetings easily learns.

A few hours later, Virginia requested Clotilde's company in her *room. Virginia's apartments* were very different from

Sarah's; every thing betrayed the æsthetic inclinations of their inmate, while the simple furnishing of Sarah's room bore witness to the simplicity of her tastes. Splendid Wilton carpets, soft and elastic as if lined with down, a couple of ottomans covered with purple velvet, a French bedstead with a canopy and rich curtains, marble slabs and mirrors wherever there was a place for them, and finally the true American luxury of several large and small rocking-chairs, covered with velvet, gave Virginia's chamber a look at once elegant and comfortable. In the adjoining boudoir, the door of which stood open, and over which curtains of crimson silk threw a soft rosy light, every new invention of the most refined Parisian luxury was attached to the rich toilet-table, as well as the marble bathing-apparatus. But more than to all these, Clotilde's attention was drawn to an exquisite marble bust, which stood on a pedestal in one corner of the room. It was a female head of the most faultless beauty, the work of an eminent Italian sculptor. Clotilde took it for an Agrippina, or the ideal portrait of a Semiramis, but she heard that it was the bust of Virginia's mother, a perfect likeness, for which she had sat to the artist when travelling in Italy. The daughter, who had hardly known her mother, carried on a sort of idolatry with the beautiful image. She adorned it with flowers. She kept her prayer-books on the broad ledge of the pedestal. When a wish was refused her—a thing that very rarely happened—and she felt unhappy, she would throw herself on her knees before her mother's bust, and, with tears, implore the new saint—who had been a woman of a passionate, imperious disposition—to have pity on her child, and to take her daughter, neglected and unloved by all, to her heart. The fair image was carefully covered with a protecting veil of gauze, and frequent urgent injunctions were given to Phyllis to be cautious in dusting, and not injure it by too much *handling.*

When Clotilde entered the room, she found Virginia at-

tired in a rich silk dress, with collar and cuffs of costly lace, bedecked with chains, bracelets, and rings, and an embroidered handkerchief in her hand, from which the sweetest odour of roses spread itself through the whole room. Clotilde thought she was going out to ride, but even in this case her dress did not seem to her European taste to be suitable for a morning-toilet. But she was told that Virginia, like all fashionable ladies, was always dressed thus from one or two o'clock, ready to receive calls. To-day she had finished her toilet rather earlier than usual, so as to have time to see Clotilde before her numerous friends and admirers arrived.

"Miss Osten," she said, giving Clotilde a cordial welcome with her brilliant eyes, "you cannot imagine how truly I have longed to make your acquaintance, to be instructed by you in your beautiful language, to be initiated by you into the temple of your incomparable literature! Oh, how impatient I am to read Goethe, and Schiller, and particularly your philosophical writers!"

"I judge from your wishes, that you have already studied my language for some time, and made yourself familiar with the grammatical part of it."

"Very imperfectly, Miss Osten. I studied German at boarding-school in New York, but it was only just beginning to be fashionable then, and I did not care much about it yet. And, altogether, I hate the commonplace mechanical part of learning languages—in all studies I hate the technical portion. I want nothing but the mind, and that breathes upon me sympathetically from the writings of your country. You know Carlisle? Isn't he divine? I fancy the German philosophers are just like him! And your poets! We haven't one that I could compare to them!"

Clotilde smiled. "Do not let your enthusiasm carry you too far, Miss Castleton," she said. "Who has kindled this spark within you? Or rather, for the spark may have lain in your nature, *who has thus* blown this spark into a flame?"

Virginia fixed a look upon her, first of surprise, but which grew more and more deep and intent. "Miss Osten," she said, in a subdued voice, "you have looked through my heart. You understand me. Oh! Providence itself has brought you to this desolate heart. You shall soon know all. Yes, I have loved your language only since last summer. Last summer I took my first lessons in it. For those at boarding-school I cannot count. For four short weeks, the four happiest weeks of my life! But now I want to learn it thoroughly from you. When shall we begin? To-morrow?"

"To-day, if you like. And in music, too, I wish to be as useful to you as is in my power."

"Ah, yes, music! Oh, how I love German music! Since I have penetrated well into its endless depths, I can't listen to that superficial Italian sing-song any more! And our English singing particularly; that is completely ridiculous! I only fear, my dear Miss Osten, that music will make you too sad. You have lost so much, and that so recently!"

"You need not fear, Miss Virginia," replied the German girl, touched involuntarily by this trait of tender sympathy where she had least expected it. "I have come to Charleston to instruct you and your sister in music and the German language, and it is my wish and intention to commence as soon as possible. Let us at once fix upon the hours that are most convenient to you, as mine are all at your service."

They agreed with Sarah, who had joined them, that the lessons should take place immediately after breakfast; first a German one daily for both the sisters together, and after this a music lesson for each on alternate days. As Sarah as well as Virginia professed not to have time for more lessons, Clotilde found that she had the rest of the day entirely at her own disposal. How would she have valued this formerly! But for one to whom existence has become a burden,

who can hope for no more enjoyment from it, there lies, as it were, a soothing influence in a certain regular turning of the wheel of time, marked by various duties—in an unwinding of the thread by appointed tasks, so and so many yards an hour. Clotilde therefore almost regretted that she had resolved to enter this house, and not rather taken a situation as teacher in one of the many schools she had seen advertised in the papers, where it is generally expected of one and the same person to possess a knowledge of the French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages, a thorough acquaintance with music, and to be able to instruct in drawing and oil-painting. This would at least have given her an excellent opportunity to deaden her feelings by constant forced occupation.

Visitors had been announced long since, but Virginia did not go down until Clotilde had several times reminded her that they were waiting for her.

"What of that?" she said; "it's only a couple of tiresome old ladies; the daughter might be my mother! I don't know what to say to them, either." At that moment the servant came up again, and announced Mr. Seaton

"If you go down immediately now," said Sarah, "they will think you have come only on his account."

"That's no matter! Our ladies have time enough to spare, but our young gentlemen have much less. They are always over-busy in this land of trade and business."

The servant left the room, after mentioning that Mr. Alonzo was in the parlour too, and had several times inquired after Miss Virginia.

"Let him!" she said, disdainfully. "He's had his gift for to-day! I must take care not to spoil him. He would like to take the whole hand, when I only stretch out a finger to him."

While she was speaking, she had been brushing over her curls *before the glass, and* now went down to the parlour with

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the remark: "That Seaton is one of the best of them, I'm sure!"

"Why do you not go down to see those ladies, Miss Sarah?" inquired Clotilde.

"I am not acquainted with them. I associate with few persons besides those belonging to our church. Not that I am so exclusive by choice. I am sure there are many good, worthy people in every Christian church. But on the one hand I have really not time for so many visits, and on the other I find that the conversation of ordinary worldly intercourse diverts our mind far too much, to make it safe to venture into this confusion. My aunt Gardiner, who, as Scripture saith, is 'wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove,' has often warned me against life in society, particularly those gay circles in which Virginia naturally shines. For she is so beautiful and talented. And I would have to think much more of my dress, if I lived more in the world, and all that would cost me time and money, while I can employ both more usefully."

Clotilde looked with some admiration at this girl of eighteen, when she said these words with perfect simplicity. True, she was not half as fair as Virginia, her figure was rather short and thick, her neck not long, and even her face had few striking features, except a particularly pure, youthful forehead, and a pair of large, clear, expressive eyes; it was only in her fair blooming complexion, which she had inherited from her New-England mother, that she had decidedly the advantage of her sister. On the whole she might be called a pretty girl, and with her father's wealth and position in society, it might be supposed that it only depended on her to take her place in it too. But it was no sacrifice to her to give it up. She had good sense, and a susceptible heart, but not a trace of fancy, that dangerous painter, *who, with* magic colours, depicts the world so much more *beautiful to youth*ful impatience, than it really is. She was

therefore seldom in danger of being tempted from the path on which, in early youth, the hand of a loving, serious-minded mother had led her, and in which the example and admonitions of her New-England relatives, among whom she was educated, had kept her walking quietly and faithfully.

CHAPTER VIII.

FATHER AND DAUGHTERS.

CLOTILDE had not been in this house four weeks, before she had, it is true, learned to love both the sisters, but had also come to the conviction that she could never feel at home in this family.

The claims laid upon her were very few, and in no other place could she have been made to feel her dependence less, for which she was highly grateful. But one thing that she felt very painfully, was the want of a room, however small, to herself. And yet she was aware that in this large, elegant house, built in the last New-York style, she could not take possession of the smallest apartment, without decidedly disturbing the domestic arrangements, or taking a place among the servants. The basement, as usual, was occupied by the dining-room, kitchen, wash-room, and store-rooms. In the first story were the parlours, and behind these a conservatory filled with orange-trees and other rare plants. In a small outbuilding adjoining the hall was a pretty tea-room. The front rooms of the second story were Virginia's apartments, which we have already described; the large back chamber was Mr. Castleton's bed-room. Over the tea-room there was a charming little parlour, lined throughout with elegant rose-wood cabinets, in which stood two or three hundred splendidly bound books, mostly the property of Virginia. This apartment was honoured with the name of "the library." It had served the Misses Castleton, since their return from their

respective boarding-schools, for their instruction in various additional branches, and was still used by every member of the family for writing letters. Several very convenient arm and rocking-chairs invited to the enjoyment of the treasures ranged around, and at the same time to a quiet doze, and consequently this pleasant room was most frequented immediately after dinner.

In the third story we have already described Sarah's rooms, into which she had so hospitably received Clotilde. The great simplicity of their arrangement was suited to her whole character. The white walls were not adorned by a single engraving; there were no dark curtains to soften the full light, when the sun, which was shut out by dark green blinds, was not upon that side of the house; no sofa with swelling cushions invited to rest. The bed, bureau, toilet-table, and wash-stand, as well as the six high, strait-backed cane chairs, were neatly painted white; but for convenience there were two or three low sewing or nursery-chairs, with cane seats, whose constant rocking made Clotilde sick, so that she tied little pieces of wood under the rockers of her own, and was often obliged to beg Sarah, who, during her stay in New England, had contracted the habit of a continual, often unconscious rocking, to stop. The two front rooms of this story were used as spare rooms, and were always occupied ; at present by Alonzo and aunt Gardiner, who were only temporarily absent.

The attic rooms, finally, were inhabited by the seven servants who, besides the coachman, accompanied the family to town every fall. Where then in this house should poor Clotilde have found a corner for herself?

Sarah's room, however, was left entirely to her most of the time, as the restless activity of the latter kept her out of the house during more than two thirds of the day. Sarah's religious occupations went through the whole week. Two evenings *were regularly* devoted to the church meetings

of her own congregation, Tuesday to the prayer-meeting, Thursday to lecture. Besides this there were so many charity sermons to be heard; or some celebrated divine was to preach in some other church; or a missionary was to be ordained—so that two or three evenings more must be calculated for these extraordinary occasions. On Saturday evenings Sarah devoted herself almost exclusively to the instruction of her servants, particularly the female part of them, giving them tasks for the ensuing week, examining them upon those of the past, and reading and explaining the Bible to them. In the country, where she had more time, she had taught most of the women and girls reading and the rudiments of arithmetic. Only writing she did not teach them, and purposely omitted to enlighten them upon the state of the world and the progress of the human race. For Sarah was strict in her obedience to legal authority; but she believed that in this way she obeyed the severe law which forbids the instruction of slaves, in the spirit at least, as she said, without offending against the higher Law which commanded her not to deprive them of the Water of Life, and without unfitting them for practical life. How much she had the moral education of her slaves at heart, she proved, among other things, by choosing every year a new girl for her personal service, mostly a very young one, of sixteen or seventeen, whom she took to town with her in the fall, and put herself into constant communication with, in order to gain, in this manner, a personal influence over some of these neglected creatures, which course, indeed, prevented her from ever having a skilful, practised servant, and made it necessary for her to be possessed of an inexhaustible stock of patience.

Sarah's mornings and afternoons were not less taken up than her evenings. For she was a member of two societies; the Dorcas Society, which met every Wednesday morning to *sew for* the poor of the church, and the Young Ladies Sewing *Society, which* worked for the missionaries, and whose

members also came together weekly, to prick their tender fingers to pieces on the coarse shirts of the reverend men, while a hired seamstress was sitting at home and making up their own finer linen for them. In this society Sarah had, besides, the office of secretary, and had enough to do with endless writing, when a box of wearing apparel for Tamul, or the Sandwich Islands, or Liberia, had to be accompanied by letters. And if, as often happened, a young missionary was to be provided for, who, indeed, could not be sent out into the world entirely without an outfit, the industry was redoubled, and several hours of two or three successive days were devoted to the messenger of God, and the trifling remembrances of home which were to be given him on the way.

Besides this, Sarah was also one of the most efficient members of a Sabbath-school Union, the object of which was to seek out poor irreligious families, to persuade them, if the parents themselves did not go to church, at least to send the children to Sunday-school, and which undertook to clothe these children; a troublesome business, for which another morning of every week was set apart. Then there were meetings of Sabbath-school teachers, private prayer-meetings of church members, and besides these ordinary meetings, so many extraordinary ones, that Clotilde easily comprehended that Sarah's time was completely taken up. And if we add that Sarah also superintended the household, as far at least as is necessary in a family where there are seven servants, and one of them steward—we must admit that German had to be rather secondary, and there was no possibility of any progress in music during the six week-days.

But all this was nothing to her pious activity on Sunday —or, not to insult Sarah's memory, the Sabbath—for nothing was more offensive to her than that heathen appellation, and she had learnt in Boston never to speak otherwise of the last-created *day than as the* Sabbath or the Lord's Day—

when it bordered on the incredible. Although on this day breakfast was later than usual in Mr. Castleton's family, she never allowed herself to sleep longer on that account, but only employed the additional time for prolonged private devotions, and for dressing at once for the whole day. And on these occasions, Clotilde, with some surprise, indeed, saw her put on such rich silk dresses, and collars and cuffs so costly, and fasten these with such valuable pins, that she came to the conclusion that only the excessive richness of dress so usual among American ladies could explain or excuse this in one who renounced so decidedly all the world's vanities. After breakfast Sarah could rarely wait for the family-worship so coolly carried on. She generally left the table before the rest of the family had finished, to go to the Sabbath-school, which possessed in her one of its most faithful teachers. After morning service, she hastily took a few mouthfuls of dinner, for Sunday-school was again waiting for her, and this was followed by afternoon service. From church Sarah went direct to a Bible-class, which she, with several other young ladies, had formed for the benefit of some poor girls who had grown up without religious instruction, and who seemed too old to mingle with the children of the Sunday-school. This Bible lesson ended, she had just half an hour left before tea, which she sometimes employed at home in reading a religious book; often, however, there was a private prayer-meeting at the church, which she never missed. She had often not yet finished her tea—which, being particularly plentiful on account of the early dinner, Mr. Castleton liked to make a longer meal of than usual, being at leisure, and having done his duty by going twice to church—when the bells called her to evening service. When she at length came home again, after nine o'clock, she would feel, to be sure, rather fatigued by the constant occupation of her mind during *the day,* and would have preferred to retire immediately, but *she still remained* awhile with the rest of the family, to do

what was in her power towards preventing conversation from taking a frivolous, or in any way worldly turn, which, as *edifying* remarks would rarely take root, generally amounted to a tedious dragging out of every-day phrases, until, at an early hour, Mr. Castleton, after repeated yawns, took his lamp to go to bed, and his example was followed by the whole party. Calls were not received on the Sabbath—a rule for which Sarah had obtained her father's authority, notwithstanding Virginia's far more powerful influence. When Sarah came to her room towards ten o'clock, she thought it right to read, on the Lord's day, two chapters in the Bible instead of one, and to prolong her prayer in the same proportion. In what a state of fatigue must she at length have sunk upon her pillow! But how quickly, and with what sweet consciousness of having shunned no exertion of her powers in the service of her Saviour, did she fall asleep!

It could easily be seen that Virginia was Mr. Castleton's favourite. But he had a father's heart for Sarah too, and her influence over him was by no means inconsiderable. She was to him the saint of the family, who, as it were, was pious for them all; and if her occupations and her manner were sometimes vexatious to him, he still esteemed her too highly not always to regard her opinions. If he loved, indulged, and cherished Virginia like his own material outer man, like his own selfish disposition, he stood in awe of Sarah as of—his conscience.

Richard Castleton was a worthy man. As member of Congress he had repeatedly, and recently in the Senate, drawn the eyes of the nation upon himself; he had twice been Governor of his own state, and his legal practice was so extended that it would have made a rich man of him even if he had not been wealthy from the beginning. He was generous in money-affairs; his name headed every subscription-list for the public benefit, and in any enterprise which had for its object *the material improvement* of his state or his county,

his fellow-citizens could count upon his taking an active part. With all this he possessed a high degree of North American, and, particularly, South Carolinian patriotism: that is, he did not doubt that the United States were the seat of the highest intelligence, and that true Christianity was to be found there alone. And he considered it beyond all question, that the state of culture in the United States left that of Europe far behind it, and that science and the fine arts existed there in a highly improved state, inasmuch as they had, for the first time, been put to a practical use, which was, after all, the chief thing. South Carolina was, in his opinion, the inmost core, the heart of the United States. When the notorious Nullification question was brought up, he had been one of its loudest defenders, and had preferred a dissolution of the Union to even the smallest sacrifice of that which he looked upon as the right or the privilege of his own state. Otherwise he was decidedly conservative, though mostly only when that true, chivalrous heart of Uncle Sam, that is, his state and its institutions, was concerned. Notwithstanding that in politics he belonged to the Whig party, and favoured Massachusetts, he still hated New England, and it was an unfathomable secret what had induced him to take his second wife from there. He had a deadly hatred for Massachusetts as the nest and cradle of the Abolitionists. For among the peculiarities of the South which he defended, he was particularly sensitive to any attack upon "the domestic institution of slavery," in the enjoyment of which he had grown up.

Not that he favoured slavery from any hardness of heart—he was no over-severe master—but partly he held the opinion that the prosperity of the Southern States could not endure without a certain class of human beasts of burden; and partly he believed that love of liberty in the free was heightened by nothing so much as by contrast, and that slaves therefore were essentially necessary, as a *means of education*, to *awaken the love* of freedom in the white youth of America—

just as the Spartans, to convince their youth of the shame of drunkenness, set before them the example of a helot made drunk for the occasion. But it was by the incautious and indiscreet efforts of the various societies of Abolitionists, that he was particularly exasperated and strengthened in his selfish views, and had become the most zealous advocate of slavery. Indeed, any contradiction on this point could excite him to such passion, that his daughter Virginia, who could generally do anything with him, and had lately exchanged the views of her caste upon this subject for those of a generous heart, purposely avoided to mention it in his presence.

Richard Castleton, however, was by no means a domestic tyrant ; on the contrary, both his wives had exerted a strong influence over him, particularly Virginia's mother, who had been a woman of brilliant beauty and unbounded love of power. The special preference which he had for Virginia, her mother's image, showed itself less in gifts and presents, which he bestowed on her more than on Sarah—indeed, both sisters had but little need for them, for both had an ample income from their mothers' inheritance—as in a certain lover-like indulgence of her caprices, and the very unfatherly homage which he paid to her beauty. But his feelings must show themselves outwardly as little as possible. The cold selfish man could grow secretly restless when he saw sadness in his fair daughter's face, he could give up a long-cherished plan in his domestic arrangements, when he saw from her ill-humour or her impatient remarks that it was burdensome or inconvenient to her. But take her by the hand, look into her eyes with a father's sympathy, and say to her : "Virginia, what has caused these tears ? have confidence in your father !" —that he could not do. For he possessed that unfortunate, truly national reserve, which constantly induced him to keep back his feelings with an anxiety that looked like pride. However benevolent his sentiments might be, he could not *say* one *cordial word.* He had made both his proposals of

marriage in writing; he would sooner have lost the woman he loved best than have made up his mind to a *verbal* declaration of love. The objects of his love, therefore, must have felt an essential want in such a lover, could never hope for complete satisfaction. For a woman's heart desires not only love—the *expression* of love, too, is necessary to it.

Virginia seemed to have accustomed herself completely to her father's manner; she looked upon herself as the mistress of the house, and any regard which she paid to the other members of her family decidedly bore the character of condescension. She was two years old when her mother died, and little over three when her father married again. But she already declared her aversion to the new mistress of the house with passionate fury, and the child, already quite spoiled by her grandparents on her mother's side, met the pious stepmother's gentle efforts, which were, it is true, not entirely without prejudice, with so much obstinacy, that the poor woman's whole life was embittered by it, and Mr. Castleton, after his wife had struggled for two years, and had not even been able to persuade the child to say her prayers to her, instead of to her black nurse, finally thought it advisable to give the little girl up to her grandparents, with whom she stayed until she was sent to boarding-school in New York.

As Virginia grew up, common sense softened her passionate temper, or rather restrained it. During her visits at home, her relation to her stepmother took the most proper form, and her half-sister, little fair-haired, demure Sarah, even became the object of her special affection. When she was sixteen, her stepmother died; a year later she returned to her father's house. Sarah, meanwhile, had been sent to school in Boston. It was only since about two years that they had lived at home together, and it could not be doubted that they loved each other. Sarah loved Virginia because *it was* her duty to love her sister; Virginia loved Sarah *because her* heart wanted something to love, because Sarah

was so good, but at the same time not half as fair as she, and finally because she in no way crossed her path. She even felt a sort of veneration for her, in her pious, untiring activity. And even though she considered her sister's views very narrow, she never ridiculed them to her; it was only some of Sarah's relations, particularly her aunt Gardiner, against whom she could not and would not restrain her shafts.

Virginia, since she had left school—and, indeed, while she was still at it—had revelled in the full enjoyment of American young-lady-happiness, that is, she had seen herself unceasingly surrounded by a host of admirers, and had been recognised in Charleston and New York—where she had often visited her mother's sister, who was married there—as "the belle" of the most brilliant circles. Two or three times she had been reported engaged—and what American girl in society could reach the mature age of twenty-two without exciting the world's impatience to see her married?—and on two or three other occasions had really been near it, but each time she herself had broken off the affair, either by a trip to a watering-place or the country, or by forming a new similar relation.

She was less impatient on this point than the generality of her fair countrywomen; she felt that in marrying she must give up a large portion of her independence and other privileges of her sex. She knew that after the strictly moral views of her country, an unmarried woman can fly from flower to flower, can undisturbedly indulge her wish to please, and enjoy the homage of the stronger sex, while a wife has her sphere restricted to her house and her children, and, if she would retain the esteem of the world, must be contented with the *one* admirer, her wedded husband, from whom, it is true, she expects tenfold attentions, for this very reason. Virginia was resolved to save these sacrifices for only a very extraordinary case. *Her fancy* had always been poetically em-

ployed, and had been fed by novel-reading. A common American suitor, who brought her in marriage a mother and sisters-in-law, aunts, cousins, etc., one like a thousand others, did not satisfy her; he would have to be a noble foreigner; a political fugitive, who had moved in the first society abroad, perhaps a deposed prince; or, if a countryman, he must needs be a naval officer. She had a particular predilection for the title of Commodore. She laughed at herself, when she spoke in this way, and, on the whole, her exalted ideas had perhaps been beneficial to her, for they had, until now, kept her from carrying any of the miniature romances which were interwoven with her life, further than to a certain point; and the public, which acknowledges a certain degree of love of admiration as the inborn right of every young girl, called her less a coquette than a flirt.

But there were times, when Virginia, who, with all her Southern fire, had also a tolerable portion of Southern indolence, and for whole days could lie stretched on the sofa, in her loose white wrapper, reading a new novel, found it a very disagreeable exertion to maintain her place on the throne of beauty which she occupied in society. High as the position is which the American Man, in the consciousness of his manly power and generosity, has assigned to weak Woman—and particularly to youth and beauty—he is yet too busy, too much a creature of progress, to be able to devote much time to her. Coyness, therefore, and standing upon dignity, are entirely out of place with him, and this is perhaps one reason that the young girls of America make a man's homage so easy to him, and so often shock the foreigner, before he has fully learned to understand the state of things, by their over-complaisant manner. Do not, in like manner, the young princesses invite those whom they wish to honour, to dance with them? A civility which in every other girl would be considered an impropriety. Virginia's nature prompted her *more to a proud* acceptance of homage, than to seek it by

affability, invitations, marks of interest, and challenging looks. But could she allow her young friends, most of whom could not compare with her in beauty and talents, to gain an advantage over her? Whoever has once entered upon this career, will soon be convinced that if they make even one stop in the world's course, they cannot hope to reach their aim.

In such hours of weariness it was, that she reconciled herself to the idea of one day being her cousin's wife. Then all would be over. Then she would have rest, could give herself up to the enjoyment of an indolent, idle existence, and would be sure of an obliging, adoring, and particularly a *wealthy* admirer. It was therefore important not to reject him entirely, or show a decided opposition to the wishes of the family. Whether she would finally fulfil them or not, should be left to time.

Clotilde could feel no real sympathy with Virginia. She compared her with herself, when she still loved the world and its pleasures. But how different was the innocent love of enjoyment in the soul of a young girl a little spoiled by love and tenderness on every side, how different her natural pleasure at the effect of her charms, how totally different the youthful presumption of a loving heart, for which Clotilde had paid such a heavy penalty, from the wearied, satiated state of Virginia's heart!

Clotilde soon saw that the worldly life of the latter would not allow her much more time for a serious study of the German language and of music, than was left to her sister by what she called her Christian duties. However, she threw herself upon the former, particularly, with so much zeal, that Clotilde, even if Sarah had not put her upon the track, would speedily have come to the conclusion, that there must be a lover in the case. And Virginia did not leave her long in doubt, but soon disclosed all to her. Indeed, she spoke of her passion with such warmth of expression, that the German girl involuntarily dropped her eyes.

"Give me nothing to read," she said, "but the poetry of love, Clotilde! Goethe's, Chamisso's, and whatever else your great poets are called. And particularly, Heine's. Yes, I once heard, from beloved lips, a divine poem of Heine's. You look at me in surprise! Well, I will tell you all. In a quiet hour I will confess to you why I so long to learn the German language."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SISTERS.

VIRGINIA, the next morning, was very impatient for the end of the German lesson, which she and Sarah still took in common, immediately after breakfast, although they both translated from quite different books. Sarah generally retired after she had translated a page from Stilling's Life, and Clotilde had looked over her written exercises. She did not learn easily, but she did so with the same honest sense of duty with which she carried through everything which she had once undertaken. She had finished for to-day, placed her books on a side-table, set another one with Virginia's books before Clotilde, and left the room.

"At last she is gone!" cried Virginia. "Sallie is a saint. She does not understand my glowing heart. You, Clotilde, are as pious, but not as narrow-minded as she. Will you understand me? Yes, you, you have been sent to me by God himself, for you have loved."

She then told her, what Clotilde knew already from general conversation, that last summer she had been with Sarah in Rockaway. Here two young men of highly interesting appearance, who were supposed to be Polish exiles, and were therefore only called "the Polish Counts," had attracted the attention of all the young ladies. But vain had been all efforts to draw them from the seclusion which they had sought in an almost repelling manner. They had never come to the Pavilion, *where the beau-monde* from the other boarding-

houses, too, used to meet for music and dancing; never, like the other gentlemen, who vied with each other in coquettish, fantastic costumes, joined the ladies in the bath. One of them, with black hair and moustache, with wild, burning eyes, and a bold, aquiline nose, was particularly the hero of the day. Her attention, too, had first been attracted by him. But the bold, rude stare which he had fixed on her, and not only her, whenever he met the ladies in their daily walks on the beach, had soon rendered him disagreeable to her. All her interest had soon been turned to the younger of the two friends, a slender man, with brown hair, and a small, elegant moustache, with pale cheeks and lips, but indescribably beautiful, faithful, melancholy eyes. But what gained for him the special sympathy of the young ladies, was that he must have been wounded in a battle, or at least in a duel, for he wore his left arm in a sling. Sickliness in a man is not pleasing to a woman's eye; a weak constitution makes him more the object of her pity than her admiration; but a wound works wonders. From Virginia's inward nature, all that looked like heroism had a peculiar charm for her. In like manner, she was attracted by his melancholy, which hinted at a mystery. She always saw him sitting on the beach, far from the fashionable hotels, sunk for hours in deep sadness, gazing out upon the boundless ocean, towards his distant native land. The promenaders passed close behind him; he did not look round, he avoided meeting any one, only once or twice, when Virginia's bright eye had met him, his had remained fixed admiringly upon hers.

At last she could resist no longer. When she was walking one day with Sarah and some other young ladies, during the gentlemen's bathing hours, on another part of the beach, they again saw him sitting alone on two beams laid one on the other; the swelling waves nearly touched his feet. She commenced, first behind him, and then drawing imperceptibly *nearer the water's* edge, to pick up some of the delicate shells

which the tide had thrown on the beach and left there in disdain. Now she stood close beside him, and, fixing upon him one of her conquering, irresistible looks, said in French :

"Have you found many handsome shells on our beach ?"

"He looked at me in surprise," continued Virginia—"and, what encouraged me, with unmistakable admiration. Then he answered, rising from his seat, that he had not taken any pains to find any yet.

"I just happened to have some very pretty, delicate shells in my hand, and gave them to him, asking him to keep them as a remembrance of Rockaway, when, some day, he would return to his liberated country. You know I took him for a Pole.

"He looked into my eyes with pleased surprise. He held the shells in his hand awhile, then looked at the little bright-coloured things admiringly, and thanked me with some confusion.

"I asked him why he and his friend led such a lonely life, why he did not sometimes come to the saloon. I had long ago discovered that he was living with a farmer near by. He was evidently not rich ; but that only made him more interesting to me. How I hate the greediness for gold of this purse-proud country !

"He answered me that his state of mind made him no fit companion for the society of the happy. How that touched me, Clotilde ! I believe the tears were in my eyes when I asked him : 'How do you know that you will find none but the happy there ?'

"He gave me a deep, deep look. Oh, Clotilde, that look went to my inmost heart ! In this look we understood each other. My companions, who had meanwhile been scattered over the beach, looking for shells, now approached us. I hoped he would go with us, but he only bowed respectfully, and remained standing alone on the shore. How melancholy, how picturesque he looked, as he stood there, gazing out upon the *wide ocean, when I* several times looked back at

him. He probably was afraid of the chattering of my companions. For a few evenings I vainly expected him in the saloon. He did not come. I only saw him two or three times, when I was riding, and what a triumph for my heart to see his admiring, delighted looks, when I flew past him on the beach, surrounded by my knights and squires!

"By my inquiries I had at length discovered that he was no Pole, but a German baron. It was said that he had been a Prussian officer, but had been obliged to fly, on account of the discovery of a conspiracy. This brought me to an immediate decision. As there are always so many leisure hours at a bathing-place, I sent my cousin Charles from New York, a boy of fifteen, to ask him if he would give me lessons in German during our short stay there. This, of course, gave rise to much teazing, and all the girls envied me the German baron, as they called him now, as we could not exactly find out his name at first. But what did I care for that? I had a most charming time!"

"So he came?" asked Clotilde.

"Should he not have come? Yes, dearest Clotilde, four weeks, four short weeks, I spent in a boundless happiness. We could not, of course, follow the common path, trodden so broad and flat, of learning languages; we had no books, no dictionary, no grammar: I only sent to New York for some volumes of poetry; the finest of these I made him translate literally to me. How poetical, how glorious were his translations in broken English; even in this deficiency, Clotilde, there was a certain charm to my ear! To my heart, I should say. But now *I* taught *him*. I put his translations into English verse, I wrote them down, we read them together. But he remained reserved and modest. I saw plainly that he feared the rich heiress in me. And could I help loving him all the more for that? Oh, how I despised the gold which divided me from him!"

"*I see,*" said Clotilde, "that my countryman was an

honourable man. Oh, Virginia, if you only did not make his moderation too hard for him!"

"Suddenly he was gone! One morning I received a letter from him, in which he told me that a duty, which he did not name, forced him to leave Rockaway; that a secret which he might not reveal to me, forbade him to lay bare his heart before me, that he thanked me, that he wished me everything kind and good—and more of the same sort. I did not know—should I be angry? But no, I could only weep. What could his secret be? He only grew dearer, more interesting to me through this dark mystery. And I had long since grown tired of bathing. It is the most stupid thing in the world. I easily formed a party among our acquaintances for a visit to the White Mountains, whose celebrated beauty was yet unknown to me. We arrived. The first day we remained quiet, fatigued by the journey, and, I must confess, heartily tired of its inconveniences. Late in the evening two other travellers arrived, whom we did not see. The next morning we hired every miserable mountain-horse that could be found, and commenced the ascent of Mount Washington. 'Two gentlemen have already gone up on foot this morning,' said our guide. When we reached the top I had just dismounted, and was looking down into the valley through the mist, in which a sunbeam was just making a glorious opening—when I heard some one moving close beside me. I looked round, and met *his* eye, his loving, delighted, admiring eye! Oh, Clotilde! I hardly knew myself any more. 'Berghedorf!' I cried, 'you here! You have followed me?' 'Virginia,' he said, with a strange smile, 'is it my destiny that brings you to me again?' 'I hope you do not reproach your destiny for that, Berghedorf?' I asked, smiling too. He kissed my hand, which I had placed in his. That was, indeed, very bold, and I looked around rather startled, to see if any one had noticed it, but they *were all turned to* the view, and Berghedorf

looked as innocent as if he had only made me a bow. I will not tire you by telling you word for word what *he* said and what *I* said. Two short days passed away like an idyl. He was more confiding, more insinuating than in Rockaway—I could no longer doubt his love. Nor he mine. He often sighed, looked at me, and sighed again. When we parted, he promised soon to see me again, soon to let me hear from him, and now I am expecting him every day."

"*Have* you heard from him since?"

"No, that is just the reason that I expect him so firmly. Oh, I long so for him! He has my heart, and no other! Formerly I could sometimes think of marrying Alonzo, because my father wishes it, in order to bring my grandfather's extensive lands together again. But now I loathe the idea, although my cousin still hopes for it. I should not like to marry a slave-owner, at any rate. Berghedorf hates slavery, and has taught me to hate it. He hates all oppression."

Alonzo remained in Charleston the whole winter, and it was easy to see that Virginia was right; that he hoped, by love and constancy, finally to gain the hand of his fair cousin. Clotilde had accustomed herself to look upon Alonzo as her friend, whom Providence itself had made her deliverer, and who had so generously and delicately respected her sorrow. True, here under the influence of Virginia and his uncle, he seemed to her almost like another person. With the latter he agreed in all his limited political views, only that, with his vivacity and youth, everything agitated and excited him more, and that he defended the crooked and unjust opinions which his uncle brought forward in a one-sided, cold and cutting manner, with heat and bitterness, and would have urged them upon those who thought otherwise, on the strength of his word as a cavalier. Virginia's influence had a still more powerful effect, and Clotilde had to admire the skill with *which she* could subdue the young man's passionate tem-

perament, and managed to maintain towards him her relation of a cousin, who was conscious of the superiority which was given her partly by her being a year older than he, partly by her sex, and partly by her beauty; showing this by taking many little liberties with him herself, which only served to entangle the poor love-stricken youth more and more, but at the same time always keeping him within the bounds of respect, and punishing the slightest presumption with the most haughty reserve.

In his relation of planter, as the master of extensive possessions, the care of which demanded a certain degree of activity, in the midst of an uncultivated neighbourhood, from which his refinement and higher degree of cultivation shone out brightly, and where he was often called upon for advice and active aid, in his zeal for the arming of the country, and finally as the enlightened son of a passionately bigoted mother, whose weaknesses he bore with patience and a filial reverence which, in this country where youth has the dominion, he could only have learned from his own nature rather than from the example of his countrymen—in these capacities he had been far more agreeable and estimable to Clotilde than in his city life at his uncle's house. Here he spent his time in railing with the latter at the Abolitionists, and discussing the tariff-question in a one-sided, provincial spirit; in betting with other young planters, who, like him, were spending a few idle winter months in the city, on the merits of horses and dogs; or in serving Virginia, now as page, now as the instrument of a general love of admiration.

The business which caused the absence of aunt Gardiner, whom Clotilde often heard spoken of, occupied a long time. It consisted in the sale of a number of slaves, whom she had inherited from her husband, who had been a minister in South Carolina, and the ownership of which was made a reproach to her by not a few of her pious friends in Massachusetts. Clotilde, *indeed, could still less* unite the *sale* of them with a truly

Christian disposition, but she had been in this land of liberty long enough to have found that a foreigner cannot express his abhorrence against the slavery of the Southern States, and his disapprobation of the lukewarmness of the Northern, without sorely wounding the national feeling of the Americans, and drawing upon himself the reproach of arrogantly meddling with their domestic affairs. When travelling with Alonzo, she had heard conversations on the steamboat, in which ministers of Christ defended slavery on grounds from the Bible; she was a daily witness of the indignation with which the two Castletons, uncle and nephew, as representatives of the entire race of planters, received the attempts of the Abolitionists to shake the ancient institution of slavery; but what struck her most painfully were the frequent disputes of the two sisters on this subject, in which the Christian stood up in its defence, while the child of the world, with generous heart, seemed to recognise its whole enormity and ungodliness.

Not that Sarah went as far as her father, and agreed with him in looking upon the slavery of the despised race as one of the most efficient means of educating the privileged white man for freedom. On the contrary, she acknowledged it, with a deep sigh, to be a great evil, a yoke put upon the sinful white race for the transgression of the fathers, which the children must bear with submission. But she could not consider it wrong, because the Lord had taken this means of leading the benighted people of Africa to the Gospel, and she looked upon it as one of the first duties of a Christian slaveholder to win over to this cause the souls intrusted to his care. She was therefore, too, a strong advocate of the colonization system, and it was one of her favourite ideas, which she gave way to more than might have been expected from her otherwise so practical nature, that from Liberia the apostles of the Lord might some day spread over the whole of Africa.

"If there were only not so much still to be done at home!" *said Virginia.* "*It is* here that missionaries are wanted. And

for the rich people, particularly. Think yourself, Sarah, how much vice there is here in our immediate neighbourhood; and even in our nearest acquaintance. Just think of Mr. Marlow, who has become so immensely rich in two years by his notorious dishonesty as a lawyer; of Mrs. Norman, who nearly lets her own relations starve; of ———"

"Virginia," her sister's gentle voice interrupted her, "'judge not, that ye be not judged!' Mention no names, sister! Who can say: 'I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin?'"

"Very well; but as long as we have still so much to educate in ourselves, we should not trouble ourselves too much about others. That's what the Lord means with the mote in our neighbour's eye and the beam in our own; don't be offended, sister, that I dabble in your trade, but as long as we *sell* human beings like beasts, only because they are black, I think we want missionaries just as much, to explain the Gospel to us *correctly*, as the nations of Africa, who do not know it at all yet."

"Certainly, sister," replied Sarah meekly, "it is sinful to sell human beings *like beasts*, but you know that not only beasts are sold, but also vessels of gold and silver, and precious stones."

"True, to make money; that's the Yankee blood in her, Clotilde! I don't doubt that your aunt Gardiner wishes just now that some of her people *were* cast in gold and silver, and set with precious stones."

"Aunt Gardiner," rejoined Sarah, not without some embarrassment, "will doubtless take care that her people go to another Christian master, who, here in their immediate vicinity, can do much more for the good of their souls than she, far off in Massachusetts."

"Could she not set them free?" inquired Clotilde.

"Our laws forbid the liberation of slaves who remain in the country," was Sarah's answer.

"*Could not she take them* to Massachusetts, and set them

free there," asked Virginia, "or if she is not rich enough for such generosity, let them work out their freedom?"

"Sister," said Sarah, "we are not the judges of others' actions. Even in slavery there is a Christian freedom. Master and slave are brothers in the Lord."

"Pretty much like step-brothers, though," replied Virginia, sarcastically. "I confess, too, that I should hardly like to have our coachman, Scipio, or our laundress, one-eyed Diana, for brother and sister. Have you ever seen them, Clotilde? Perfect frights! Teeth like a rhinoceros, and a mouth reaching from ear to ear! But all their ugliness does not lower them before God, and not only their souls, but their bodies too, are as precious in His sight as ours, and it is wicked to keep them in bonds."

"If slavery were not as well an ordinance established by God, as all other difference of station among men," answered Sarah, "why should not our Saviour have instructed us upon it?"

"Does not the spirit of His teachings speak plainly enough?"

"Why should Paul have sent back the fugitive Onesimus to Philemon, if he had not looked upon the latter as his rightful owner?"

"You know as well as I, that this epistle can be differently understood, and that it has by no means been proved that Onesimus was a bought slave. But we will not quarrel about that. I tell you, Sarah," continued Virginia with vehemence, "it is wicked and foolish to quote the Bible in favour of slavery. The Gospel is meant to be our guide in moral and religious things, but nothing at all comes of making it a compendium of civil and political laws. Our own republican freedom would fall into ruin by that."

"There I hear your free-thinking German friend speaking *from you* again," replied Sarah, with a sigh. "I wish you *had never seen him!*"

"A very unkind wish! For it seems to me as if I had only begun to live since I have seen him. I confess that since I have plunged into the depths of his conversation, all other reasoning appears shallow to me. Yes, I do not deny it, *he* has convinced me fully of the fearful wrong which we do when we keep our fellow-beings in bonds. Not that I would go quite as far as he," she continued with more moderation, "and desire them all to be set free at once—that would be a misfortune to themselves, for they would not know what to do, and where should we get other servants from so soon? It would cause a terrible confusion. I have tried to convince Berghedorf of that. But I want Legislature to appoint a time from which all that are born of parents that are slaves, shall be free. And it must come to this! Unfortunately father can't be talked to on that subject. But Alonzo has had to hear it often enough. I am firmly resolved never to give my hand to a man who will not promise me to give all his slaves their freedom—after a certain time, at least—after his death or so."

Virginia looked beautiful when she spoke so eagerly, when a fire so pure sparkled in her eyes. Clotilde saw, to be sure, that the ideas of liberty and equality of human rights, were yet more familiar to her in theory than in practice. In her daily life, she never thought of looking upon her slaves as anything but the means of her own convenience. She had no scruples in keeping her coachman and horses waiting in the worst weather, if she felt like staying a while longer at a party, and declared, when Sarah remonstrated with her upon her doing so, "that such creatures were accustomed to that." The laundress had a hard time if she tore her laces in ironing, and Phyllis, spoiled, indulged Phyllis, who could take far greater liberties than Clotilde would ever have suffered from a servant, who had the entire control of her mistress' wardrobe, and often appropriated articles from it which the latter had not thought of laying aside, by persuading her that they were no *more good enough* for her—even she, with all the rich pre-

ents and familiar words which were bestowed upon her, had from time to time, to take a few boxes on the ear into the bargain. But Clotilde could easily explain and excuse this inconsistency, by the early habit of an unbounded command, which cannot but grow into a second nature by degrees, and therefore rejoiced all the more that her countryman had sown a nobler seed in Virginia's heart, from which she hoped to see spring up, one day, the freedom of the unfortunate beings whom God had placed in her hands.

Clotilde had, with difficulty, induced the sisters to let her retire when there was company. Virginia understood her almost better than Sarah on this point. She felt that Clotilde, with the man she loved, had lost *all*, and only concluded within herself, when she saw her outward dignity and calmness, that Clotilde's love could not have been half so strong as her own. But Sarah, while she praised her for shunning all intercourse with the worldly-minded, would have wished her not entirely to withdraw herself from the visits of *her* friends, and had no doubt that an exchange of their respective Christian experiences, would have a beneficial effect on the mourner. But Clotilde's entreaties finally conquered her too.

Clotilde therefore spent the greater part of her days alone. She saw the family only at meals, or the young ladies during their lessons. In the evening, when all the others were out, she would play on the piano, and sometimes sing, when she felt strong enough. The rest of her time was spent in reading, in perfecting herself in the English language, in making little fancy articles of dress for Virginia, or seeking occupation here and there. Before breakfast she would take a short lonely walk, to breathe the air. Or she would drive out with Virginia in the afternoon. Forming acquaintances she carefully avoided. On Sundays it was a matter of some jealousy between the two sisters, whether Clotilde should go with Virginia to the Episcopal, or with Sarah to the Presbyterian *church. Hence,* she preferred to go to her own church, the

German Lutheran, although she was not at all pleased by the want of German spirit in the Lutheranism of the colonists of Charleston.

Thus months went by. After Clotilde had—not consoled herself—no, she was far from being consoled, for the loss of her betrothed husband, but had *quieted* herself, her Past had, by degrees, grown dear to her again. She longed to hear from her friends. She could not conceive why the Baron did not answer her letter, which must have reached him long ago. An indescribable feeling of loneliness, of desolation, weighed upon her. It often seemed to her as if she were more alone here, among these persons who were so good and kind, but so foreign to her inmost nature, than on Alonzo's isolated plantation in the desolate wilderness.

When Sarah entered her room at night, she often found her in tears. She pitied her, partly because she had lost so much, partly because she was convinced that Clotilde mistook the right means of consolation. "You are weeping again, poor Clotilde?" she would ask. "Yes, you may weep! We are permitted to weep; for our Lord and Saviour wept for his departed friend. But," she added, gently taking her hand, "are you sure your tears are not selfish? You think only of your loss; will you not think also of his gain? Would you wish him back again, if it were in your power!"

"Would I?—What a question, Sarah!"

"Would you wish to call him back from the mansions of eternal happiness, to this world of trial and sorrow? I take it for granted that your friend was a Christian, else how could you have loved him thus, or intrusted your life's happiness to his keeping?"

"Sarah," said Clotilde, colouring deeply, "he stands before his Judge. It is to Him alone that he need render up an account of his belief, of his delusions, and his errors. I have faith in His inexhaustible kindness, that He has been a *merciful judge to* him, as He will be to me."

"And will you not joyfully resign the still rough diamond to the goldsmith, who, with cunning hand, will give it its true brilliancy wherever it is necessary, by cutting and polishing? How gloriously then will it shine upon you, when your Father's summons calls you too before His throne!"

"Sarah, do you not wish that God had let your mother live?"

"If it had been His will," replied Sarah, looking at her gravely, with perfectly clear eyes, "He *would* have done so. But as His will called her to him, it would be presumption to wish her back among these scenes of sorrow and struggles."

"And so we may not wish for anything? All our feelings of love, of longing, of desire, are given to us for nothing?"

"Indeed we may wish; yes, we ought to wish and pray, and, daily beseech of the Lord His gifts and blessings, after our own limited human judgment. But when He has spoken so plainly to any one, as to you and me, we should bow to His will, and harbour no more rebellious wishes. Have we not the example of David, the faithful servant of the Lord? When his child lay sick unto death, he fasted, and lay in the dust before the Lord, and besought Him for the child. But when God took the child unto Him, notwithstanding his grief and supplications, David arose from the earth, and washed and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and went into the house of the Lord and worshipped, and when he came again to his own house, he had meat set before him, and did eat. And when the servants were astonished, he said: 'While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept, for I said who can tell whether the Lord will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return unto me.'"

Clotilde had listened to her with strangely mixed feelings.

She hardly knew whether the methodical, cold, and yet so indubitably real piety of this young girl filled her most with admiration or astonishment. Only one thing she felt distinctly, that this mode of worship would never be familiar to her.

"Our views on this point," she said, after a while, "will hardly ever be the same, dear Sarah, therefore our talking about it is to little purpose. It is enough that we both, each in her own way, are seeking to obtain the peace of God. I too, Sarah, have succeeded, after many severe struggles, in gathering all my feelings into that one, single prayer, 'Lord, Thy will be done!' But this does not prevent me from feeling that the grief too which He sent me, is of divine origin, and that He gave me this faculty of suffering and loving. It was His will that I should mourn. You say that we may weep, for Jesus wept. No, Sarah, not therefore! Do you need a commandment, a law, a Bible authority, for every human emotion, for the satisfaction of every human desire? Do you mean that if an unfortunate accident had torn these words from the sacred leaves of the Gospel, the human race should be deprived of the precious privilege of giving vent to its sorrow for the departed in tears? No, it is not because Jesus once wept at the death of a beloved friend, that we are permitted to weep for our dead; it is rather that He wept for him because His divine soul was no stranger to anything truly human, to nothing that was in accordance with nature. You say, my dear Sarah, that we must wish nothing that is not the will of God. Well! And that if that which we wish comes to pass, it is God's will, because nothing can happen without His will. A fact decides nothing, nothing at all, in that case. My eyes have seen the waves meet over that dear head—oh! may I not still wish that a miracle, one of the many thousand miracles which His will suffers to take place every day, may nevertheless have saved him? And must such a wish be sinful, until Hubert suddenly stood living before me, and it

would thus become obvious that it was indeed God's will to save him ?"

Sarah, rather confused by Clotilde's sharper logic, and not understanding well her mode of feeling, at length ceased of her own accord to seek such conversations, and relied upon the powers of aunt Gardiner, who was expected daily.

CHAPTER X.

NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

VIRGINIA, too, had something that troubled her, that secretly wore upon her. This was plainly to be seen in the harshness of her manner, in her irritation at trifles, and particularly in her ill-humour towards Alonzo, who generally had to suffer for the faults of the others. Clotilde conjectured truly, that it was uneasiness at Berghedorf's incomprehensible silence that tormented her. Indeed, Virginia, who was little accustomed to put the least restraint upon her feelings, did not long keep back the matter.

"Why does he not come?" she cried. "Why does he not write? Can it be that he does not love me any more? Can he have returned to his country? What is this mystery that is around him? Why is he not sincere, why so reserved towards me?"

Thus one question chased the other, without Clotilde's being able to answer one of them. But she recognised clearly that Virginia's love was not, as she had at first thought, the mere play of a fancy heated by romance, but that her heart was filled with a burning, unbridled, powerful passion. Her uneasiness and longing soon increased to a morbid irritability, which made her insupportable to the other members of the household; but in the social circles which she continually sought, the charm of her appearance seemed heightened by a certain exaltation in her eye, and while her heart was famishing, her vanity sought and found ample food.

Clotilde tried in vain to influence her reason. "From the very fact of Berghedorf's staying away," she said, "I would conclude that he is an honourable man. He is poor, without prospects,—a foreigner. How could he hope to obtain you?"

"I am rich enough for us both," replied Virginia. "In this free country every one who has merit has prospects. His mind will soon open a career to him."

"Perhaps he doubts whether your father would think so."

"What does my father's mode of thinking concern him, when he is certain of mine? I have not concealed from him that I have an independent fortune."

"You would not enter into any connection without your father's consent, Virginia?"

"Why not, when my father will not see my true happiness?"

"You could not enjoy true happiness without your father's blessing."

"I see you still have your slavish European views of this matter, which make children subject to their parents even after they are of age. I certainly love and honour my father, but in my marriage he must not meddle, for in that the question is *my* happiness, not his. And least of all shall I make up my mind now to marry cousin Alonzo; I don't want a man who will let me do anything with him!"

"Your cousin is enough of a man otherwise, my dear Virginia. His submission to your caprices, which I am myself far from approving of, you must ascribe to his unbounded affection. If you are resolved not to accept it, you should not nourish it, but try to suppress it."

Virginia laughed rather scornfully. "I do neither the one nor the other; it would be too much trouble. His heart has always been his own, let him dispose of it as he *will*!"

But it was only of others' love that she spoke so lightly. Her own seemed to her the most important thing in the world, and as she found as little sympathy for it with Clotilde as with Sarah, and Phyllis shocked her by some flat, vulgar observations, when once, in a momentary overflowing of her heart, she hinted at it to her, she again took refuge with her mother's image, and her heart felt lighter when, kneeling before the bust, she had wept out her grief.

Meanwhile, too, Mrs. Gardiner had returned. Clotilde, who, from all that she had heard about her, had formed an idea of her in her mind which was not altogether favourable, was almost afraid to meet her for the first time, for she carefully avoided all contact with her deep wound, which, with all her constant secret grief, resignation and reason enabled her to carry bound up in her heart, but which the slightest touch caused to bleed incessantly.

But Mrs. Gardiner, a lady of benevolent disposition and dignified deportment, a tall, bony figure with pointed nose and sharp gray eyes, had far too much of the national reserve of New-England women, to meet her with anything more than the common questions after her health, how long she had been in America, how she liked America, and if the German language was harder to learn than the English. She mentioned only cursorily, that she had heard what a heavy trial had been imposed upon her, but hoped God had been so merciful as to sanctify it to her. She considerately put off catechizing her upon her religious opinions till another time.

Mrs. Gardiner was the great-granddaughter of the celebrated Dr. Cotton Mather; and related besides to several other learned divines, upon whom her country looked with pride. The spirit of her great-grandfather and of her great-great-grandfather was with her, and she knew of no higher compliment than to be told that she bore a resemblance to their portraits, which had been preserved. She

was, moreover, the widow of an eminent clergyman; of her sons and sons-in-law, some occupied pulpits in the first churches, some were professors in theological institutions. All this aided not a little in giving influence and dignity to her own strict piety. Her daughters-in-law, in particular, she frequently admonished to a right training of their children, and they, as well as her daughters, had to bring their little ones, as soon as they were six months old, to family-prayers, and keep them quiet—in which, however, they did not always succeed—so as to accustom them betimes to this holy act. When the babies made their first attempts at independent motion, she was particularly shocked at the rolling and kicking about on the floor by which the small naturals amused themselves, and would severely reprove the nurses, if the little ones belonged to the weaker sex, for allowing such improprieties, and thus killing so early the germ of that modesty and chastity which the Apostle pronounces indispensable in a woman.

When, on the first evening, the Castleton family sat down to tea, Mrs. Gardiner, with a dignity peculiar to her, immediately diverted the conversation from the common subjects of the day, and asked Clotilde, without the slightest introduction, "Whether she believed that the prophecies of Isaiah would be so far fulfilled that the Jews would ever be restored to Jerusalem?"

This was her favourite subject, and no one who was introduced to her could hope to escape this question—Clotilde even less than many others, because Mrs. Gardiner expected from her, as a German, a certain degree of learning. When she answered, with some embarrassment, that she had never thought upon this subject, aunt Gardiner put the same question to Alonzo. But this threw Virginia into such a fit of laughter, that he was spared an answer, and the thing ended in a joke, without creating the slightest irritation in

Mrs. Gardiner, as, indeed, she only very rarely manifested any vexation at any rebuff or shaking-off.

"What do you think, Miss Osten," she commenced anew, "was the first language spoken in the world? Don't you believe Adam and Eve spoke Hebrew? Or do you think the Assyrian or the Chaldee are older? I am anxious to hear your opinion on this point."

"I have no opinion about it, Mrs. Gardiner," replied Clotilde, smiling; "we German women leave such learned investigations to our philologists."

"What was your father's view of it? Did you not tell me that he was Professor of History?"

"That is true."

"Well, what did he teach his pupils upon this point? I hope he founded his instructions on the Bible. Was your father a Christian?"

"As far as I know, no one ever doubted it."

"Excuse me, Miss Osten, I did not mean to hurt your feelings. But, unfortunately, there are so many infidels and atheists among the learned men of Germany. Even among the most pious Germans certain dangerous errors are quite common. It was only the other day that one of our divines informed us that even the celebrated Tholuck, pious as he is, must, in a certain sense, be called a *Universalist*. This state of things grieves me all the more, as the German was the first language in which the abominations of Romanism were checked, and in which there was the first preaching against the Antichrist."

Here the family rose from the tea-table, and Clotilde slipped from the parlour and went to her room. Mrs. Gardiner feared that she had frightened her away by her learned conversation, and consequently began, the next morning at breakfast, to talk of domestic affairs.

"Have you good servants in Germany, Miss Osten?" she asked. "New England is the most favoured land in

the world, the seat of true enlightenment and liberty, and our Saviour has more followers there than in many countries of ten times its population. It is decidedly the land of the Lord's elect; we need only remember its origin, and our Pilgrim Fathers. But in regard to the difficnlty of obtaining help, there is much cause for complaint! Our young women are too proud; they had all rather go to the factories, because they think that is more ladylike. And the Irish are so raw! And who would like to have Catholics in the house? Poor, benighted people! I hear there are many good German girls. Is it so, Miss Osten?"

"There are good ones and bad ones, but mostly indifferent ones."

"What method did your mother pursue, when she wanted a girl? Or you, yourself, when you kept house for your father?".

"We hired them," said Clotilde, smiling.

"Of course," replied Mrs. Gardiner; "but I mean, to get a very good, useful one. Did you ever *pray* for a very good servant girl, Miss Osten?"

Clotilde was for a moment quite taken aback. Then, laughing for the first time in many months, she replied: "No indeed, I would not have dared to importune God with such matters."

"I agree with you," rejoined Mrs. Gardiner, "we should leave these details to His divine will. And experience has taught me that such improper prayers are granted only to the disadvantage of the suppliant. One of my neighbours always had a great deal of trouble with her help, and once, when she was left without any, she prayed for an excellent girl. And lo and behold, already the next morning the Lord sent her an uncommonly able girl from New Hampshire, who had come into our neighbourhood with a married sister, and wanted to earn a few dollars before going home. For her parents were poor, and she hadn't yet been able to *afford a silk dress* for the Sabbath. This girl, now, was a real

blessing in the house, and though Mrs. Weller, my neighbour, only gave her a dollar and a quarter a week, she did all her work for her. She cooked, baked excellent bread, washed and ironed, helped wash and dress the children, and took two of them to church with her, for Mrs. Weller had four children, the oldest not yet eight years old. Only the beds Mrs. Weller had to make herself, but with the sweeping and scrubbing the girl always helped her, whenever she had time. And so poor Mrs. Weller got so spoiled, that when she lost the girl, she couldn't get along at all, and felt quite miserable, and thus it proved that foolish prayers are heard only for our harm."

"How did she lose the girl, Mrs. Gardiner, I can't remember?" asked Virginia, with a sly expression of the eye.

"The girl," replied Mrs. Gardiner, and a hardly perceptible shade of embarrassment in her face was not lost upon Clotilde, "preferred to live with me and do my work, as I could not find any one else just at that time. And I gave her a quarter of a dollar more."

"How was that, Mrs. Gardiner," continued Virginia, looking as innocent as possible, "didn't you go to Mrs. Weller's kitchen one day, when she had gone to Boston, and offer the excellent girl a quarter more if she would come and live with you?"

"No, indeed, Miss Castleton, that would have been very unladylike. I met her in the street, and only told her, in passing, that if she ever left Mrs. Weller's she would find a good situation with me; and that I gave a dollar and a half, though the work was not as hard with me, because I generally kept two girls. We have duties to fulfil towards the labouring class, Miss Castleton, as well as towards ladies of higher family. To let a girl do as much work for a dollar and a quarter, as can be expected for a dollar and a half, could hardly be approved of!"

But Virginia *seemed* hardly to be listening any more, for

she was talking to her neighbour Alonzo, in a very audible whisper.

"I fear, cousin," she said, "that you are running wild entirely in Florida, and forgetting your catechism. You were never over-well versed in the Bible, Alonzo. Tell me now, what is the tenth commandment?"

Alonzo bit his lips as he looked at her, to keep from laughing. Then he began with feigned simplicity:—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, nor his wife, nor his manservant, nor his maid—"

"Enough for to-day," Virginia interrupted him, rising. "I see you are a better scholar than I thought." The two Castletons followed her from the room, laughing. Sarah had long since cast down her eyes in shame. But Mrs. Gardiner, though rather red in the face, looked as unconcerned as if she had nothing to do with the whole affair.

Besides the question about the restoration of the Jews, Mrs. Gardiner had another favourite subject, upon which she liked to turn the conversation and gather different opinions. It was this: What had become of the ten lost tribes of Israel? Mrs. Weller, with whom she often used to discuss the subject, adhered firmly to the old view that they are to be found in the North American Indians. But for Mrs. Gardiner, who had inherited from her ancestor, the celebrated Dr. Cotton Mather, an unconquerable repugnance to the filthy, stiff-necked race of Indians, it being, as it were, in her blood, this origin was far too good for them, and although she did not acknowledge it, she was inwardly much more inclined to put faith in the old theory which Hubbard, the historian, mentions as a possible one, namely, that this brood was begotten by Satan himself, during his banishment, when he took a couple of witches with him for company. The ten lost tribes she believed, with other learned persons, to have been discovered in Persia, among the Nestorians, or rather among the ancient *Chaldeans*, for she was of the firm opinion that these two

nations were one and the same, and could not refrain from some doubts of the Orthodoxy of those scholars who rejected this arbitrary supposition.

This gave occasion for many a vehement dispute between Mrs. Gardiner and her neighbour, which, however, did not trouble their intimacy in the least. But there was another point in which the two ladies differed, that threatened sometimes to have more serious consequences. It was the question whether the Sabbath commenced on Sunday at sunrise, or on Saturday at sunset.

Mrs. Weller, who was born in Connecticut, was of the latter opinion. The house-work of the week had to be finished before the sun set on Saturday—which it was often hard enough for her to accomplish, with her four children and her want of help—the faces of the family were laid in sober folds, and it was the duty of the eldest little daughter to gather together the children's toys, that they might be locked up in the cupboard till Monday morning, while the little ones stood around with awed and rueful countenances, and even "the baby," two years old, dared not murmur when its rattle was taken from its little hands, and a picture-book, with beautiful Bible stories, promised it. But to make up for this, mother was not very particular on Sunday night. After sunset, in summer, the children might run about in the garden and look at the flowers; and in winter, when the family were gathered around the crackling fire—the youngest on mother's lap, the next on father's knee—they might even listen to their parents' stories of their own childhood, and interrupt them with innocent chat and laughter.

It was in vain that Mrs. Gardiner tried to convince the Wellers of their error, by devoting Saturday evening, as the close of the week, to the most noisy portion of her cleaning and scrubbing, and regularly, so that her neighbour might by no means fail to notice it, sending in to borrow a tub or a brush, or, when *this had no* effect, by inviting her and several

other friends to take tea with her on Saturday night. And on Sunday evening she would so skilfully break in upon the family-scene, by suddenly entering the room bonneted and cloaked, to get Mrs. Weller to go to church with her, as she said, that the latter, although already tired from going to church twice, would, in her embarrassment, equip herself too, and send the painfully disappointed little ones to bed.

In the life and mode of thinking of the family in Charleston, Mrs. Gardiner naturally found much to shock her. When she began to speak of the restoration of the Jews, or the ten lost tribes, her brother-in-law would take up the paper, Virginia seat herself at the piano, Clotilde would slip from the room, and even Sarah, though she listened to her aunt with all due respect, could not easily be induced to give an answer, or at least only quoted what one or another divine thought about it, without ever expressing an opinion of her own. It happened therefore very opportunely to Mrs. Gardiner, that there was at that time a young clergyman from New England visiting Charleston, with whom she was intimately acquainted, and even, as was Sarah also, distantly related. With him she could converse at table; for her presence, his cousinship with Sarah, and Richard Castleton's generous hospitality, gave him the opportunity of being a frequent guest at their dinner-table during his stay in Charleston.

The Reverend Mr. Spooner—reverend only in his capacity of clergyman, for he had hardly reached the age of twenty-three—had come South on account of his impaired health, in the hope that the climate would improve it. He seemed not exactly to approve of Mrs. Gardiner's lecturing propensity; for however great the respect which an American pays to woman, he yet holds, on the whole, to the "*mulier taceat in ecclesia*" of the Apostle.—But he thought it his *duty* from time to time to give the Castleton family the example of a godly or exegetical conversation, and to place his theological *learning in the* best light, particularly before Sarah, whom

he thought very highly of. For Mr. Spooner was filled with the most lively sense of duty. He acted, breathed, studied, slept, ate and drank, because it was his duty. He wished therefore to effect the restoration of his health—for it was his duty to preserve, in his person, the servant of the Lord—by observing the severest rules of dieting, in which he followed most faithfully the prescriptions of his New-England physician. With marvellous abstinence he suffered the daintiest dishes, the choicest wines on Mr. Castleton's rich and loaded table, to pass him untasted, and asked the grinning waiters for rice boiled in water, with molasses to pour over it, of which simple food he devoured immense quantities, while he conversed with Mrs. Gardiner on the state of his digestion, or asked Clotilde whether the German scholars were as much troubled with dyspepsia as the American ones.

Altogether, Mr. Spooner thought it his duty to improve every opportunity of increasing his general knowledge, for which purpose he always had a whole regiment of questions in readiness, that he marched up one after the other. Clotilde was at least led to believe, by the fact that the next question had often no connection with the answer she had just given, that it had long been prepared, and only now sprang, fully armed, like Minerva, from the thought-laden head of the questioner. As a matter of course, Mr. Spooner considered it his duty not to leave unemployed the presence of a German Professor's daughter, whom Providence, as if to satisfy his thirst for knowledge, had thrown, from the very focus of German learning, on the coast of America. He was therefore insatiable in inquiries, particularly after those distinguished German scholars whose works he had studied, and whom he admired exceedingly for their thorough learning, although the rationalism of some of them grieved him very much. He was very desirous of learning from Clotilde what were the true religious opinions of Gesenius and Ewald? Whether Neander really *invited company* on Sunday? How many

hours a German scholar studied every day? How many he spent in walking, or sawing wood, for exercise? And what, as he had heard with gratitude to the Lord that the Gospel was spreading more and more in Germany, was the average annual number of conversions during the last three years?

It was in vain that Clotilde declared her inability to answer these questions; Mr. Spooner's investigations ended only with the meal. After dinner other duties awaited him. He seated himself very comfortably in one of the spacious velvet rocking-chairs, and began rocking with all his might. The very sight almost made Clotilde dizzy. Virginia, casting upon him one of her peculiar glances, in which amusement, disgust, and ridicule intermingled in an indescribable manner, asked:

"You seem to be as fond of rocking as any sailor, Mr. Spooner? Or—as any baby?"

"By no means, Miss Castleton," he replied, continuing to rock violently. "The motion is disagreeable to me; I merely do it from a sense of duty. A short exercise after meals has been recommended to me as highly salutary. It is my duty to take exercise three times a day, but that after dinner must be without exertion."

Sarah once remarked, in speaking of the Theological Seminary at which Mr. Spooner had graduated, that the place had always seemed to her rather gloomy.

"Very true, Miss Sarah," he answered, "very true. I have often spoken against this gloomy spirit. 'Brethren,' I would say, 'let us be cheerful! It is our duty as Christians to be cheerful. For in the Epistle to the Romans we are told to rejoice in hope, and to rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.'"

With this lover Virginia was very fond of teazing Sarah, whenever she was in good humour, which, indeed, was rarely enough now. The perfect equanimity with which Sarah bore *this and everything* else, from its contrast to Virginia's capri-

cious, passionate manner, made her appear to Clotilde in the most favourable light. That Mr. Spooner's person did not exactly please her, any observer could easily discover. But she loved and esteemed in him the fellow-Christian, the brother in the church, with whom she agreed in all Christian truths. It was only for a *neighbour* in church that she involuntarily avoided having him. For nature had gifted Sarah with a correct ear, and a sweet, soft voice; she therefore liked to join in the singing, though she had not enough musical skill to take a part in the choir. Several other members of the congregation did as she did. Mr. Spooner, particularly, harboured the conviction that *singing* was as well a Christian duty as *prayer*. "Is it not our duty to serve the Lord with all our senses?" he would ask. "We are told that our Saviour and His disciples sang a hymn. And should we not imitate Him in all things?"

He therefore declared, following the doctrine of the distinguished divine, President Edwards, that it was as great a sin of omission not to sing in praise of the Lord, who gave us a voice, as not to pray to Him; and, from sense of duty, sent up his own voice with full force.

Sarah did not contradict him. But as it unfortunately happened that his voice, in spite of all the cultivation he had bestowed upon it at various singing-schools, in the fear that, if he did not learn how to sing in this world, he should not be able to join the heavenly choirs in their songs of praise, resembled more the creaking of an ungreased wheel than "a clear trumpet," and as the possessor of this voice always accidentally sang either a few notes too high or a few too low, his immediate neighbourhood was rather a disturbance to her, and she preferred to withdraw from it whenever she could do so without offending him.

There were, however, some other railleries which the gentle Sarah bore, it is true, with the same patience, but not without a soft blush *overspreading* her sweet face, which sometimes

deepened into crimson when Virginia's sharp, merciless tongue changed the raillery into ridicule of its object.

A short time before, one of the messengers of God, in whose holy work Sarah felt such a deep interest, had returned from India, and come to visit his parents, who had moved from Virginia to Charleston during his absence. Though still in the prime of manhood, Elijah Fleming—that was his name—had already diligently laboured for nearly ten years in the field which he thought most adapted to his powers, that is, as a missionary in the East. A familiar acquaintance with the country, the languages, the customs of those benighted nations, had aided his youthful enthusiasm; good sense, cheerful moderation, dignity of presence, and, above all, a heart overflowing with love, made him a fit instrument of the church of God. His efforts had been crowned with the most eminent success; he brought with him, as living witnesses, several Hindoo boys, who, having received a preparatory training at schools founded by Fleming in their vicinity, were to be finally educated at American institutions, for Christian teachers, to return with him in a few years to India, there to become his fellow-labourers in the vineyard of the Lord, his assistants in the great work of conversion. For he himself was only on a visit to his native land, partly to see his aged parents once more, and receive their blessing, partly to restore his health, which had been weakened by his untiring efforts and the numerous hardships which he had undergone.

He had still another object in his journey, however, that perhaps even stood in the foreground, which was, to choose a new companion and helpmate among his countrywomen.

For besides three tender children, whose bodies he had lowered into the foreign soil with a submissive heart, as the seed of the Lord, which will spring up on high, he had also buried there the wife of his youth, with a heart equally submissive, it is true, but yet with the deep consciousness that *God's hand lay* heavily upon His servant.

When Elijah Fleming left America, Harriet Clayton was too young to accompany him as his wife. They were the children of neighbouring planters, and had known and loved each other from their childhood. Harriet had grown up in luxury and shallow superficiality; she had been educated in Richmond at a fashionable boarding-school, among the withering influences of a stiff, dogmatical formalism. But through the atmosphere of worldly vanity, doctrinal forms, and selfish idleness, in which the great mass of American girls from wealthy families grow up, there penetrates a warm breath of true Christian piety, which is kept alive by a thousand daily outward incentives; the habit of attending church, religious periodicals, Sabbath-schools, the example of friends, even every visit to a bookstore with its rows of devotional books in elegant bindings, and memoirs of pious men and women with velvet covers and gilt edges. But nothing else serves so much to fan interest to the flame of enthusiasm, as the anniversaries of religious societies, which, with their imposing publicity and their statistic particulars, bring together the Christian world from far and near, and with reports of which the papers of the whole country actually overflow. And how often do even the youngest children form societies for the promotion of the Word of God as far as is in their power, by contributing, through their pocket-money or presents, to the large sums annually set apart for this object by all Christian congregations of the United States.

It is to be regretted, however, that the veneration for the Holy Word is often carried to a sort of idolatry—the eyes which guide the hand that is writing these lines, once saw a pious, affectionate mother chastise a child, because *the Bible* was among some books which it threw on the ground in angry disobedience. It is to be regretted, too, that on the broad, noisy path on which ecclesiastical active piety pursues its course, many a *place is still* left for the vainest worldliness,

the lowest selfishness, the most narrow-minded intolerance! And that cold, vainglorious, haughty Pharisaism has also put on the cloak of Christianity—that the Law so often rules instead of Love, the Word instead of the Spirit!—But you, ye truly pious souls! Sarah Castleton, Elijah Fleming, and countless other excellent beings, by whose mighty, true Christian zeal all those rankling and noisome weeds of the natural soil of the heart are—not rooted up, no, that would be superhuman—but carefully stifled in the germ, blessed are ye, ye true saints! And may your methodical severity, your strange cant phraseology, your deadness to the influence of Art and sensitive Nature, never disturb my reverential appreciation of your hearts consecrated to God!

In Harriet Clayton, too, the divine breath of religion soon became the animating spirit of her life. Her journal, kept from her earliest youth, exclusively for her own edification and enlightenment, was published, after her death, in the memoir which was to perpetuate her name in the Christian world. It testified to the untiring faithfulness with which she had carried on her moral training, but also showed how, in American Christianity, the World, even in its most innocent pleasures, always stands opposed to Religion as its enemy; and how every thing which does not tend to the immediate *promotion* of the Christian in man, is rejected as a dangerous *obstacle* in the path to salvation, just as all which does not lead *directly* to God, is avoided, as possibly leading to the devil. Harriet had not yet reached her seventeenth year, when she declared to her parents her decided intention to devote herself to the holy work of a missionary. Her parents, too, were zealous members of the Presbyterian Church, yet they would have preferred to keep their daughter near them. But American parents have little influence over their children, particularly in cases where the church is on the side of the latter. Harriet availed herself of the company of an elderly missionary, who, with his wife, was going

to Ceylon, with the intention of teaching at one of the schools there. Here she was nearer to the beloved friend of her childhood, who soon joined her, and took her home with him as his wife.

But Harriet's frail body, still delicate from an education which had accustomed her to all the refinements of luxury, and steeled by no kind of labour, could not miss a mother's protecting hand, nor bid defiance to the wasting climate. After having given birth to three children in four years —which alone unfitted her entirely for her difficult calling— and laid them all in their graves, she, too, went home, broken down in body, but with a soul strong in faith. The love of a pious Christian of Elijah Fleming's mode of thinking has, on the whole, little that is personal in it. The fear of forgetting the Creator for the creature, puts no slight restraint on an exclusive, individual love, a love, not for the virtues and excellencies, but for the peculiarities, and even for the weaknesses and defects, of its object. Fleming, too, had believed that it was chiefly the Christian whom he loved in Harriet; but when he had lost her forever, he felt deeply that it had been her indescribable loveliness of person which had delighted him, that it had been particularly her delicate weakness, which had needed his constant care and watching, that had been a garment of such heavenly transparency for her strong, courageous soul, that had bound him so closely to her, and now made her so indispensable to him. He consequently suffered three whole years to pass before he made up his mind to supply her place, and as, just at that period, his impaired health and the wish of his parents took him to America, he determined to carry back with him a new companion for life, in the choice of whom he would be guided partly by Christian principles, partly by firm full health of body, because none but a wife who possessed these two qualities could be a useful fellow-labourer with him on his chosen field.

Mr. Fleming had known the Castletons formerly; he had even for a while, when his parents lived on a plantation near that of Virginia's grandparents, been the frequent playmate and little lover of the beautiful child. But the tutoring and censuring tone which the boy, her elder by several years, and mature and serious for his age besides, assumed towards the haughty little lady, had quickly sown the seed of dissension between the two children, which finally sprung up on Elijah's side into silent contempt, on Virginia's into passionate hatred. When she heard of his return, and the praise and fame that accompanied his name sounded even into her circles, to which such matters were usually so foreign, she was roused to a passing interest for her old playmate, and invited him, through a mutual acquaintance, to come and see her.

Sarah was present when, one morning, he made his appearance, with a cordial greeting for his old lady-love, and visibly struck with her beauty. But in the conversation that followed the first welcome, Sarah, with her true, sensible, earnest sympathy in everything he had to say, so soon and so decidedly gained the advantage over the passing, condescending interest with which he had entered into Virginia's rather coquettish jesting, that the latter felt hurt, and for the first time in her life began a rivalry with Sarah. To tell the truth, she cared little enough about making a conquest of a mere missionary; but she was too accustomed to be the victor in every combat, to give up this one without a struggle. But when she found, after a few visits of the young missionary, that all her shafts glanced off from that breast guarded by the armour of Christian calmness, she gave up the siege of her own accord, as not worth continuing, but directed, instead, the sting of a vindictive ridicule against him, which, to be sure, wounded poor Sarah more than Fleming himself. A man who lives among higher things, shows to the sharp eye of a young girl a thousand weak sides. At one time she *would observe*, quite seriously, that Elijah Fleming was now

wearing out the clothes that he left behind him ten years ago; then she would conclude, from the stiff manner in which, when he once dined with them, he used his knife and fork, that he had lived in the East like an Oriental, and used his fingers to eat with; then again she found his slow, hesitating way of speaking too tedious to bear; another time she would mockingly imitate his defective pronunciation of some French words which he used, and add the hope that he did not bungle the Oriental languages in which he had to preach quite as much. But Fleming gave her little opportunity for such unkind remarks. With her and the two gentlemen he felt like a stranger. Sarah he met occasionally at other houses, and showed her a quiet preference.

CHAPTER XI.

STORMY WEATHER.

THERE was no doubt that Virginia herself was far too sensible to attach much value to the things she ridiculed in Fleming, in a man whom she esteemed. But on the one hand her passionate heart was not capable of a calm, impartial judgment, and on the other her pride, her most powerful passion, had been hurt in this case; and once hurt in any way, she was more irritable, and therefore more cutting than ever. Her whole manner showed, by a feverish restlessness, that there was an unnatural working within her. Clotilde endeavoured to excite her to increased employment, a method of cure well known to herself, which first brings a sort of stupefaction, and finally, from habit, a certain degree of tranquillity. But occupation with the German language only increased the evil; Virginia had a true, easily awakened feeling for poetry; the German poets that she read, and we know that she would read none but love-poets, excited her more and more. And music had never been to her more than a social art. A certain indolence of character kept her from any attempt to solve the difficulties of modern compositions of any merit. Gifted with a fine talent, she might have become a superior pianist, if she had had a dangerous rival in any other belle of the fashionable world; *jealousy* would have roused the powers which a want of *self-education* had lulled to sleep, and she would easily have

conquered, by application and perseverance, the greatest difficulties, if she could at the same time have gained the victory over a rival. But none of the Charleston fair ones gave her an opportunity to bring her ambition into action in this manner. She played with sufficient fluency to shine in company by the performance of some variations of Herz, she could sing, with a melodious voice, skilfully enough to elicit admiration, some German or Spanish songs, which she executed with passionate, but not always correct expression. That was enough for the present. Towards Clotilde, whose playing and singing was far superior to hers, but who played and sang only when alone, Virginia had no envious feelings. On the contrary, she could listen with sincere admiration, even with a sort of devotion, when she sometimes surprised her friend at the piano. Altogether, Clotilde inspired her with a feeling which bordered on reverence. But only at times. Often she accused her, in her heart, of coldness, of indifference, and the quiet harmony to which Clotilde, after such heart-rending experiences, seemed to have attuned her mind, in patient resignation, was entirely incomprehensible to her. It was not long before an accidental occurrence laid bare her own discordant state of mind in a very painful manner.

One morning Phyllis had incensed her mistress by some awkward presumption, which had been punished by a severe reproof. An evil spirit goaded the offended girl to revenge herself in her own shrewd way on her angry mistress. When, therefore, Virginia, about to dress for the day, seated herself before the mirror, and her handmaiden loosened her rich hair and passed the comb through it, she skilfully took occasion to speak of sea-bathing, by saying that "de sea-water hadn't hurt the beau'ful gloss of Missy's hair a bit, after all, in spite of what de farmer's wife had said, where the German baron lived."

"*How did you get* acquainted with her?" asked Virginia,

eagerly seizing the opportunity of speaking about any one who had stood in some relation to her lover.

"Why, it was all de walk a body could get of a Sunday in dat great heap of sand. Cato take me dere one afternoon. And 'cause de German baron al'us use come and see Missy, I want to hear someting more 'bout him, too."

"I don't think you can have heard much about him from the farmer's wife," said Virginia, with a beating heart.

"Well, I don't believe it, neider, all she told me 'bout him and de Polish count," replied Phyllis.—"Oh my! what beau-'ful hair Missy got!"

"What did she tell you about them?" inquired Virginia, with forced indifference.

"Oh! dere wa'n't much in it! She tink de Polish count been a great prince in his own country. An' he kill sich a Tartar king in a fight, an' have to run away. She say he must be very poor, for he got not one shirt dat haven't a hole in it, and he speak so many langiges—ebber so many more dan de oder. And she ax me why Missy didn't take him for a teacher, 'cause he wa'n't married, and 'cause he great deal jollier nor de oder. De picaninnies wouldn't go 'way from him, a bit, she say. He re'lly spile de girls, she say, and de boys, she say ———"

From this volley of words but *one* passing remark sounded in Virginia's ear. She must have misunderstood.

"*Why*," she at length interrupted Phyllis, "should I have taken another teacher?"

"Oh!" said Phyllis, "I don't believe a word ob dat! She tell big lie 'bout de hair, so dat needn't be true, eider. And what if it was? A married gemman can give lessons jist as well as one what isn't married."

Phyllis saw in the glass that her sting had struck the tender spot, for Virginia's face was covered with a deathlike pallour. Her object was gained; she only wanted to pain her *a little, for* at heart she was quite good-natured, and accus-

tomed, besides, to do her part towards keeping her mistress in good humour. She therefore hastened to find a balm for the wound which she had so secretly struck. When Virginia asked, with a voice whose trembling she was unable to conquer :

" Did the woman say that Berghedorf was married ?" she answered quickly :

" How she know dat ? She only tink so, 'cause he have a little picter, I guess he paint it hisself, and he al'us kissin' and huggin' it, when he all alone, and talk to it in his queer langige, jist like as if he crazy. And den he kiss it again, and cry over it.—But nebber mind, Missy, who know if it wa'n't Missy's own picter !"

" Impudent hussy !" cried Virginia, starting up, with a glowing fury in her eyes that seemed ready to crush the frightened girl to the ground. " Your audacity goes beyond all bounds ! I will put up my hair myself. But you need not think that your boldness will go unpunished. I had bought that red dress, that you were wishing for the other day—see, here it is," she continued, violently opening a drawer, and displaying to Phyllis' greedy eyes a piece of stuff of a fiery red.—" But now,"—shutting the drawer again,—" now Diana shall have it. This shall be your punishment. Go !"

And then, quickly finishing her toilet, she ordered Phyllis, with a proud dignity which gave her figure a queenly aspect, but with the thorn in her heart, to arrange her room while she was taking her lesson of Miss Osten in the library, and to hurry with it ; upon which she went, with forced calmness, to join Clotilde who was expecting her.

The latter quickly saw that something had happened to her ; her attention could hardly be fixed on anything, though she would not acknowledge it. But they had not been at their German books fifteen minutes, when they were startled by a violent crash, which sounded from Virginia's room.

They hastened to the spot. What a sight met their eyes !

There lay the exquisite marble statue, in fragments, scattered over the floor; beside it stood Phyllis, trembling in every limb, with ashy lips, and her black skin discoloured to a strange, dirty gray, with the mop still in her hand. In dusting the walls, with an awkwardness caused by haste and vexation, she had accidentally dealt the bust an unfortunate blow.

Clotilde looked at Virginia. Every trace of colour had receded from her beautiful features. But from under the deathly-pale brow a pair of eyes, sparkling with rage, shot out two flames which threw the poor, sobbing creature at her feet.

"Pardon, pardon, Missy!" she screamed, trying to embrace her mistress' knees.

But Virginia, still unable to utter a word, thrust her from her with such unnatural force, that the unfortunate girl fell at full length upon the floor.

Meanwhile Sarah had come in. She was followed, by degrees, by all the servants, brought there by the noise, among them Cato, the steward, a rejected lover of Phyllis, a malicious, revengeful fellow. His master's confidence in him had made of him a sort of overseer for the other domestics.

"It was a great carelessness," said Sarah at length, "which you will lament and forgive, Virginia."

All eyes were turned to Virginia, who still stood in silence. How terribly did her restrained fury disfigure that beautiful mouth, the corners of which were drawn down convulsively! How awful was the fire in those black, sparkling eyes, those mirrors of her dreadfully agitated soul!

"Would you bite me in both heels, miserable reptile?" she finally said, and there was an unnatural hoarseness in her voice. "Was *one* bite of the serpent not enough? But as true as I live, you shall feel my power! You shall not shatter *everything* I love with impunity! Steward, your master has made over to you his right of punishment. Take this misera-

ble creature that has chosen this shameful mode of revenging herself on her mistress, who has spoiled her by kindness, and give her thirty lashes upon her tender back, immediately!"

Phyllis' shrieks almost drowned the words of Clotilde and Sarah, who were both warmly and zealously remonstrating with Virginia.

"Virginia!" cried the former, "you will not punish so cruelly a mere carelessness?"

"I beg you would allow me to manage my own affairs, Miss Osten!"

"Sister, the Scripture says: 'Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.' And are we not told that, 'the merciful man doeth good to his own soul, but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh?'"

"I readily believe, Sarah, even without your quoting the whole Bible," said Virginia, with a sneer, "that you find it easy to forgive *my* mother's being abused in her grave!"—and, turning to leave the room, "Steward, do your duty!"

The horrible fellow had already seized Phyllis' arm with malicious pleasure, and was about to drag the struggling girl along with him, but a stern glance from Sarah kept him back.

Her sweet, clear face looked inexpressibly grieved. "Sister," she said, "truly you wrong me, but that does not matter now. You will be sorry for that yourself, but beware of doing what no repentance will make amends for. Virginia, blessed are the meek!"

She had put her arm around her sister, but Virginia, extricating herself, said, coldly, "Spare your words!—Cato, disobey me on your own responsibility!" And then, without a glance at the unhappy Phyllis, she left the room, and locked herself in the library. Cato dragged the girl down stairs. The others followed.

Clotilde was as if stunned. The whole scene had hardly *lasted ten minutes.* "Apply to your father, Sarah," she

said, "he will not suffer Virginia's passion to abuse his power."

"I fear," said Sarah, shrugging her shoulders with a sad smile. "The girl belongs to Virginia; she has inherited her and her whole family from her mother. And besides, my father is not at home."

At this moment they heard the front door open, and Mr. Castleton's steps cross the hall. Sarah hastened down stairs and warmly represented the case to him, observing that a mere carelessness of this kind should be punished by a reproof, but not by the lash.

But her father frowned and cried, "What! do you know that that bust cost me three thousand dollars? It is quite unwarrantable! Any one that causes such a loss deserves severe punishment!"

"But thirty blows! And a young, delicate girl, father! It is cruelty!"

Mr. Castleton's face grew darker. "Well, perhaps it is too much! Twenty would be enough. I'll speak to Virginia." He was about to go up stairs, but stopped on the first step.

"You know, Sarah," he said, "I don't like to meddle in Virginia's affairs; she is too high-tempered! The image of her mother. The girl belongs to her. I'll speak to her when she is more quiet."

Just then the screams of the poor girl resounded from the basement. One sharp, pointed shriek after the other came up, and Clotilde thought she heard the blow of the lash between each. A shudder ran through her body. Sarah, too, changed colour. The gloom on Mr. Castleton's face deepened.

"It won't hurt the wench much, after all," he said, gruffly. "The bust was worth five of her." He went down *stairs, however*; his thundering voice was heard in the basement, and soon after all was still.

"Sarah," asked Clotilde, in violent agitation, "and can your gentle heart approve of such a state of things, a state which can tempt even good persons to such crimes; is it possible?"

"Oh, Clotilde!" cried Sarah, bursting into tears, "are there no fathers who abuse their power? Are there no cruel mothers? And would you annul parental authority because it can be abused?"

"Then you must give slaveholders parental love, at least," replied Clotilde. But she felt that this was not the right time for arguing. Her heart was painfully moved; she longed to escape from this house,—from this land of tyranny, to go back to her dear Germany, where *these* abominations at least could never have met her eye.

Virginia did not make her appearance all day. When the family assembled for dinner, Sarah had not quite recovered from her agitation, but otherwise there was no trace to be seen of the stormy scene of the morning, and Clotilde could easily observe that it seemed to the rest of the household much less new and unheard of than to her.

Next morning, as Virginia did not come to breakfast, Clotilde reluctantly made up her mind to send to inquire whether she would take her lesson. The answer was, "Miss Castleton requested Miss Osten to visit her in her room." Virginia lay on the sofa, with her face hidden, when Clotilde entered the room, with a cold, serious expression in her face. She quietly seated herself by a window at the other side of the apartment and waited for Virginia to speak.

At length she asked: "Will you not read with me, Virginia?"

Virginia started up. Her beautiful face was bathed in tears. "Clotilde!" she cried, "I know you despise me, you hate me! He too must hate me, must loathe me! Oh!—what has this unhappy love made of me?"

"*I pity you, poor Virginia,*" replied Clotilde, with gentle

voice. "The unfortunate habit of power has taken captive your better judgment. You are faithless to your own nobler nature, if you give way to this unhappy passionate temper!"

At this moment the door opened; Phyllis, the flaming-red stuff on her arm, entered, her eyes sparkling with delight. She wore a dress that but a few days before had graced the form of her fair mistress, and the expression of vanity in her face, her mincing gait, and the caressing thanks with which she overwhelmed her mistress, who had had the wished-for garment laid on her bed, only too plainly convinced Clotilde that Phyllis had been far from making as much of the matter as she and Sarah. .

Her eyes met Virginia's. The latter seemed to say: "You see, at least, that I know my men, and that I am, after all, not as culpable as I seem." Clotilde sighed heavily. It was only now that it became clear to her what a terrible curse upon mankind the state of slavery is. Corporeal abuse, restriction of freedom, accumulation of labour,—what is all this to that degradation of moral feeling, to that abasement of self-consciousness, which does not even feel the wrong that it is made to bear! She had often heard Alonzo bring up, as an argument *for* the slavery of the Southern States, the fact that the slave feels by no means unhappy, that he does not even wish to be free, and had always felt that this argument was in fact the strongest which could be held up *against* it. The living confirmation which she had just experienced, pained her deeply. She said nothing, but took up a book; Virginia commenced reading, and soon everything was as before.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VOLCANO IS WORKING.

T last Mrs. Gardiner had started on her journey home; Mr. Spooner's visits therefore were restricted to coming Sarah to go with him to various weekly evening-meetings, tures, monthly concerts, prayer-meetings, etc., and seeing home in the evening. Even Alonzo appeared to feel that had been his uncle's guest long enough; but it seemed as e could not get away. He was as if enchanted. Perhaps vas the inborn obstinacy of his disposition, that made his ect the more tempting to him because it was hard to ain. By perseverance, by patience, by unceasing devotion, hoped finally to win the heart of the beautiful, impassioned l.

The gay season had arrived, one ball followed the other, ginia was out nearly every evening, and Alonzo her con- nt escort. Sarah never accompanied them, Mr. Castleton not like to do so; he had placed the young queen of all emblies under her cousin's special protection. Alonzo was ked upon as his cousin's probable future husband; but n if it had not been so, Clotilde was told, no one, in a iety which, like that of America, is composed mostly of ng people, could find anything in the least conspicuous he independent movements of a young lady of Virginia's . That the strictest morality, and the high respect in ich the female sex is held, gives this society, superficial l *empty though it may* be, the stamp of a certain dignity.

That every lady, when invited out, if she has no father, husband, or brother at her disposal, is authorised to bring with her a gentleman as escort and humble servant, and that no privilege is attached to this office. Alonzo had to see his fair cousin flirt, laugh, dance with others, and turn her back upon himself, while an inward fire was consuming him; but throw her cloak over her white, round shoulders, lift her into the carriage, and ride home with her every night—that no one else might do, and there was happiness in that, though it was a scanty one.

True, in most cases, worn out by the effort of being brilliant, witty, and gay, with a heart full of misery and longing all the while, she would sullenly lean back in a corner of the carriage, and Alonzo's questions of "Are you tired, cousin?" or "Don't you feel well?" received no other answer but a petulant movement. But sometimes, if she had neglected him too much during the evening, and particularly if she had flirted too much with any single one from the host of her admirers, and he sat beside her in silence, in an excited and gloomy mood, she herself would take the first step towards a reconciliation; for her cousin, her constant escort and humble servant, and so true a cavalier in manners and opinions, could not easily be dispensed with.

"Cousin," she would say, laughing, "you are the most amusing creature I ever saw; I could count the words you have spoken to-night;" or she would even reproach him that he always left her to others in company. But when all this was of no avail, and he remained silent and reserved, she would cry, roguishly: "How tiresome it is to ride home at night all alone! I thought Alonzo was with me, but I don't see or hear anything. I wonder if I could feel anything?"—and would commence to feel his shoulders and face with her little hands, until he, to convince her of his presence, moved *quite close* to her, and, growing bolder, threw his arm about *her, and stole* a kiss from the laughing, struggling girl.

Such sweet food, sparing though it was, kept the love in Alonzo's heart alive. But happy the noble youth was not, that Clotilde could see plainly. The hot fire glowed powerfully under the ashes that covered it; it needed perhaps only a breath to make it break out into a flame, which, in its ceaseless spreading, must become ruinous to others too.

Mr. Castleton, too, who was already naturally wanting in cheerfulness, had been for some time gloomy and out of humour. He had been drawn into an Abolitionist contest, which exasperated him, although it was only carried on by pen in the papers, or by speeches in public meetings. Mr. Castleton would have liked to argue his cause after the cavalier-fashion, by the horse-whip or a brace of pistols, if his opponents had only been on the spot. But to see the noble "domestic institution of slavery," on which the true feeling of cavalier-freedom had built its surest foundation, bespattered with poison from the safe distance of New York and Boston, often threw him into a species of silent rage.

Thus Sarah was the only one in the family, who, with a perfectly cheerful equanimity, and kindness to every one, pursued her quiet path. Neither her father's discordant state of mind, nor the ill-humour of her sister, neither Alonzo's restless uneasiness, nor Clotilde's quiet sorrow could exert a disturbing influence over her mind.

One morning, quite early, several gentlemen came to see Mr. Castleton. There was much coming and going, and an earnest whispering in the hall, when Clotilde and Sarah went down to breakfast, and saw the master of the house standing at the foot of the stairs, surrounded by several strangers.

He kept breakfast waiting a long time.

At length he came, highly excited, and agitated, as, with his usually dry, serious manner, Clotilde had never seen him before. As soon as the waiter could possibly be spared, he sent him *out of the room.* "Only think, Alonzo," he said,

"last night, again, about twenty people have run away from three or four families of our acquaintance. Mr. Preston's coachman is missing, with wife and children; five or six have run off from both the Dunnings', and Mrs. Benton misses a capital cook, a skilful pie baker, that she was offered two thousand dollars for only a day or two ago, but wouldn't give away under two thousand five hundred; now she wishes she had let her go for that, to be sure."

"That rascally Abolition-herald, Atkinson, must be at the bottom of this," remarked Alonzo. "Didn't I tell you the other day, uncle, that I had heard he was in town, here, under an assumed name?"

"It's only too certain," replied Mr. Castleton, "that he is connected with it, and the whole pack of them. My cousin, Mrs. Cutter, only the other day, found her children over a heap of little books called 'The Slave's Friend,' a production as diminutive in mind as in size. They said a man had given them the rubbish in the street, when they were coming from school."

"Well, and those shameful incendiary papers, you can see them wherever you go," said Alonzo. "I noticed one the other day, put up in the midst of all the theatre and concert bills; no one could tell how it got there."

"What was it?" inquired Virginia.

"As usual, accusations of the white masters, who will not sacrifice all their property and turn beggars, only because Atkinson and his associates think it right. And a lamentable history, besides, how Moses Patton, the notorious Abolitionist, in Boston, while sitting at his breakfast, got a letter, with an Alabama postmark on it, and which he had to pay treble postage for; and how he flattered himself with the idea of some valuable present, and made his wife and children guess, and finally found in it—a negro's ear! And more of the like stuff."

The ladies shuddered, but Mr. Castleton laughed aloud.

"A silly joke of the correspondent, but served that busy-body, that incendiary, just right. He brewed that breakfast himself. It won't hurt him to have his appetite spoilt for once."

"And how cunningly this anti-slavery rabble goes to work," continued Alonzo. "The other day my tailor sent me a new suit of clothes; every piece carefully wrapped in newspaper. This surprised me. I looked closer at the sheets; lo and behold, they were the latest numbers of that scandalous paper, the Liberator. The fellow declared he had not looked at the paper; that it had been sent to him, with some others, from Boston. He is from there. Well, he has worked for me for the last time."

"His wife is a member of Dr. Miller's church," said Sarah. "But she seems, indeed, to have dangerous connections; her maiden name is Atkinson. She is a pious Christian otherwise."

"A pretty sort of Christianity," said Mr. Castleton, with a sneer, "that does not prevent her from wanting to rob other people of their property."

"Was the flight of these slaves not caused by any particular occurrence?" asked Virginia.

"Nothing of the least importance," replied her father. "There seems to have been something of a plot going on for some time. Mrs. Dunning sold two women to Alabama, not long since, who didn't want to go away, because the Dunnings couldn't spare the husband of one of them, who has been their coachman several years. The other one had to leave a heap of children behind her, and a sort of lover besides. And so there was a terrible howling and shrieking at Dunning's, so that the whole neighbourhood ran together."

"It is inexcusable, Papa," said Sarah, "to separate families in that way."

"Pray Sarah," said her father, with much severity, "what was *Mrs. Dunning to do?* Her eldest boy is at Cambridge;

since he was sixteen he has played like any old gambler at Spa. He gives his poor worthy mother trouble enough. He went to Saratoga last summer, and lost five thousand dollars at one sitting, and hadn't a cent to pay with ; so he got frightened, thinking he would be expelled from college, and wrote to his mother, entreating her to send him the five thousand dollars ; if not, he would send a bullet through his head. The boy is vastly ambitious. His poor mother was in an agony of fear, and as she was just out of ready money, and an agent from Alabama happened to be there at the time, she sold her own maid, a very skillful woman, that could dress hair, and make bonnets, and that she did get two thousand dollars for. It was no small sacrifice. The other was not good for much, she was glad to get rid of her. And the beautiful mirror, that she had just got for the back parlour, the poor woman has been obliged to sell, too, to satisfy the boy. The other splendid furniture that she had just received from New York, she was able to keep, fortunately. After such losses four runaways are no joke."

Clotilde, during Mr. Castleton's relation, did not dare to look at Sarah, whose young face was covered with a holy glow.

"I hope Mrs. Dunning will recognise the long-suffering of our Lord, Papa," she said, gravely, "in punishing the frivolous use to which she puts the talents intrusted to her care, so very *mildly*, by the loss of her property. I fear His judgment is preparing for her a far severer chastisement in her profligate son, into whose hands she put those wicked cards as a plaything when he was still a child !"

Her father frowned. He was about to give a provoked answer, when Virginia cut off his words by asking rather soornfully :

"And what will those poor families who have been *robbed do now,* to recover their *property*. Are they on the track ?"

"*Oh yes,* the police are stationed at the railroad depôt, and

all the ships in the harbour are being examined. We hope, too, to find out that rascal Atkinson, in spite of his disguise. And he has had an assistant here of late, a German adventurer, in whose philosophy full of mist and vapours the horrors of slavery are out of place. This fellow assembles the Germans of this city evening after evening, to hear him make long, obscure speeches on the rights of man, and true liberty and equality, and exhorts them to gain the German name the fame of first breaking the chains of their enslaved black brethren, and more of the like nonsense. A regular fanfaronade! To come from a country where they have thirty or forty tyrants, and preach liberty here in democratic America! The fellow is said to speak quite well, however, which makes him all the more dangerous. But we'll stop him soon enough!"

Virginia was all attention. "What is the name of this German advocate of freedom, Papa?" she asked with a beating heart.

"I have forgotten his name. It's one of your outlandish, unpronounceable names. Excuse me, Miss Osten! But there are worthless people in every nation. George Calhoun saw him yesterday at the auction, as he stood there, with his lips pressed together, and throwing his eyes about him like daggers. George has studied in Heidelberg, or somewhere thereabouts, and talks German like a native. He heard quite plainly how he ran down our institutions to another German as insolently as the worst Abolitionists."

"I wish, uncle," said Alonzo, with a frown, avoiding Clotilde's eye, "these auctions could be done away with; it is an exceedingly undignified way of getting rid of one's property."

"That is a Spanish prejudice," replied Richard Castleton, rather nettled. "However, you can rely upon it that no very valuable negro is ever sold in that way; unless it were absolutely necessary on account of the division of an inherit-

ance. Generally it is only such boys and girls as are not good for much that are sent to the market. Capable ones can be sold much better privately. But I don't see what business it is of any foreigner's. It is perfectly absurd to hear these servants of kings rattle on about liberty, and equality, and the rights of men! As far as the ideas of liberty are concerned, the Europeans must go to school to us, though we may have to learn one thing or another of them yet in other matters."

"Where does this German hold his assemblies, Papa?" asked Virginia, with feigned indifference.

"In the new hall that they have recently built; where they come together and smoke in the evening. They have called it Hermann Hall, after one of their celebrated generals in the thirty-years' war—or"—as he saw a slight smile playing about Clotilde's mouth—"was it in the seven-years' war, Miss Osten? You see I am not over firm in History, particularly in the modern part of it. In *ancient*, particularly in Roman history, I always had the reputation of a connoisseur at school."

"Wasn't that man's name *Becker*, Papa?" inquired Virginia, stooping to pick up her napkin, which had slipped from her lap. "Seems to me I have heard of an abolition advocate named Becker."

"Yes, yes, something like that; not Becker, Beckhof, Berghof, or something of the kind. But we'll catch the fine gentleman, no fear. So far he has not actually done anything illegal, so that he could have been arrested, but he is on the way to it."

"Mr. Castleton," said Clotilde, calmly, "if my countryman has done nothing against the law, if he only exhorts his German brethren to liberate their slaves, not the slaves to break loose by violence,—for what do you wish to punish him?"

"*For what*, Miss Osten? For his murderous *intentions*.

Allow me to ask," he continued, evidently exasperating himself while speaking, "if you see a man sneaking about your house with matches and shavings in one hand, and a cask of powder in the other, and you see him distributing these innocent playthings among the children, who are playing in the street before your window, and hear him say: 'what a bright light there would be, if you set the house on fire, and how nice and warm you would feel!' would you think it quite prudent to wait till the children tried the experiment?—Excuse me, my dear Miss Osten, I entertain the most profound esteem for your learning, for your superior mind, but this question is one of which foreigners can in no case judge, nor even Americans from the North, none but we Southerners; for it is *our* affair, and concerns us alone. No other person has a right to say a word about it!"

At this juncture Sarah moved her chair. She hardly remembered ever to have seen her father so irritated before. They all rose and went upstairs. A few moments after, Clotilde, who was standing at the parlour window, heard the front door close softly. She looked out, and saw a slender figure, in her own cloak and bonnet, her black veil before her face, slip out of the house, and walk rapidly down the street. She could easily guess that it was Virginia, who was going out to gain intelligence, and did not wish to be recognised. Her mind, too, was deeply troubled. "Oh, that those unfortunate slaves might escape in safety!" she sighed, "and that poor Berghedorf—if it is he—might recognise the danger of his mission! He seems a man of noble feelings. His modesty, his discretion towards Virginia, with her warmth, her passion! Oh, I must watch over that poor heart! I must show, by warning her, that I am her friend!"

In less than an hour Virginia returned. The servant who let her in took her for Miss Osten; she ran up to the library, where she left her hat and cloak, and then went to her room and sent Phyllis for Clotilde.

When the latter entered the room, Virginia was just giving Phyllis a dress to iron out for her in the kitchen. She bolted the door behind the girl, and saw that that of her dressing-room was also locked. Then she threw her arms around her friend's neck. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed.

"It is he!" she whispered; "it is Berghedorf, he, whose image will live in my heart forever!"

"Have you seen him?"

"No, but I have spoken with the landlord at Hermann Hall. Name, personal appearance, age, all correspond. I passed myself off as the widow of one of his acquaintances that had lived here, who wanted to hear from him. I kept my veil before my face."

"You must warn him, dear Virginia! He seems to be treading a dangerous path. But beware, I beg you, of any nearer intercourse with him. You would irritate your father exceedingly by it!"

"And so, Clotilde, you would have me be unjust because my father is so?" asked Virginia, with flashing eyes.

"I require no injustice from you. But I entreat you, for your own sake, not to cling to this fancy, the impropriety of which Berghedorf himself seems to feel, so obstinately. For why, otherwise, should he keep so at a distance from you? He must have been here some time, and has not yet given you any sign of his being near you."

A sharp pain played convulsively about Virginia's lips. "Do you mean," she said, slowly, "that I should look upon that as a sign that he—does not love me?"

"Can you not fancy that he admires your beauty, estimates your worth, is forcibly attracted by your amiability, your full, rich heart, but at the same time feels how dishonourable would be the stranger who would steal into a rich man's dwelling, and take possession, behind his back, *of his best* treasure. If I am not very much mistaken, such

is the situation of Berghedorf's heart; and it speaks for his worth."

"And shall I—I must repeat my question with a slight variation—shall I be *dishonourable* because he is *honourable*? Oh Clotilde! you speak against your own better judgment! You who despise wealth, speak of my wealth, of his poverty! But you can be quite easy. I have not yet spoken to him, nor even seen him. Indeed, I could not even find out where he lived. The landlord knew nothing about it; a phlegmatic, thick-headed German, who did not let his pipe go out while I was talking to him, and stared at me with his big blue eyes. How I hate that apathetic race!"

"Probably a Westphalian or a Pomeranian," replied Clotilde, smiling. "But could he tell you anything else about Berghedorf?"

"Nothing more than that he would be there again to-night. There is a meeting appointed. I will write to him. I will warn him. Even you can't say anything against that."

"Certainly not, Virginia, if you act in the cause of humanity. Berghedorf is a stranger here, perhaps he does not know that terrible law of your state, which condemns every one who speaks of freedom to the slaves, to the penitentiary. But let it be nothing more than a letter of warning."

"My influence shall not prevent him from doing right," replied Virginia, with some pride; "but I will recommend him to be careful, and make him acquainted with that law. Oh! why did he have anything to do with this Atkinson, who, with heedless audacity, exasperates our best-thinking men by his constant rebellious ranting!"

She seated herself at her writing-table, and any one who could have observed her, as, with light, hasty strokes, without once looking up, her cheeks glowing, she filled more than half a sheet, could well see that her whole soul was in her occupation. She sealed the note and addressed it: Mr. Berghedorf, *Hermann* Hall.

"And now," she said, rising and looking at Clotilde affectionately, "may I count upon your friendship? Will you do something for one of your countrymen? I fear that man nearly recognised me. He will be puzzled, if you bring the note, who are just of my size and figure, and yet not the same. Besides, Alonzo follows me everywhere. And I could not trust the note to any one but you."

Clotilde hesitated. "Give it, then," she said, at length. "I confess, I very reluctantly take a part in this affair. It seems to me that for the hospitality with which your father has received me into his house, I owe him perfect openness in my conduct. I shall not, indeed, deny this step, but I am taking it behind his back, and with the wish that he may not hear of it, and that is already a kind of deceit. But one thing I must say," she added, with decision, but taking Virginia's hand affectionately; "if it were a love-letter, not all your entreaties could induce me to carry it."

"It is *no* love-letter," replied Virginia, withdrawing her hand with haughty irritation. "Clotilde, do you remember that passage from Goethe's Tasso that you read with me once, which I copied, because it seemed to me so true: 'The tyranny of friendship, which of all tyrannies doth seem to me the most unbearable. Thou thinkest different, and that alone makes thee believe thy thoughts the right ones?'"

Clotilde calmly took up her bonnet and cloak, inwardly renewing the resolution not to be the confidant of an understanding in which every thing might be feared from Virginia's violent and perverse nature.

Hermann Hall was at the opposite end of the city; she had not yet traversed half the distance, when Alonzo met her, and was highly astonished to find her in the street, as she very rarely went out. He offered to accompany her, and silently taking her permission for granted, turned back with her. She felt confused. If she herself had written the *letter which* was to warn her countryman, she would not

have hesitated to acknowledge it to Alonzo, whom she knew to be so noble-minded. But Virginia she could not expose. She therefore, accompanied by Alonzo, entered the first suitable store and asked for black gloves. Alonzo informed her that she might have obtained them much nearer their house. There was nothing left but to return directly home with him. Virginia was in consternation at her speedy re-appearance. "That unfortunate man!" she cried, when Clotilde explained the matter to her; "he is in my way in everything."

At dinner she was more ill-humoured than ever towards Alonzo. Mr. Castleton, too, was even less talkative than usual. Altogether, the dinners in this family were indescribably tedious; the conversation very rarely extended beyond certain general polite phrases, such as "Will you take some chicken, Virginia?" "Miss Osten, will you do me the honour to take wine with me?"—or, "Shall I help you to some peas, Papa?" "I'll thank you for the butter, Alonzo," etc. Or there were remarks made about the weather: "It feels like rain." "Don't it seem to you as if winter was beginning very early this year, Sarah?" "In Boston the thermometer was ten degrees below zero last week, Papa," etc.

This was the usual table-talk of four persons, not one of whom was without mind, but who, with the exception of Virginia, were entirely wanting in conversational talent, so rare among American *men*, particularly. At breakfast, where the papers gave fresh subjects, the conversation was a little livelier. There were fires, robberies, shipwrecks to be talked about. The period while Congress was in session was particularly productive.

To-day, when every heart was so heavy, even the observations on the weather were omitted. Sarah, too, was full of care, for she had noticed her sister's excitement in the morning.

After dinner, when twilight was already near, Clotilde stole away once *more, and* reached Hermann Hall in safety, where

she gave the letter to a German waiter, with the urgent admonition to deliver it to Mr. Berghedorf immediately. She then turned homeward with rapid steps.

She had not been on the way but a few minutes, when she saw a procession coming up the street, and was speedily surrounded by tumult and a crowd of people. Shouts, yells and groans sounded through the street. The procession came from the harbour. It consisted of the unhappy fugitive slaves, who had been found concealed in the hold of a sloop from New Bedford which had already cleared, and were now being brought back to town, the women with their hands tied on their backs, the men with shackles on their hands and feet. Grief and rage were depicted in the faces of some; others were sobbing and moaning, others again looked straight before them in dull apathy. The exultation of all the low youth of the city accompanied them; it was with difficulty that the police could keep off the latter, with such arrogance did this youthful rabble conduct themselves, in the full consciousness of their importance as heirs of American democracy. Some of the older spectators, too, looked malicious enough, most of them indifferent,—some few turned a pitying eye upon the unfortunate beings.

To be out of the way of the crowd, Clotilde had stepped into the door of a store, which was raised above the pavement by a few steps. The person who kept it, and her assistant, had been brought to the door by curiosity.

"That's Mrs. Benton's cook," said the former, "the one with the red turban, who is crying and sobbing so. She's the most ungrateful creature in the world; she had a good time of it, and got heaps of presents. But the love of money's got into the creatures; she heard about the high wages in New York, and for that she forgot her duty, and what she owes her mistress."

"Just see how indifferent and insolent that one there at *the side looks,*" observed the assistant, a pretty, over-dressed

girl, who was sending her large, longing eyes up and down the street in search of some acquaintance. "These people have such dull feelin's!"

"Good gracious, the children! Look at those little picaninnies! The idea of taking four children along! Did you ever! As if it was a trifle to earn a living for four children! But the stupid things don't think of that. If their master only has the loss, they're contented!"

Clotilde looked at the heart-rending group with deep compassion. Four little black half-naked creatures, the eldest about eight, the youngest three years old, were trotting along beside the mother, holding on to her skirts and apron. The woman was a tall, noble figure, with melancholy eyes, who walked on in mute despair, not trusting herself even to glance at the poor little ones whom she had vainly attempted to lead to freedom.

At this moment a well-dressed young man emerged from the crowd and came up the steps. His thumbs were hooked into the armholes of his vest, and he bowed without even touching his hat.

"Good evening, Miss Blagden. How d'ye do, Mrs. Cook?"

"Very well! How are you, Mr. Taylor? Have you been to the harbour?"

"Yes, there was fuss enough! It was a capital joke. It seems the black clouds were going to overspread the sky of my native land; but they couldn't come it this time."

"You don't say so! Were they found in a Boston vessel?" asked Miss Blagden.

"Not exactly. They were in the hold of a New Bedford schooner. It came from Philadelphia, and unloaded here a month or two ago. A dirty hiding-place, Miss Blagden; fortunately they weren't as white as you, and couldn't get blacker than they were already."

Both the ladies laughed at this piece of wit. The Boston gentleman *continued*: "That queen of Sheba there, with the

gay turban, didn't find the place of refuge genteel enough. She'd stuck herself in an empty brandy barrel. One of the accomplices had thrown his buff-jacket over it. But Policeman Hicks smelt a rat. He kicked the kiver off; you can imagine what a perfume rose up thereupon!"

Miss Blagden found the young clerk too witty, and could not stop laughing. But Mrs. Cook asked again:

"Have they got them all?"

"All but four or five, who were silly enough to jump into the water rather than be caught. A few of them were pulled out, the rest were drowned. I only wish they had the rascal Atkinson, for there's no doubt but what he had a share in this affair again. The captain has been arrested, and the mate has been taken up too. He is a German. They'll have to pay for it."

"If the captain's a Yankee, he'll talk his way clear. But it would be just right for them if their business was stopped. I wish they'd be made an example of. The Northern States are too bold entirely. What business have they to meddle with our affairs? They might let us take care of them ourselves. Our Jupiter is a faithful fellow, and Lucy really seems to love the children, but as Mr. Cook always says, since these Abolitionist vagabonds squirt about their poison every where, nobody can be sure of their property any more."

Meanwhile the crowd had dispersed, and Clotilde, deeply grieved and pained at what she had heard, hastened home. At tea Mr. Castleton was in uncommonly good spirits; he had talked with Alonzo before about the re-capture of the slaves; and as the ladies rather avoided than sought the subject, it would perhaps not have been mentioned again, had not every visitor who came in that evening, as well as for several days following, spoken of the matter, which filled all the papers, namely the result of the examination of the *recaptured fugitives*, and the trial of the captain and mate.

Virginia, meanwhile, passed her time in a state of feverish excitement. Her eyes sparkled with an unnatural fire, she hardly touched any food at meals, a certain absence of mind made her silent and confused during the morning calls of her admirers. Towards Phyllis she was unusually kind ; the girl shone in silks and satins, and her conceited looks showed how vain she felt of being so favoured by her mistress.

Clotilde did not learn whether Virginia had ever received an answer to her note. She had expressed a decided disapprobation of her love, and Virginia was too proud to force her confidence upon her or to accept of her advice. The morning after the note was sent, Virginia went out again alone, which was entirely contrary to her custom. This she repeated the two succeeding days. The two gentlemen went, at that time, to court, to witness the trials. Sarah, who could not otherwise but have noticed her sister's passionate excitement and her strange behaviour, was just at this time taken up with a protracted meeting which her church was wont to appoint annually as a special means of grace ; it was combined with redoubled private devotions, and fasting. Thus Sarah often did not come to table ; for at such times, to avoid all carnal and spiritual excitement, she generally took only a cup of tea and a cracker by herself in her room. And she was, besides, accustomed to Virginia's capriciousness and irritability ; whatever might strike her now in that way, could not justify any conclusion on her part that any thing extraordinary was going on.

Three painful days had passed in this way, when one afternoon, Clotilde heard Alonzo, who had been out, say to his uncle : " Well, the bird is caught at last."

" Who ? Atkinson ?"

" No, not he, unfortunately, but the German adventurer who seduced the mate. Better one than none."

" Well enough. This case must be made an example of. The rascals *go too* far. If we let them off this time we'll

have the whole story over again in less than a month. If *hanging* was the punishment for slave-stealing, instead of the penitentiary, I bet these Northern pirates would have had their business stopped long ago."

It was true. Berghedorf had been arrested, and put to trial, on the accusation of having seduced slaves to desert their rightful owners. It was not long before Clotilde, who since her own misfortune had not been so drawn out of herself, learned all the particulars of this painful occurrence.

From the statements of the slaves, drawn from them by skillful cross-questioning, it appeared that for some time past a well-dressed man, who called himself Smith, and was from Boston, as they thought, had often had a good deal to do with one or the other of them: he had, for instance, come to the stable where Pompey, Mrs. Dunning's coachman, was rubbing down the horses, and talked to him about his wife who had been sold to Alabama, and asked him to tell him anything else that troubled him. The same gentleman had talked to Esther, a laundress, when she had brought his clothes to his room; he had proposed to both secretly to get together those of their friends, who, like them, were tired of their miserable life, and wanted to become free citizens of the United States. As soon as they would be ready, he promised to procure them an opportunity of reaching the free states. After repeated delays, postponements, and disappointments of their hopes, the night of the fourth of March had at length been fixed upon for their flight; they had stolen to the harbour one by one, or as it was most convenient, and had been taken in boats waiting for them at the different points to which their deliverer had ordered them, to the schooner, which was already lying out at sea, and was to sail the same day. Some business, the nature of which they could not tell, had taken the captain on shore once more; in his stead the police had come in the afternoon, to *examine the vessel*. The absence of the captain had forced

the mate, whom, when they saw the boat with the police coming, they had begged on their knees to set sail, to lie still. He had done his best to conceal them by stowing them away in the hold and in empty barrels, where they would perhaps not have been discovered, had not one of the sailors betrayed them.

The description which they gave of the man who had been at the head of the enterprise, confirmed the supposition that it had been Atkinson. But he had not made his appearance on the night of the fourth of March. The mate himself, with one of the sailors, had rowed them out to the vessel. Another good gentleman had been at the shore, who had talked a strange language with the mate. He had very kindly helped the little children into the boat; and when he had seen how one young woman, who had not had time, in her flight, to think of warm clothing, was shivering and trembling with cold in her thin house-dress, he had taken off his own overcoat and thrown it over her shoulders.

A messenger was immediately sent to the ship for the overcoat, which the woman had left behind, so as not to betray her deliverer.

The captain, a short, thick-set man, with a wrinkled, sour face, who did not seem at all put out of countenance by the danger which threatened him, stated that he had brought coal from Philadelphia, and waited so long for a return-cargo, the want of which, in consequence of his contract with the ship-owner, was a great loss to him, that at length, tired of waiting, he had resolved to return without it, when, a few days before, his mate had proposed to him to take a number of passengers, for whom a high fare had been promised him, and whom he had agreed to forward to the ship himself, without the captain's having anything more to do with the affair than to receive the money for their passage. He had not asked their names, or where they came from, *nor had* he cared whether they were black

or white ; he had gone on shore once more to make sure of the passage-money in advance ; a check for it on a house in New England had been given him, but he had preferred having it in cash. As he had received passage-money for them, he had not thought of his passengers being fugitive slaves ; on the contrary, he had felt quite sure that they were worthless subjects whom their masters had freed, and were sending out of the country because the law forbade their manumitting them in this state.

The mate was a fine-looking, fair-haired, thoughtless young man, who, by his consternation and violent emotion, awakened the interest of the audience. Unacquainted with the laws of South Carolina, he had hardly known what he did, when, listening to the voice of humanity, he joined in the adventure. "He had always," he said, "pitied the poor negroes, as long as he had been in the country ; the free ones were badly enough off, but the slaves were only looked upon as beasts of burden. Who could blame him then——"

He was ordered by the judge to hold his tongue.

The honest fellow tried in vain to implicate in his statements no one who was not yet before the court. The skill of the lawyer who examined him soon drew from him, that if he had not received his ideas of slavery in Hermann Hall, they had at least been made clear to him there, and that the plan of aiding in the flight of the slaves, (among whom was one who was already sold, to be taken to Louisiana, away from his wife and children, and a girl, whom her mistress whipped every day with her own hand,) had originated with the orator of Hermann Hall.

And when, finally, the above-mentioned coat arrived, and an otherwise unimportant note was found in one of its pockets, directed to "Mr. Berghedorf," a policeman was immediately sent to arrest him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ERUPTION OF THE VOLCANO.

THE intelligence of the young German's arrest called forth a variety of sensations in the Castleton family. While the two gentlemen gave loud utterance to their pleasure at the possibility of calling to an account at least one of the instigators of this shameful man-stealing—for as such alone did they regard it—Clotilde's fear and solicitude were increased. And Sarah now for the first time heard the name of "Berghedorf" mentioned in this affair, and began, for Virginia's sake, to feel warmly interested in a matter of which, until now, she had hardly taken any notice.

But Virginia,—who can describe the state of poor Virginia's mind? She, who knew the whole force of the law, who had often with indifference, sometimes even with satisfaction, seen it enacted in all its severity, she now heard, with terror, the thunder rolling over the head of the man she loved. What insanity had deterred him from flying while there was time! A false generosity must have made him unwilling to escape from danger while the young mate, who had acted at his instigation, through his influence, was still surrounded by it! Now it was too late. For a short time she was as if paralyzed with horror. She did not go out in the morning any more. She locked herself in her room; she devoured with her eyes the papers which contained the report of the trial, and whenever her father or Alonzo came home, she listened eagerly, though with inward rage, to each of

their words, to hear if one of them mentioned her lover. Her state was a terrible one. Her father and cousin inquired anxiously whether she were ill; she confessed to a slight fever, and this had to serve as a pretext for declining to see any one who did not belong to the family.

Sarah, after consulting with Clotilde, resolved to speak to her father. She disclosed to him that she, as well as her sister, knew the stranger now on trial, that he had been Virginia's teacher, and that she was therefore of course much interested in him. "If, dear Papa," she said, "you do not want to pain our poor Virginia very much—and I know you will not wish to do that—I fervently entreat you to use all your influence to turn the verdict into 'Not Guilty,' or, if that is impossible, to let him escape."

While Sarah was speaking, the unwelcome truth had penetrated her father's mind with a cutting force. Now he understood all: her violent predilection for the German language and music, her new ideas of liberty, equality, and the rights of man, her sudden reluctance to marry her cousin, and her present feverish excitement. The impression which Sarah's disclosure made upon her father was totally different from what she had hoped. He fancied, indeed, that he looked deeper into Virginia's heart than her sister had done. "This passionate nature will either yield itself entirely, or not at all," he thought. "As long as this adventurer is free, she has still hope. We'll see if she likes him still when he has worn a convict's jacket for a few years, and had his head shaved. His shame must make her despise him, or she is not my daughter."

A silent fury was boiling within him, while Sarah spoke. He turned pale and was obliged to sit down.

"I see, dear Papa," Sarah continued, "the matter agitates you. But the Lord will avert this misfortune from us, if we pray to him. And I really think it is more Virginia's fancy *that is active* in this matter, than her heart. But a harsh treat-

ment of this man would only exasperate her and strengthen her feelings for him. It therefore seems to me highly advisable that you try whether the person who has charge of the prisoners could not be induced to let him escape before his case is decided."

Mr. Castleton restrained his anger. "You are mistaken, Sarah," he said, "in ascribing this degree of influence to me; and still more so in believing that I would use it against the administration of justice. The matter may take its course; and I hope that Virginia or any one of my daughters is too ladylike in her feelings to suffer even her fancy to be occupied with an adventurer who has to earn his living in a strange land by giving lessons."

And with this he left her, firmly resolved to do everything in his power towards bringing Berghedorf's guilt to light, perhaps even with the obscure intention of making this guilt heavier, if possible, partly to give the hated Abolitionists an example, partly to avert the threatening degradation from his own house.

Virginia was not a little incensed when she heard of Sarah's fruitless attempt. "I wish, Sarah," she said, with a proud disdainful mien, "you would let me take care of my own affairs. It was foolish in you to think my father capable of judgment in a matter in which he is so entirely partial. And even putting that aside, there was nothing to hope for. He is Berghedorf's enemy. Yes, Clotilde, yes, Sarah, you may look at me in surprise. Berghedorf has confided to me that my father is his enemy, must necessarily be so; that it was for this that he could not enter his house, that it was for this that he had to remain at the door of the paradise which my love opened to him."

"So you have seen him, sister?" said Sarah, reproachfully.

"And what if I have? Shall I too be sacrificed to convenience, like my mother? For how could her glowing heart

ever have loved that cold, selfish tyrant, my father? Yes, Berghedorf is right, he can expect nothing but hatred and persecution from him."

"And why should Papa hate him, dear Virginia? Your excitement makes you unjust towards your own kindred."

"There is a veil of mystery over that. A mysterious darkness hangs around Berghedorf's whole nature; he is not what he seems. Oh! he will come out of this darkness in glory, and put to shame his opponents!"

A deep anxiety seized Clotilde as Virginia spoke these words. She feared more than ever that the proud, beautiful girl, carried away by her enthusiasm for everything that was strange and extraordinary, had fallen into the hands of an adventurer. She gathered from what she said, that, since she had known of Berghedorf's being in town, there had been a private understanding between him and her. Perhaps her solicitude would have been still greater, had she been longer in the country, and known how many a fair American of respectable family has already allowed herself to be tempted by the noble title and high rank, genuine or false, of a stranger, to listen to a declaration in broken English; had she known how quickly, indeed, the ignorance of the Republicans of European relations, immediately connects any name that is at all high-sounding, with the highest in rank, that is, with princes and kings.

Meanwhile Berghedorf's trial threw all Charleston into agitation. The noble presence of the stranger, the refinement of his speech, and his fascinating grace of manner, were fitted to rouse the interest of the public for him, and would perhaps have inclined his judges favourably, had not the crime of which he was accused, namely, that of alienating slaves from their rightful owners, awakened too strong a prejudice against him beforehand, particularly as, through an influence, the nature of which no one could exactly tell, the conviction soon grew *general that* any clemency in such a striking case would un-

avoidably have for consequence the repetition of offences which threatened to destroy the whole structure of the government-regulations of the South, indeed, that such clemency would already in itself undermine them. It is true, the trial made it evident that Berghedorf had had nothing to do with the actual seduction of the slaves; that he had not even seen them until they reached the shore, but only taken the matter in hand and communicated with his countryman the mate, when Atkinson, excited almost to insanity by the repeated disappointment of his hopes, had found himself without the means of bringing about their flight; but this one thing was certain, that he had been one of the actual instruments by means of which they had effected their escape, and that the mate had received from his hand the check which was to pay the captain for their passage.

Besides this, he gave free expression to sentiments which created a violent displeasure in the jury as well as the judges, and which made it impossible for his counsel to carry out his defence, which was based upon the foreigner's ignorance of the laws of the land. They were the sentiments of a man who demanded freedom, not as the privilege and prerogative of a certain colour, but for the whole human race. A dissatisfied murmur ran through the assembly, and from the galleries cries were heard of: "A rope for the confounded Abolitionist!"—and—"If you get off here, there's a coat of tar and feathers waiting for you elsewhere!"—so that the presiding judge, however these sentiments might agree with his own, threatened repeatedly to have the galleries cleared.

Alonzo alone was so influenced by the deep impression which the person of the accused made upon him, that he forgave him his heretical opinions.

"Your countryman's views are erroneous," he said to Clotilde. "I know they are yours too, but they are based on ignorance of the country and the circumstances. Slavery may be an evil in some respects, but it is no wrong. Not

more so than to acknowledge a king, or the difference of rank in general. God has not made all men alike, as your superficial philosophers assert. Are there not intelligent and stupid people, beautiful and ugly ones? Do you not find the poor and the rich in every country? Why not then freemen and slaves? Berghedorf is a sophist, a visionary; but he stands up for his bad cause like a hero. That makes me admire him. Indeed, it is strange—it seems to me sometimes as if I could *love* this stranger, the violator of the law, the underminer of public peace, just as he stands there. I only wish the jury would see him through my eyes. But there is no hope of that."

The terrible day of decision drew near. The captain, an old fox, who knew his men, and knew how to treat them, had been acquitted of the main guilt, as unaware of the character and station of his passengers, and was let off with a fine of eight hundred dollars. The mate had a sort of excuse, besides his youth, in his ignorance of the laws. He too was punished only by a moderate fine and the order never to enter the state of South Carolina again. The people, who, during the whole trial, had surrounded the doors of the court-house, and nearly broken down the galleries, murmured, and threw some rotten eggs from the galleries, and outside some stones at the two sailors, when the police-officer led them off.

The whole horror of judgment was turned upon the third prisoner. The jury were unanimous in their awful verdict of "Guilty!" and Berghedorf was sentenced to the penitentiary and hard labour for ten years. The crowd in the galleries broke out into a wild hurrah and shouting, which resounded from the excited mass around the doors, in stunning, terrible echo. The prisoner, during these coarse yells and screams, laid his hand upon his eyes for a moment; a cold sweat broke out upon his pale, noble brow.

But it seemed as if this awful moment had suddenly *quelled the fury* of their passion. While the trial lasted,

the police, in leading the prisoner to and from the court, had hardly been able to shield him from knocks, blows, and stones, dealt out to him by the mob; now, the satisfied rabble quietly suffered the unfortunate man, who passed his eye over them with a look of indescribable melancholy, to pass through their crowded ranks unmolested, as, with his hands chained, he was led to the carriage which was to take him, for the present, back to the prison.

An anxious, sultry atmosphere hung over the whole house at the Castletons', when the intelligence, though hardly unexpected, struck it like a heavy clap of thunder. Mr. Castleton, whistling softly but unceasingly, paced up and down the room with immense strides. Alonzo looked concerned Sarah was weeping, and Clotilde felt as if the cloud had broken over her own head. The unhappy Virginia had locked herself into her room and refused admittance to every one.

Contrary to the expectations of all, she came to dinner, a few hours later. She appeared less excited than before, and her whole manner was so calm, that her father, who was secretly much agitated, took courage.

"Papa," said Virginia, "I have made up my mind to pay my aunt in New York a visit. I regret very much that the steamboat goes only twice a week, and particularly that it goes just *to-night*. I don't like to wait three whole days."

Nothing could have been more welcome to Mr. Castleton. He had thought with some dread of the coming weeks and Virginia's angry and sorrowful state of mind, and of the shadow which it was wont to cast upon his whole house. In New York she had the best means of diverting her thoughts. Balls, parties, the opera, and above all, Stewart's and Beck's, and all the other brilliant Broadway stores. "The poor girl sha'n't want money for any of the fine things she wishes for," he thought. It was a good sign that she herself sought an opportunity of diverting her mind.

"I have no objection," he said, "only don't stay too long. It's a pity you can't get ready to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips are going this evening, so you would be sure of good company."

"I fear I could not contrive to prepare for to-night;" said Virginia, with affected carelessness.

Clotilde hardly believed her ears. Alonzo, who had changed colour when Virginia spoke of going away, asked, as they rose from table: "May I accompany you to New York, cousin?"

"I would prefer to have you come for me, cousin. I don't intend to stay longer than the end of May. You might come before that, and enjoy yourself there with me awhile before we go home together. You know you were saying the other day that you ought to go to Tallahasota for a time, soon, and your other plantations in Louisiana won't thrive exactly, either, if they are without their master, and left to the care of the overseers all the year round."

There was something in this carefulness that flattered Alonzo's hopes. He hesitated—"But you can't make the journey all alone," he said.

"Oh," she replied, "by next Saturday we will hear of some acquaintance going North. And if not, I shall have to ask you to escort me, after all."

Full of joy, he was about to assure her of his readiness; but she turned coolly away from him, and said to Clotilde: "Have you a few moments' time for me, Miss Osten?"

There was something strangely cold in Virginia's manner; she who was all life, all grace, appeared actually stiff to-day; it seemed as if she wished to curb in her inward restlessness by a constrained deportment and slow movements. An uneasy, hidden fire glowed in her eyes, which looked straight before them. Clotilde was suddenly seized with a horrible suspicion that she was becoming insane. It was with an *anxious heart* that she followed her to her room.

When they had reached it, Virginia immediately locked the door behind her, and placed herself resolutely before Clotilde. Her eye shone again with its natural brilliancy, only that its lively fire was increased almost to wildness.

"What do you think of me, Miss Osten? Do you too suppose me to be the miserable creature for which they downstairs take me? For the brainless being who is going to delight in the jingling and tinkling of the world, while tyrannic power treads the noblest under foot, loads the dearest with wanton insult and shame? You, who say that you have loved, can you not understand a heart that would do more for the object of its love than *weep?* Are you too cowardly, too intimidated by your misfortune, to help me rescue my beloved from this boundless ignominy?"

Clotilde looked upon the despairing girl with deep compassion. "Speak, poor Virginia," she said, and tears gushed from her eyes. "What can I do for you? What for that unhappy man? Could it be possible to save him?"

Virginia hung upon her neck. Torrents of scalding tears lightened the poor heart. "Oh, Clotilde," she sobbed, "be you my friend! Sarah can only pray; Sarah cannot love; she cannot understand this burning, longing heart! Oh! do *you* help me!"

"Tell me then, Virginia, what can I do for the poor condemned man? Do you know a way of liberating him? Tell me, you see me ready for everything. I do not lack courage."

"Thanks, thanks, my Clotilde! Yes, I know that you have a strong heart, a noble one. See," she said, unlocking a drawer, and taking out a small package, "I am not unprepared; I foresaw the terrible truth—no, not foresaw it, but thought it possible, for what is not possible in this land of slavery and bloodthirsty arbitrariness?"

She opened the package; it contained a sailor's dress, of fine material, which Alonzo had worn the winter before at a fancy-ball, and had *left behind.* The jacket of blue cloth and

the wide linen trowsers were smoothly folded; the broad hat was pressed fourfold in a regular form, so that by some smoothing, pulling and stretching it could easily be restored to its original shape. There was also a silk rope-ladder, a file, a crowbar, and a knife. Virginia had succeeded in obtaining these articles by degrees, by stealth and cunning, during Berghedorf's trial.

"My plan," she said more calmly, "is this: You go, when it begins to grow dark, to the jail, and induce the jailer, who does not know you, who has never seen you, to let you, the prisoner's countrywoman, his relative, his sister you can call yourself, see him once more. To-morrow the barbarians are going to take him off already. I do not think the jailer will refuse you; he certainly will not resist the persuasion of some bank-notes. You give Berghedorf these clothes, these tools, this pocket-book, and—this letter." She took out of the drawer a pocket-book thickly filled with bank-notes, and a sealed letter. "Oh Clotilde! would that my own hand might give him the instruments for his escape! But the jailer would recognise me. I have not the pretext of being his countrywoman, and besides this my father watches me too closely since Sarah's forwardness has put him on the track."

"But what is to become of him when he has succeeded in his escape? Your whole state is a prison for him."

"You are right. All the slave states are so. He must therefore go away from here, go quickly. The Wilmington boat leaves every morning at five o'clock. It is still dark at that time. In the darkness he can reach the boat. It will be far on its way when the jailer opens the cells and discovers his flight. In Wilmington he must take the cars, and then go on, still on, till he is on free soil. He will not be safe before he reaches Philadelphia. He can reach it in sixty to seventy hours. Go now, Clotilde, go for God's sake! This letter contains all the directions."

"*Well* then, Virginia," said Clotilde firmly, "I will and

must do my best to save the noble man from this terrible, degrading punishment. But what will become of me? Will not your father's wrath fall upon me, the vengeance of the law, too? Will it remain a secret that I brought him the means of escape?"

"Oh Clotilde, fly with me, come with me! I shall be gone before his flight is discovered. Do you not guess? My intention of waiting till Saturday is merely a pretence; in a few hours I shall suddenly change my mind, and declare that I will start to-day, so as to have the Phillips' company. I shall quickly get ready a travelling-bag, and order Phyllis to pack my trunks and send them after me by the next steamer. Oh come with me! Come with me to Philadelphia, where the arms of love will receive me!"

"How, Virginia, do I understand you aright?"

"Do you, too, think I am going to seek amusement at New York? The boat stops at Norfolk. I shall find a pretext for landing there—a friend to visit, relations, I don't know what! From there a steamboat goes up the Chesapeake daily, and a short day's journey will take me to Philadelphia. Once more, this letter tells all."

"And so you are going to fly, to leave your father's house secretly, Virginia? And your reputation? What will the world say? What will your father feel?"

"My father is a tyrant," replied Virginia, and her eyes flashed again with anger and impatience; "he wants to make me unhappy. He knows that I adore Berghedorf, and therefore he persecutes him, the powerful the weak, the fortunate the unfortunate! Oh, it is terrible! And my reputation? Just for that, Clotilde, do you come with me, be my friend and the guardian of my honour! Oh come, dearest Clotilde!"

"It would hardly be possible," answered Clotilde, who, in her inmost heart, inclined to the proposal, casting a hasty glance at the clock. "Our time is short. If you are really going to-*night, you will* hardly be here yet when I return.

But, dearest Virginia, consider well what you are about to do!"

"All has been considered, all is decided. One thing more, Clotilde! What if you should fly with Berghedorf? Yes, that is the best, you must fly with him! Show him the way, be his guide! He is thoughtless, inexperienced; you are careful, prudent! He will be far, far less liable to be discovered if you are with him! Wait for me in Philadelphia, dearest friend; be beside me in the most important hour of my life! But it is growing dark; hasten, Clotilde! I fear they will not let you in in the evening. Save the happiness of my life, dearest friend! My eternal, fervent thanks shall be yours!"

Clotilde, her heart throbbing with various anxious sensations, took the clothes, lifted her dress, and, with trembling hands, fastened them under it, one by one; even the hat was disposed of in this way, which, together with the cloth jacket, gave her slender figure the appearance of a portly though not over-fleshy person. Her cloak concealed everything still more effectually. The tools and the rope-ladder filled the wide pockets of the sailors' clothes. The pocket-book and letter she did not put in her own pocket, but in a little bag, which she likewise concealed under her upper garments, around her waist. Virginia helped her; indeed, she had to do the most, for Clotilde was no less agitated than she. There was a terrible confusion in her brain. What an enterprise was she preparing for! To what situations, what adventures, did she expose herself! And if she rescued her unfortunate countryman, did she not help to lead Virginia to ruin?"

Now she was ready. Once more she seized Virginia's hand: "Virginia, I will rescue your friend! But fly with him, like a thief by night, that I cannot and will not do! I must bear the consequences of my step. And you, dearest Virginia, wait for me! Let us go together next *Saturday!*"

"No, no! That would be too late for you! Hasten! Be back before I go! The boat does not leave till seven! The God of Love protect you!"

Clotilde hurried down the stairs and crept softly out of the house. Her feet would hardly bear her, she trembled in every limb, and seemed to read suspicion in the face of every one she met. Now she stood before the prison. It was merely a jail, where the criminals were kept during trial. With the exception of iron bars before the windows, the building was protected by no particular means of precaution. On this Virginia had founded her plan. She had often passed it, and had frequently heard her father speak of the necessity for a more secure jail, and blame the authorities for being so negligent about it.

The house stood back in a yard, surrounded by walls of a considerable height; but the door of the latter, beside which there was a bell, was only closed in the evening. Clotilde found it still open. With a fearful heart she raised the knocker of the house-door.

A kind fortune sent the chief jailer himself to the door. He was an aged man, not without humane feelings that taught him at least not to make the lot of his prisoners harder than it was in itself. He shook his head, as he listened to Clotilde's request, uttered in a low, trembling voice, that she might be allowed to take leave of the prisoner, who was her brother.

"Fetch it to me black on white, my dear," he said, "fetch me a permit from the governor; nobody can lay eyes on him without that."

But Clotilde continued to plead, with her sweet, winning voice; she threw back her veil, and as that lovely face was turned up to him, and those large, honest, tearful eyes looked at him so beseechingly, it was hard for him to resist. Not till she saw him moved, did she pull out her little pocket-

book, and take out two ten-dollar notes which Virginia had given her for this purpose.

The old man was the father of a family, and badly paid. "If I do it," he said at length, "you must first let me examine your pockets, and I must be present when you see the prisoner."

This was a hard condition, but Clotilde thought: "God will help me, will show me a way of giving him the means of escape, even in the old man's presence." She agreed to everything. He felt in her pocket; nothing was there but a handkerchief wet with tears, and the pocket-book, which she had almost emptied for him. He felt of her in various places; her heart beat higher; but so skillfully had Virginia draped her, that the man was quite satisfied. There was a dignity, a nobleness of deportment about her, that awed him out of extending his search any further. As he went up the stairs before her, he thought to himself, with a smile: "How these women-folks do dress up, with stiff petticoats and whalebone concerns! Even when their little hearts are ready to break with sorrow, like hers, they think of dress and finery. She isn't his sister; she's too timid for that; it's his lady-love, plain enough!"

He led her down a long, dark passage, his heavy bunch of keys rattling at each of his slow, dragging steps. At length he stopped before a door. He unlocked it. Clotilde, who, now that the moment had come, had lost her fear, and felt a new energy, entered behind him. It was a dark, filthy apartment, made darker still by the falling twilight, which let in but a scanty light through the barred window that was high up near the top of the wall. A wooden stool and a thinly-covered cot were the only furniture.

On the bed sat the prisoner, his elbows resting on his knees, his face hidden in his hands. He did not look up when the door was opened, not even when the jailer said to *him*: "Somebody wants to speak to you, Mr. Berghedorf."

Clotilde approached softly until she stood close before him. A mysterious shudder went through her frame at the sight of that form so bowed by grief. "Look up, unfortunate man," she whispered, in her own language. At these sounds the prisoner suddenly started up in terror; he stared into her face, immoveable. She fixed upon him a deep, long, breathless gaze. "Spirit of my Clotilde!" he cried, with a hollow, breaking voice. Her senses deserted her. He sprang towards her, and—Hubert's arms caught her as she fell—Hubert's breast served as a support for the fainting girl!

The jailer had remained at the door. He could not restrain some emotion when he witnessed the deep agitation of the lovers; and, as if seized with a certain shame at a feeling so little familiar to him, he retired from the room into the passage. The shutting of the door, the jingling of the keys, brought Clotilde to herself again.

"Franz," she whispered, raising herself up, "you are alive! one of God's miracles has saved you—has given you back to me!—There is no time to be lost! I come to liberate you—you, the foreigner, my countryman. But how is this?" she cried, putting her hand to her head, and tearing herself quickly from his arms, "you, you, Hubert, Virginia's lover!"

"Oh, Clotilde! yours, yours, alone! Speak not of that unhappy girl! *You* live! Oh, my heart was with you in the depths of the sea!"

"And yet she thinks herself beloved! Could you have deceived her?"

"My Clotilde, I am yours, only yours! Do not chide me at this precious moment; I will explain everything to you at some future time; but now——"

He pressed her once more to his heart, but she tore herself away again. "You are right," she said, "this moment *belongs only to* your deliverance." And she quickly

took from under her dress the hidden clothes and tools. "Can you find means to reach this high window?" she said, anxiously.

"Yes, yes, I shall set the bed on end; give me what you have."

"During the night, break the bars or cut them with this file. The rope-ladder is longer than you need it. I shall fly with you! Yes, my beloved, I cannot let you go again! Do you know the large Catholic church at the end of the main street? There I will meet you at four o'clock to-morrow morning. Whoever comes first, must hide under the steps, by the door that leads into the basement. Courage, dearest! God, who has brought us together again, will help us. Quick, now, I hear the jailer!"

And hiding, with rapid hand, the clothes in the bed, and smoothing the cover, she gave room to none of the sensations which almost overpowered her, but crushed them down forcibly, though they swelled her heart nearly to breaking, and shot through her brain as if they would tear it asunder.

One more long, fervent kiss, and the jailer entered.

"It is six o'clock, Miss," he said; "the gate must be locked."

"I am ready," replied Clotilde. She followed him with trembling steps. With cheeks glowing feverishly, and breathless from the rapid walk as well as from agitation, she reached the house, which was at some distance. The carriage which was to take Virginia to the boat was already at the door.

Virginia, in travelling-costume, with an uneasy, searching eye, was just coming down stairs; Sarah followed her. At the foot of the stairs stood her father and Alonzo, the latter with his hat in his hand, ready to escort Virginia to the *boat.*

"*It is* well you have come," he said, when he saw Clo-

tilde; "Virginia insists upon going to-day, and yet did not want to start without taking leave of you."

Clotilde, with superhuman strength, hurried up the stairs; her knees nearly broke under her. "I've forgotten something," said Virginia, and drew Clotilde back to her room.

"Heavens, how long you have stayed!" she cried; "I have been in an agony! Is all right? Has he got the things?"

"He has them, Virginia; he hopes to escape. But you, dear Virginia, listen to me once more. Do not go! Let me——"

"Hush, hush," cried Virginia, angrily. "Spare your words! Come with me! There is yet time. Your things will be sent after you!"

"I can't go with you! Listen to me, Virginia——"

"Fly with him, then! You are not safe here!"

"Let me say but one word to you, dearest Virginia—"

"Nothing, nothing! I will not hear anything! Your sage advice comes too late—"

"Mr. Castleton's voice was heard in command: "Virginia, the boat won't wait; come!"

At the same moment Alonzo knocked at the door: "Excuse me, Virginia, if you want to go to-night, it is the last moment!"

"I'm coming," cried Virginia, and flew down stairs. She kissed her father and sister too hastily to let any feeling of that decisive moment rise up within her.

She threw herself into the carriage, Alonzo jumped in after her. "To the boat, quick!" he cried, and the carriage rolled away.

Mr. Castleton went into the front parlour and took up the paper, but any one that could have noticed him, and observed how long it took him to read the first page, might easily have seen that his thoughts were more with the *traveller.*

Sarah went with Clotilde to their room.

"I am rather glad," she said, "that Virginia has gone on this visit; it will at least divert her mind, if it cannot quiet her. But for her, too, the Lord will in time find the right way to lead her to the end where she would find peace. And who knows if this trial is not the beginning of it? For how saith Solomon? 'Before destruction, the heart of man is haughty, and before honour is humility.'"

"You, too, dear Clotilde," she continued, turning to the latter, who, terribly excited, a picture of the inward struggle of her soul, went from window to window, from the bed to the door, and almost writhed with painful impatience under Sarah's pious wisdom; "you, too, dear Clotilde, seem to suffer deeply! The fate of your countryman affects you; and how could it not? He has transgressed against an earthly law, but perhaps he thought he was obeying the Lord's command. If so, he will have the inward consolation that 'he who justifieth the wicked and he that condemneth the just, even they both are an abomination to the Lord.' But now I must go down to make tea for Papa. Shall I send you up a cup? You need, before anything else, to collect yourself."

"Do so, dear Sarah," almost gasped Clotilde. She felt somewhat relieved when the door closed behind Sarah. The latter was right; she needed to collect herself after the painful emotions of the day, after the terrible agitation of the evening. She was at length alone. She had found him again! He lived! She knelt down. She wanted to pray, to thank the God who had given him back to her; who had saved him. But it seemed as if a sea of fire was tossing to and fro in her brain; the thoughts tumbled wildly over each other; her heart, with feverish, quivering pulsations, threatened to burst.

She arose from her knees. She could not calm herself *sufficiently* to pray. She had him back again, but how! *Doomed to* a disgraceful punishment! Would he succeed in

his escape? And if not—if he was surprised in the act—what a new, still more terrible separation awaited them! And Virginia—the thought of Virginia seemed to pour a corroding poison by drops into her wounds. "He thought me dead," she said, gazing before her in melancholy brooding; "a new happiness was offered to him—and should I blame him? He is a man!" And an unspeakable bitterness came over her doubting, suspecting heart.

"Perhaps," she thought, "it was only gratitude, not love, not actual love, that ever bound him to me; and had I not *offered* myself to him? Virginia is so beautiful! Oh, how could I compare myself to her! But no, no! he loves me, me alone. None but the eye of love can have *that* look! How did he say? I should not *chide* him; nor will I do so, in unworthy jealousy. He is *mine, mine;* even the fairest shall not take him from me!

"Poor Virginia! And shall I deceive you so? Must you lose lover and friend at the same time? No, I cannot, *may* not impose upon you! Hubert may fly alone. I will not join him until you, poor, deluded heart, know all; until your generosity consents to see us happy.

"But how! Shall I leave Hubert to himself? suffer him, in his disappointment, to let the right moment pass by unemployed? Where should I find him again? And what if he were to follow Virginia's———"

She was ashamed of the thought. She was angry at herself for thinking it. Yet we will not answer for it that it did not contribute to ripen her resolve. She suddenly remembered that, in the hurry of the moment, she had forgotten to give him Virginia's letter and pocket-book. He had no travelling-money—he could not go. She *must* fly with him. This decided all. She felt somewhat relieved when she had arrived at this conclusion.

It had grown late, and she had still all her preparations to make. *Fortunately,* Sarah was at an evening meeting, or

pointed by Elijah Fleming to awaken the public interest for the missions in India, whither he intended shortly to return. Clotilde quickly packed up her scanty wardrobe, putting as much of it as she could carry herself into a small travelling-bag. Then she sat down, and wrote the following letter to Alonzo:—

"To you, Alonzo, my deliverer and preserver, I owe, before all, an account of the unheard-of step which I take, in secretly leaving this house, which offered me hospitality, a shelter, and a maintenance. A peculiar circumstance, which it is hardly necessary here to describe, but in which I recognise clearly the kind, merciful hand of God, led me to discover in the prisoner Berghedorf—my affianced husband, Franz Hubert. Him, whom I deemed buried beneath the waves, a miracle had spared to me; and should he become a victim of your cruel justice? Alonzo, I believe if I had recognised him before the terrible sentence had been spoken, I would have confided in you, your noble heart would have saved him. As it is, nothing remains to me but myself to show him the way to escape, myself to fly with him. You, Alonzo, will not condemn me. Seek also to dispose your uncle in my favour, that he may not hate me, not despise me. Sarah, who is all goodness, will not do so, I am certain. To dear Virginia I will write myself.

"I have a sum of money in my hands, which Virginia intrusted to me for another purpose, but which I must now use for Hubert's and my flight. I shall ask her to pay herself from my salary, which I have begged Mr. Castleton to keep for me. *Your* debtor, noble Alonzo, I must still remain. And can I ever cease to be so, for all your kindness, your delicacy, your sympathy? Oh! may God give you great happiness yet! As soon as I have reached a safe place of refuge,—safe from your pursuing justice, Alonzo,—I shall write you again, and request you to send me my *trunk*. *God* be with you all. "Clotilde Osten."

She lay down before Sarah returned. She longed, after a day which had laid claim on all her powers, to strengthen herself by a short slumber. But no sleep came upon her spirit. When Sarah softly entered the room, she closed her eyes; she wished to avoid all conversation. Sarah approached the bed and looked at her with sympathy, undressed herself, read her chapter in the Bible, and then stepped once more close up to her. She did not kneel at her own side of the bed, she knelt down by Clotilde. Among the whispered tones which came from her lips, Clotilde heard plainly her own name. Sarah was praying for her. How deeply did this touch her! She raised herself, wound her arm around Sarah's neck, and wept gently.

"Blessed are they that mourn," said Sarah, "for they shall be comforted. Oh Clotilde, now, now give your stubborn heart to the Saviour, turn it at length from the creature to the Creator!"

"I hope to God, dearest Sarah," replied Clotilde, "that I have never turned it entirely from Him, that I love the Creator in the creature. But you are right, I am not resigned, not grateful enough!"

And she knelt by her side, and both the young girls prayed long, with burning fervour. Unlike were the sounds which they sent up to heaven, unlike, too, the form in which the thought consecrated to God rose up to Him, but He understood, He vouchsafed to hear them both.

Sarah, as usual, was soon fast asleep. The German proverb, "A clear conscience is the softest pillow," seemed expressly invented for her. When Clotilde saw her sleeping soundly, she arose; once more she offered up a prayer. Then, in preparation for the journey, she put on fresh clothes, locked her trunk, and sealed her letter to Alonzo. She looked at her watch; it was past three. She put on her bonnet and cloak, hung the bag upon her arm, cast a last loving glance upon Sarah, and went out into the dark night.

Trembling, stealing along close to the houses, she went her way to the main street, at the end of which stood the Catholic church. And must she, Clotilde Osten, once the centre of a distinguished circle, the pride of her parents and friends, must she now creep along in darkness like a misdoer, with beating heart, terrified at the slightest noise, burning with shame at the secrecy forced upon her, and trembling lest she be discovered, as if a heavy crime weighed on her conscience? Must she thus leave the house that had so hospitably received her? The image of the Baron stood before her mind, with his proud, noble look; the forms of her beloved parents, too, who had ever spread the arms of love above her. But onward, onward!

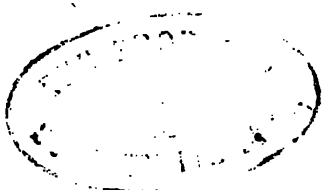
The cities of the United States are not over-filled with night-watches. She met but one, who scanned her closely, but suffered the figure so full of dignity, with its modest quiet step, to pass unmolested. He probably took her for a servant-girl, who had got belated at some festivity, and was now stealing home before daybreak, before the family should notice her absence.

At length she had reached the church. Something was moving under the stairs. She approached, and was in Hubert's arms! He was free!

"Now come, beloved, come!" she said, and, taking his arm, they both proceeded quickly and in silence to the harbour. The dock at which lay the Wilmington boat, was not far distant. When they reached it, there was already some movement on the boat, in preparation of its starting, and they were allowed to come on board, when Clotilde, who made the spokeswoman, on the pretence that Hubert was a foreign sailor and did not understand English, explained that they had not known the hour of starting and had feared to come too late. Among the running to and fro of the busy sailors, the stewardess, the waiters, they found a quiet corner where they could *sit, close together*, content to look deep into each other's

eyes, to press each other's hands, and whisper words of love. It was the first time for nearly a year that a ray of light once more entered Clotilde's poor heart.

Meanwhile the steamboat filled ; the hour of starting struck. The summoning bell sounded for the third time, and the boat put off.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE FLIGHT.

THE fear that some of their fellow-passengers might have seen Hubert before the court, to which his case had drawn crowds of people, made it necessary for our fugitives to observe the greatest caution also during their voyage of twelve or fourteen hours. Hubert, however, in his sailor's dress, could not at any rate have mingled among the passengers in the first cabin, without creating some sensation. He therefore seated himself with his face turned to the water, on one of the trunks with which the fore-deck was covered, and hardly stirred during the whole passage. The broad brim of his hat, and a black ribbon which Clotilde had tied over his left eye, as if it had been hurt, a handful of coal-dust which, at her advice, he rubbed over his face, and which gave his naturally blooming complexion a dingy, disagreeable look, all these disguised him sufficiently. When he was addressed, which, however, happened rarely enough, Clotilde would answer for him, on the pretence that her brother had just arrived in America and did not understand English.

To see a young woman so well-dressed, whose every motion showed a noble refinement, though a thick green veil hid her face, in company with a common sailor, would have been conspicuous enough in any other country ; but in the United States, where even the commonest work-woman likes, in travelling, to feel herself a *lady*, and endeavours, by her *manners as well* as her dress, to pass for one, none but a close

observer could find anything singular in the circumstance. The steamboat was over-filled, and the crowd around the lovers made it impossible to communicate to each other more than the main features of their history. They were together again. Was not that enough? "Is it no dream?" Hubert asked again and again, in an earnest whisper.—"You live!" breathed Clotilde, "you have risen to me from the dead! Where were you all this time?" "Let me ask you the same question!" he replied, as softly. "Has none of my advertisements ever reached you?"—"Have you never met with a notice for you in my name?"—"Fate had thrown me far to the North, beloved!"—"And me to the far South; and I was ill a long, long time."—"So was I; I was a long time in the hospital, helpless, friendless!"—"Poor, poor Franz!" Thus they whispered to each other in often interrupted conversation.

When they arrived in Wilmington the train was already awaiting them. Day and night they hastened on, unceasingly, through North Carolina, Virginia, and a part of Maryland. At Baltimore a branch railroad goes off from the great road to Philadelphia, to the westward, to Harrisburg: they chose this one, because it would bring them sooner upon the ground of a free state; perhaps, too, Clotilde proposed this direction because Virginia might already have arrived in Philadelphia. She felt that for the moment a meeting was impossible.

In a fine, large village of Pennsylvania they at length, for the first time, made a short stay. The place had been founded by German colonists in the seventeenth century. Among those who seemed still related to them by their German blood, our travellers thought they might feel safe. A bright, cheerful country-inn invited the wearied wanderers to rest.

A bodily exertion such as a journey of some days, even if it is made by railroad, requires, could only serve as a beneficial alleviation of the mental excitement into which their unexpected meeting and imminent danger had thrown them. Both

the lovers commenced comparatively to give way to a feeling of safety. But the sudden turn of their fortunes caused them to feel a sort of dizziness, which did not suffer them to regain a clear consciousness. Nevertheless, Hubert might perhaps have been called perfectly happy. He sat beside his dearly beloved, whom he had wept for as dead; he pressed her arm, his hand clasped hers; his eyes hung upon hers, he caught with unutterable bliss the sweet accents of love which she whispered to him, and, with the whole power of the gift of nature peculiar to him, wove anew the airy, golden, magic net of speech around the young girl's heart, so loving, so full of emotion, so willing to yield.

How sweetly did the pure, sonorous *German*, so long unheard, fall upon her listening ear from the lips of her beloved! Careless as ever, he was troubled by no fear of pursuit; perhaps he would have neglected even the most necessary precautions, if Clotilde had not urged him to them. He generally slept through the nights, and that in such a sound, refreshing sleep, as Clotilde had always thought only a person secure from all danger could enjoy in a swelling bed. By day waking dreams enlivened his fancy, and helped him bear the monotonous journey: dreams of a new paradise-like happiness which should bloom to him, by the side of the beloved one now restored to him, in some quiet valley of the immeasurable West, which he brought up in detached, sketch-like, fascinating pictures before his dear companion.

Clotilde was touched as she listened to him. But her soul was agitated by various conflicting emotions. She, too, in momentary forgetfulness, would give herself up to the blissful feeling of being once more united to him, of being no more alone, neglected, in the wide, strange, desolate world; but between these sensations would crowd continually the fair image of Virginia, the betrayed, deceived Virginia. She longed to write to her, to justify herself before her. Ah! could *Hubert* justify himself, too? Perhaps Virginia, accustomed

to conquest, had been mistaken ; perhaps she had thought she saw *love* where there was only admiration, only gratitude. Perhaps too—he thought her dead—could she demand—? No ! He believed himself free, he had wept over her loss, and forgotten her. No, no ! It could not be ! He still loved her, he loved none but her ! Each of his looks told her so. She chid herself for her suspicion ; and yet—if Hubert took her hand in such a moment, she always found an excuse to draw it away from him.

And then—how did every whisper behind them terrify her, how fearful was she at every glance directed towards Hubert ! How humiliating, too, to herself, was the thought of her nocturnal flight from Mr. Castleton's house ; of having left behind her there, where she had enjoyed so much kindness and hospitality, the image of an adventuress !

To Sarah, too, she wished to write, as soon as she was a little quiet ; disclose, explain all. And her friends in Germany—oh ! she wished she had not written to the Baron ! What useless pain had she given him ! Perhaps—what vain hopes—She would not give way to that thought!

A large brick church stood opposite the inn, beyond the sunny green covered with young trees. Clotilde felt that, as soon as they had both given their body the necessary repose by a refreshing sleep, their first walk must take them there ; that a flight across the country befitted her only by the side of a husband. "Aren't ye man and wife?" the landlord had said, when Clotilde stopped in embarrassment at the door of a large, newly-whitewashed, scantily-furnished chamber, with one gigantic bed, to which he showed the travellers, and asked for another room. "D'ye want a single bed?"

Several hours of sleep had refreshed her very much. Hubert, whose wonderfully elastic nature needed but a short rest, had meanwhile employed his time in obtaining some clothes which made him a proper companion for Clotilde.

The wide trowsers of Alonzo's sailor's costume he had easily slipped on over his pantaloons; but the blue cloth jacket had only just fitted him, and he had been obliged to leave his coat behind instead. A large store which supplied the villagers, who, like other American country-people, were dressed like city-folks on Sundays and holidays, with all articles for their temporal as well as spiritual need—with sugar, coffee, and salt fish, as well as with bibles, rocking chairs, and dry goods—had now also furnished for Hubert a tolerably fitting coat, a hat, and a complete change of linen. When he entered Clotilde's room, he seemed to her, involuntarily, more familiar than during the journey, in a strange costume and with the bandage over his eye.

She held out her hand to him with a sweet smile of welcome; he pressed it to his lips. With delighted eyes he gazed earnestly at his adored, in whose look of love he read entire devotion. He embraced her, and held her for a moment pressed close to him.

"At last," he cried, "at last I can call thee mine! No power shall again tear thee from me! Mine entirely, for ever!"

"With my entire, full heart, beloved," whispered Clotilde, and added, casting a glance through the window at the church: "but let us now not delay a moment longer to take that step which shall consecrate our union also before the world."

Hubert looked at her inquiringly. He hesitated: "Why," he said, at length, with a half-smile, "why, dearest, should we drag the chain of superannuated prejudices with us into the wilderness? The unspoken vow which my heart made to you seven years ago in all its pulsations, does not need the consecration of a clergyman, to be valid before the Almighty."

"Soul of my life!" he added, when Clotilde, who had turned pale during his words, quickly extricated herself

from his arms, "could you misunderstand me! You are too pure for that. If you wish an outward tie, if you think so meanly of me as to believe it necessary, let us go to the justice of the peace. It is his tie alone that is valid in this country; the mere religious ceremony is of no account."

Clotilde, whose heart was drawn together by an unspeakably bitter, painful feeling, collected herself with the whole strength of her soul.

"It is to me, however," she said, with forced calmness. "What your philosophy teaches you to call a mere ceremony, is to me a holy rite of the highest importance. If you still wish to possess me, Hubert, you can only do so by this rite."

"And so be it welcome to me!" replied Hubert, quickly. "Is it possible, dearest, that I pained you by any expression? Cursed be that expression, then! You yourself, beloved Clotilde, spoke of a consecration *before the world.* This made me think for a moment that you, too—But come, come, my adored! Let us not lose a moment. Everything that you wish, as you wish it!"

He himself threw her shawl around her, put on her hat, and showed his zeal by affectionate urging. But the drop of poison which he had thoughtlessly instilled into her soul, burned and corroded her heart. As she passed, by his side, through the village, on the way to the minister's house, which lay some distance off, the Baron's image rose involuntarily before her, and his warning voice sounded the question in her ear: "Do you believe that this man will be a safe guide to you through life?"

The house of the Lutheran minister, a son of German parents, born in America, had been described to them as situated at the other end of the village, too far from the church to have been convenient for him, if he had been permanently appointed. But, after the fashion of the country, the congregation had only "hired" him for a year, to

see first how they liked him; and the minister, therefore, had not wished to leave his little farm.

Hubert and Clotilde went along the long main street of the village, passing several buildings, which, though not materially different from common dwelling-houses, were rather larger than these. They had no yards, and most of them three entrances; one or the other was furnished with a wooden portico. They were the meeting-houses of the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Dunkers, Quakers, and Christians, which stood here, at small distances from each other, in no more peaceful harmony than the devout congregations which filled them every Sunday, lived beside each other. The Episcopal church alone looked rather more genteel and assuming; it had a small steeple, and its high gothic windows gave it, in the eyes of the German strangers, more the look of a church than the other houses of God, with their two rows of small windows, their green blinds, and bare roofs.

At length they turned into a side street, which brought them to a rich, open corn-field. Here they soon saw a large farm-yard, with fine barns and stables, lying before them, adjoining which there was a small house, which in summer peeped out from immense cabbages and gay flowers; but now, as there were no trees around it, presented rather a bare appearance to the eye. It was, from the description they had received, the dwelling of the Lutheran minister.

His reverence was just in the stable, feeding his cattle, for as his ministerial office was so precarious, he could all the less neglect his farm. A white-headed boy, with a red worsted nightcap, stood before the door, his hands in his pockets, and stared at Hubert, who tried to make him understand in English and German by turns, with large, watery-blue eyes. At length he went to call the "boss."

Hubert and Clotilde entered an open back-room, which was furnished with decent simplicity, and had in it two tables,

on one of which lay a Bible. They soon saw, from the window which went into the yard, a tall, gaunt man, with a pipe in his mouth, come out of the stable with the white-headed boy, and wash himself at the well. A few moments after, he entered the room. He looked sullen, and had evidently not liked the interruption. But his face cleared up in a measure at the sight of the noble-looking couple.

"You want to be married?" he asked; and, as Hubert answered in the affirmative, he pushed one of the side-tables into the middle of the room, for he was in a hurry. He opened a closet, took out a black gown and a pair of white bands, and soon stood before them as a minister. While he was dressing, he had asked whether they had rings with them, and as they had not, had opened a small drawer, from which, while he was putting one hand into the sleeve, he had taken with the other a paper, and supplied them with two brass rings. Upon this he stepped behind the table, beckoned to the bridal couple to place themselves opposite to him, and drily and hastily read off the marriage-service.

Pale, cold as ice, as if inwardly frozen, the bride stood before him; the bridegroom with a sensation of contemptuous indifference.

They were married. The minister, in uniting them, had not even called them by their names. Any other couple who had been standing in the door or before the window, might have appropriated the ceremony, and referred the words of marriage to themselves. The minister now seated himself at the other table, on which stood some writing-materials, took a book from the drawer, and began to enter the marriage which he had performed. Now only he asked their names. "Do you want a certificate?" he inquired, "we don't charge extra for it."

Hubert looked at Clotilde. "It is not necessary," he said, as she slightly shook her head. He then silently placed a ten-dollar note into the open Bible, gave Clotilde his arm,

and bid the minister good day. But the latter, who had been looking another way, called out: "Hallo there, I get half-a-dollar!" Hubert silently pointed to the bank-note. "Oh!" cried the other, in a tone of excuse, and a ray of pleasure suddenly illumined his face as he observed the amount of the note; "Thankee, thankee! Don't be offended; there's many a one slips away from me. This is a free country, and every one does as he likes."

Silently, with heavy hearts, Hubert pressing Clotilde's arm to his, and holding her hand, whose icy coldness he felt through her glove, the lovers went their way. The question was on his lips: "Art thou *now* mine? Am I *now* thine?" But he spared her injured feelings, which he understood, and only looked at her with redoubled affection and a deep, tender pity. Poor Clotilde! With what coarse hands did the most vulgar reality extend its grasp into thy wounded soul, and tear the last remaining garlands from the altar of thy youthful dreams! She too had a maiden's heart! She too had once seen, with a tremour of timid and joyful foreboding, her image reflected from the clear mirror of her youthful fancy with the bridal wreath in her hair, surrounded by blushing companions, her loving mother beside her with her blessing, the bells sounding solemnly, still more solemn the sacred words of the pastoral consecration to a new redoubled life. There they still lay, those vapoury images, in a quiet corner of her heart, hardly discernible, but still unextinguished, kept alive by the poetical breath of her soul. And now to be so suddenly dragged into the flattest, most naked reality, to be introduced into the holy of holies with such a coarse, desecrating hand!—Poor Clotilde! You are wise, are experienced; you think you know life, and still dream of a harmony between your inner being and the outward world? You think you understand the poet who sings of "the fate which all that's fair on earth doth meet," and have *not even* yet learned to realize how *vulgarity* throws it, every

lay, with coarse, ruthless hand, "'neath its chargers' iron feet!"

But this discord in her soul could not last long. Hubert, her beloved Hubert, sat at her feet, with a heaven of love and happiness in his eyes; that was poetry enough to shed a lustre around the most vulgar prose. Ten times Hubert commenced his story, ten times Clotilde her own; tears, kisses, gratitude to God, overpowering reminiscences, embraces, interrupted them as often as they began. At last Clotilde said: "One thing weighs heavily on my heart, I must write to Virginia. I cannot enjoy so much bliss without her forgiveness. I must write to Sarah; I cannot be perfectly happy without a blessing from her pious, holy heart. Early to-morrow morning, beloved, you know we must hasten on to Harrisburg. Tell me your story then, and I will recount mine. And what much need is there of it? God has restored us to each other! *That* we know, that one certainty is enough!"

And Hubert sealed her decision with an ecstatic kiss and embrace. He could wait. He did not suspect that Clotilde, without perhaps being well conscious of it herself, was willing to put off hearing his story a little longer, from a secret dread of finding him not so guiltless as she hoped.

When she was ready to write to Virginia, she sat for a long time, pen in hand, without knowing how to commence, and when she had commenced, without knowing how to proceed. Her own sense of delicacy told her that she must touch upon Virginia's love as lightly as possible; but how could she avoid mentioning it? It seemed easy to assert her own first right to Hubert; but could she tell her, what she had to gather from Hubert's passing remarks, what her heart longed so fervently to believe: that only her own passion had deceived her, that Berghedorf had admired her beauty, been touched by her sympathy, but had never loved her?

Clotilde was generous; she knew that such a conviction

would crush Virginia's proud heart. She wrote: "I was dead for him. Life had been restored to him by one of God's miracles; should he not enjoy the gift? Should he go through this newly-regained life with his eye fixed upon the ground, gloomily brooding over his loss, or with his gaze on high, to *that* world alone, from the brink of which the hand of Heaven had just led him back by a wonder? I forgive him for being human—for being a *man*. But you, dearest Virginia, do you forgive him, too, when his heart returns to her who for him has risen from the dead, has been summoned from the grave; to her who for him has given up *all* that adorns this life and makes it pleasant! You would never have been happy by Hubert's side. A father's blessing would ever have been wanting in your marriage. You would have made miserable your father, who worships you, still more miserable Alonzo, whose faithful heart is wholly yours. Oh, return to him! Make him happy, be happy in him! No one suspects why you left your home; it depends upon you alone never to let any one learn the cause.

"I, too, ask your forgiveness, dearest Virginia! God knows I did not willingly deceive you! I urged you to listen to me for one moment, but you thrust me from you. I was *forced* to be silent, if I did not want to betray my secret to those whose knowledge of it would have brought the utmost danger to Hubert. Nevertheless I ask you to forgive me for the sorrow which, without wishing it, I have caused you. Write to me, dearest friend! Tell me that your generous heart bears your poor Clotilde no ill-will!"

The letter to Sarah was easier. Between two such simple hearts, the chief end of both of which was to do what was pleasant in the sight of God, even though their ways of attaining this end were different, there must be the understanding of perfect truth. In accordance with this, therefore, *Clotilde* now gave Sarah a short, but complete report,

leaving out but *one* circumstance, namely that she had only gone to the prison as Virginia's *messenger*. For she wished not to expose the latter in any way, and make it as easy as possible for her to return. Without telling an untruth, she managed, with skilful hand, to represent the matter as if the plan for the liberation of her countryman had originated with herself. She left undecided whether she had known beforehand *who* he was, or not. Of Sarah, too, she earnestly besought a speedy answer, the speedy assurance of her pardon. Uncertain as to her future residence, she gave her the address of a German firm in New York which Hubert had named to her, to which to send letters. It was the same to which Hubert's papers had been directed, when sent after him. All had arrived safely, together with the forgotten trunk containing his travelling-money. The delay and carelessness of the government seemed to have turned out for their benefit now. For Hubert's small fortune was the only property which, for the present at least, was left to them, and inconsiderable as was the amount of it, it yet seemed enough to ensure to them a simple and independent existence.

The next question was, where to send the letter to Virginia. Clotilde, with cast-down eyes, gave Hubert the note which the loving girl had given her "for Berghedorf." "From this," she said, "we can gain information."

"Open it, read it yourself, dearest," said Hubert, smiling; "your husband has no right to it any more."

"It was written for you, not for me."

"It is for Berghedorf, not for Hubert."

Each urged the other; at length Hubert conquered. "I would propose," said Clotilde, "not to open it at all, but to send it back to the poor deluded girl, if we had any means of finding her. But in the urgent haste of our parting, her plan remained perfectly dark to me, so that there is no other way left to us."

She then retired to her room, broke the seal, and read, while a dark glow suffused her face, the few lines which Virginia had written with a trembling hand, and in the most violent excitement of her heart :—

"Unhappy man, dear above all to me! The barbarians have pronounced your sentence; the wretches think they are going to degrade you, while they only degrade, debase themselves. But I defy them. I will liberate you. Yes, love shall rescue you. Cease to torment me with timid considerations that are unworthy of a man like you. Cease to speak of my wealth, which I despise—of a position in society, which I disdain to hold. This is no time for all that. I send you the means of escaping from the disgrace that threatens you. Go to Philadelphia. Hasten there to the house of the French milliner, Madame Avalon, 55 —— street. Inquire for Miss Browning from Rochester. A former kindness has put this woman under obligation to me. Berghedorf, poor fugitive, what if you should find a friend there?—I, too, leave home to-day. I can no longer breathe the atmosphere of this house. Take courage! I, too, will then be a fugitive, alone in the world, with none but you to rely upon! Does this satisfy your pride, cruel, over-virtuous man?

"The God of Love be with you, protect you, advise you! Till death, your

"VIRGINIA C."

When Clotilde read the name of Avalon, she remembered distinctly having heard the sisters speak of this woman. Virginia's wealth and generosity had, some years before, enabled the widow of one of her French teachers, who, by her husband's death, had been thrown, with a family of *children, into* the greatest distress, to open in Philadelphia, *where she* had relatives, a small millinery business, which,

by the woman's activity and skill, had soon become one of the most flourishing in the city. The higher her fortune rose, the warmer grew the gratitude of the quick-feeling Frenchwoman towards the fair young creature who had laid the foundation for it. She wrote to her, sent her samples of her skill, and liked to boast of her Charleston customer, the handsome Miss Castleton. Virginia felt pleased at having built herself a temple in this grateful heart, gave orders for herself and her acquaintances, and thus aided her protégé more and more. In this woman's gratitude Virginia had thought she might place safe reliance.

Enclosed to her, Clotilde now sent her letter. Virginia's note she burned.

She felt calmer when this was accomplished, and could now give herself up to sweet communion with Hubert, and a cheerful glance into the future. She herself told first how she had fared. Her story was short and simple. Hubert wished to know everything. He asked about every detail. These exact, particular inquiries seemed out of character in him, and struck Clotilde as singular. When he put question after question about Alonzo, and listened, with suppressed emotion, to her expression of her admiration of the noble youth, she thought within herself with surprise: "Can he be jealous? Could this trait of his character have escaped me?" But of Josepha, too, he wanted to know every particular. "Unfortunate woman!" he exclaimed repeatedly, with a deep, sorrowing pity, and an earnest sympathy which could not but astonish Clotilde.

At length Hubert, too, succeeded in recounting the details of his deliverance. He commenced:—

CHAPTER XV.

NEW-ENGLAND SKETCHES.

"WHEN they bore you off, my Clotilde, when they refused me an entrance into the saving boat, I was seized with despair. I must follow you; this feeling alone was in me. You say that one of the inhuman wretches crushed my hand, which had already seized the edge of the boat—that another, or the same, dealt me a blow on the head, which stunned me. It is only now that I learn what it was that lamed my arm and hand so long—I had lost all recollection of the cause. But, until quite lately, I was obliged to wear my left arm in a sling; these fingers, though cured, are, as you see, still stiff and awkward. I thought one of the beams which the waves dashed against me had broken my hand. The dull stupor which bound my senses for so long, and the force of the fever which for months wasted my best powers, had also weakened my memory, and entirely effaced many circumstances from my mind.

"I know only one thing, that the cruel blow did not entirely overpower me, that I drifted about upon the waves a long time, half unconscious, with corpses and fragments of the burning ship on every side. One of the latter I caught hold of when my strength threatened to desert me. Fear urged me on, further and further, from the blazing mass of fire. I was ignorant whether I was working my *way towards* the land, or whether I was being hurried still

further on into the open sea. A glowing mirror was all around me, reaching to the horizon. From time to time an immense beam, dashed forward by the waves, came behind me or alongside of me, bruising my limbs, or dragging me down into the deep, while another gigantic billow brought me up again. It was only in the nights of fever which succeeded my deliverance, that I became well conscious of my horrible situation, and shuddered at the recollection of it. So long as I had to struggle for my life, I was appalled by nothing around me.

"Oh, my Clotilde, what is man! For the life that I abhorred, that was an abomination to me, I fought instinctively with the fury of despair. An immense barrel suddenly floated up to me. It was probably one of the ship's water-casks, which, when emptied of its contents, the caution of the steward had induced him to pitch up again. I clung to it. After several efforts, I succeeded in raising myself upon it. This gave me a free view out into the ocean. It was a quiet night. This saved me."

"Oh, Hubert," interrupted Clotilde, who hung breathlessly upon his lips, "what a conflict you have had to undergo! And yet there was consolation in your struggling itself. I lay motionless, as if chained. Oh, there is a terrible agony in such a stupor! But go on, go on!"

"How long my precarious bark drifted about, I cannot tell; but day was already breaking when I thought I saw a boat at a distance, and loud shouts soon after made me certain of it. I must have answered with a cry of despair. A vessel lay at some distance, but during the night the terrible glow, lighting up an immense circle around, had made known our fate. Towards morning, when they came nearer to the region of the disaster, they sent out a boat, to see if one or another poor shipwrecked sufferer might not be saved. I was the only one whom they found. They took me *up, brought me to* the ship, put dry clothes on me, laid

me in one of their dark berths, and nursed me with rough kindness.

"It was a brig from Hallowell in Maine, which had taken in cargo at Apalachicola, and was now on the return voyage. What an incomprehensible, fatal providence was it, if you will call it thus, Clotilde, that led you to the far south of this country, while winds and waves seemed willing, pityingly, to draw me after you, and sent me, in defiance of the kind elements, off to its farthest north! Oh, Nature, with her powers, was gracious to her disciple. My only enemy was the hand of man which thrust me into the waves, and that which drew me from them to lead me far away from you!"

"Your divinity," replied Clotilde, gravely, "if you really designate sensible Nature by that name, has not proved true to us, for they were her blind powers that threatened destruction to us more than once. But that fatherly care, which, through so many imminent dangers, and through the most wonderful entanglement of circumstances, has reunited us—oh, Hubert, what a stubborn heart must be yours, if you cannot render up thanks and praise with me for this!"

"Our happiness, my Clotilde," said Hubert, embracing her tenderly, "will be the best thanks, the best praise we can offer up to your God and mine! But let me now once more lead you back into the night of my Past," he added, to change the subject, and taking no notice of her deep sigh. "I lay for a long time stupefied, in dull pain, then for a still longer period I was sick unto death, incapable of moving my bruised, crushed limbs. The boatswain, who was the ship's physician, dressed the wounds on my hands and feet. The air which I breathed down there in that steerage-hold, filled with foul odours, could only make me worse. Sometimes, when the sun was shining bright and warm, two kind souls among the rough fellows who surrounded me, would take me from that dark hole and carry me on deck, where they laid

me on a blanket under the mast, and let the fresh breezes play around me, the warm sunbeams dance about on me. These two were my benefactors. When I heard their rough voices, when I felt their giant arms put around me, my heart began to beat. I began to have a feeling of contentment once more. I could have loved those coarse, sooty figures."

Clotilde wept with inward emotion. "And how long, poor, poor Franz, did the voyage last?"

"Several weeks, perhaps a month. I have lost account of it. For when our ship at length sailed up the Kennebec river and arrived at Hallowell, I was so ill that the captain thought it advisable to have me carried directly to the hospital which has been built by the State in the harbour of that place, chiefly for sick sailors. I have only a dim recollection of this, but I was still conscious enough to take leave of my two benefactors, and to give the one my watch, the other the chain belonging to it, with my scantily-filled purse. The captain had taken charge of these things for me. I thought I would have no more need for money and money's worth.

"My fever only now broke out fairly. Let me pass over the horrors of the Hospital, the tortures of a sick-bed in those tainted dens of vulgarity and vice! I should abuse your feelings if I were to tell you of these. At length the disease was broken by the strength of my youth and my constitution, not by the art of the miserable bunglers who called themselves physicians. July had commenced before I could leave the Hospital. I had asked the name of the owner of the ship which had rescued me; he was a merchant, who, I thought, must have business connections in New York. I went up the Kennebec in a fishing-boat to Hallowell, and inquired for Aaron Danforth's house. I was directed to his store in the compact part of the village, where all the business of Hallowell, which is by no means inconsiderable, is concentrated. *The pretty towns* of New England are often spread

out over several German miles of ground, but it is only a portion of them that forms the core, that is, the actual "village." Here you generally find the churches of the place close together; the court-house, the public-house, the *bank*, which a well-sized town does not like to be without; the doctor lives in this vicinity; the post-office cannot be missed; but in particular, the principal stores are to be found here, which, like our Pennsylvanian ones, unite in themselves everything that man has need for, often the most heterogeneous articles. Mr. Aaron Danforth, too, who owned several ships upon the sea, and a farm of four hundred acres on the land, kept such a store.

"The benches on the veranda of the house, were, as usual, occupied by the newspaper-readers of the town, who were wont to assemble here at this hour, soon after the arrival of the mail. There was a striking variety in the attitudes of convenience in which these individuals were stretched about on wooden chairs and benches fetched from the house, chewing tobacco or smoking cigars, that would have amused me, could I have repressed a kind of false shame at going among a number of well-dressed men, with the appearance which I presented. My clothes, of which all that was not entirely useless had been kept and given back to me, coarsely mended, had probably not gained much by the salt-water bath. The warden had lent me a pair of old boots, which hung about my feet, and a cap which I could not put on my head without disgust. With all this my ashy face and rough beard—you smile through your tears, my sweet Clotilde—but believe me, I looked very like a vagabond, and in Europe every civilized person would have kept out of my way.

"When, in almost unintelligible English, I inquired for Mr. Danforth, the eyes of all the readers were suddenly raised *to me,* but immediately dropped upon the papers again. One *of the men,* however, rose, gave me a polite 'good morning,

sir,' and went with me, without a moment's delay, into the store.

"This real, true, *humane* civility, this regard for misfortune, this respect of human rights, is the noblest trait of character in the Americans. Consequently I have never met with a *cringing*, outwardly base individual of this nation. We in Europe can hardly form an idea of the negative *dignity* of a man *educated* as a democratic republican. For he who only artificially appropriates the independent position of a republican, is in great danger of giving himself an air of haughtiness and pride. A noble, distinguished deportment, ease and refinement of manners, such as only the higher grades of society can teach, but particularly a certain outward grace, you will perhaps find more rarely here, even among the most cultivated men, than with any nation of the old world; but instead of this, a manly dignity of bearing and demeanour in thousands of instances, in every circle of society; even among the poorest and lowest that quiet calmness, that fearless bearing, which are the stamp of the feeling of their dignity as men, and of the elevating consciousness of having no power over them but *the law*."

"It is only to be wished sometimes," said Clotilde, "that the consciousness of *this* superiority, at least, were more lively within them."

"You are right," replied Hubert. "The regard for the law ought to be much stronger, particularly in the Eastern, more civilized states. But when, in the primitive state of things at the far West, where immense distances and the imperfection of incipient institutions sometimes check the regular efficacy of the law, man's natural sense of justice often breaks out, foaming over, and bursting its vessel; when, among social conditions which in some parts resemble, in many respects, more those of the European Middle Ages than a civilized state, popular justice, in the hands of the worthiest men, sometimes anticipates a hardly-established

legal jurisdiction—this should not be judged too partially, too severely, and particularly we should not, in ignorant, wilful confusion, convenient to a calumniation of democracy, put it to the account of the older states, which are the only ones that can be compared to those of Europe."

"You would not justify the arbitrariness and self-aid of the Western states, Hubert? If you do not allow the nobility the right of decision by the sword, would not unauthorized criminal jurisdiction in the hands of the people be far more objectionable, which is not sanctioned by any ancient usage, any custom of our fathers?"

"Certainly not justify it, only excuse and explain it *as* self-aid. I have already granted, however, that even in the older civilized states of North America, the respect of the law is by no means cultivated, by education and strictness, as much as it ought to be. And this may indeed be a partial consequence of the universal suffrage system, which includes almost all posts and offices. For the fear of offending the voters, unfortunately, has already too often tempted the executors of the law to so culpable a lenity and indulgence, that it can hardly be explained even by the powerful passion of political ambition, which dreads a loss of its popularity. For the healthy, vigorous, good sense of the American people teaches them, after all, to recognise the right way, and even if the vanity of the mass is flattered by the acknowledgment of their power, it will never gain their esteem for the candidate who courts their favour."

"This insufficient respect for the law," said Clotilde, "is probably in close connection with the decided want of reverence which characterizes so strikingly every relation in this country. And it was just the grand and touching reverential feeling, the *pietas*, of the ancients, which balanced so beautifully the earnest sense of freedom in the Roman and Spartan youth. They honoured the aged, the experienced; *the laws* were sacred to them, because their fathers had given

them. It was the concentrated wisdom of their Past Ages, to which, in reverential awe, they subjected their own youthful dreams."

Hubert smiled. "Very well," he said, "only go on in this strain, and you will soon be in the ranks of those who sent me to the fortress. For the present let me return to Hallowell. Where was I?"

"You had just entered the store of the ship-owner. How was it, dear Hubert, was he not only polite, was he also kind? Did he assist you?"

"He looked so dry and unimpassioned that it would hardly have been advisable to rely on his pity alone, which, fortunately, I did not need. A tall, gaunt man, hardly forty years old, with a well-formed face, over the sharp outlines of which a loose, sallow skin was drawn; but there was thought on his brow, his eyes were searching, overshadowed by thick, black eyebrows, the nose finely cut; the lips very thin, and the teeth spoilt by tobacco-chewing. I should have taken him for at least fifty.

"I disclosed to him that I was the stranger who, by a fortunate accident, had been saved on one of his ships; that I was naturally without means at the present moment, and therefore would request him to advance me a hundred dollars, for which I offered to give him security in a draft on the firm of Schröder & Co. in New-York, who must, before this, have received my money and effects.

"He listened with some effort, for my English, I suppose, was hardly intelligible; and besides, foreigners are rarely seen in this part of the country. He stood before me, his hat on his head, his coat thrown back, with both thumbs in the armholes of his vest.

"When I stopped speaking, a considerable pause ensued, during which he measured me, with a long look, from head to foot, and then kept his eyes fixed searchingly on my face.

"'And if Schröder & Co. do not acknowledge your draft?' he at length asked, drily.

"'They must, they will acknowledge it. They have in their possession more than a hundredfold the value of the sum in my property.'

"'Can you prove that?' asked the Yankee, with perfect equanimity. But there was nothing harsh, nothing offensive in his manner.

"I felt only too well that he was right. 'It is out of my power,' I said, after a short hesitation, and my face may have shown an expression of deep pain. For my only wish at present was soon to reach New York, to endeavour, by the papers, the ship-news, and in every way possible, to gain intelligence of you, if you were still living, as well as to let you know that I was saved. The warden of the hospital, and also the doctor, had told me that there was little chance for this in Hallowell—that, besides those of the county, only Boston papers, which gave little news of German ships, were kept there—that nowhere but in New York could I find older papers, which would perhaps contain an advertisement for me—that only there I could hope to gain the necessary information.

"'How long will it be,' I finally asked, 'before you can have an answer?'

"'Five days—it may be a week.'

"'Let us hope the former! Write without delay. I suppose I can endure five days more of misery."

"The man was silent for a while. He pulled out a pocket-knife and began paring his nails. At length he said: 'I'll tell you what, young man, I'll make you a proposal. I'll supply you with decent clothes and linen from my store, for I can see well enough that you've known better days. I will take you home with me, and keep you there till the answer comes, or longer, if you like Hallowell, and you can *make up for* the board and the price of the clothes by giving

my children lessons in German. Perhaps you understand French, too. And music I'm sure you know, for you're a German; there is a great want of teachers of the modern languages and the fine arts here in Maine, though our schools are excellent.'

"I hardly trusted my ears. 'What!' I cried, 'you will not lend me a paltry hundred dollars, and are yet willing to introduce me into your sanctum, your family-circle?'

"'That is my own affair. In business I am cautious; as a man, confiding. I like your face, but your case seems to me doubtful.'

"'But what would your children learn of me in a few days?'

"'Perhaps you will be contented with us and stay longer. Inquiring minds, however, such as my children all have, particularly the girls, can lay a good foundation even in a few days. At any rate, they can acquire the pronunciation. My eldest daughter is soon going to enter a young ladies' seminary as a teacher. She is only engaged for Latin, Mathematics, Philosophy, and French; but if she can have a German class besides, it will be very much to her advantage.'

"Dear Clotilde, melancholy as was my mood, I believe my lips, nevertheless, were drawn into a smile.

"'And you think,' I asked, 'that I could, in a week at the most, teach your daughter enough German to enable her to teach it herself?'

"'Why not? Whatever we have really *learnt*, we can *teach*. He that *possesses*, can *give*, that's a fact. And then we have excellent text-books; and if she is only familiar with the pronunciation, she can make herself useful to others, too, by the aid of a grammar and dictionary.'

"Astonished as I was, I gladly accepted his proposal. For what else remained to me? He then selected for me himself the *necessary* articles of clothing, and I transformed

myself in the back room of the store, as I did yesterday in the village which was our first resting-place. When we had written the necessary letters, and I had paid a visit to the barber, Mr. Danforth introduced me to his family.

"As is frequently the case with New-England towns, Hallowell is half city, half village. It combines many advantages of the former with all those of the latter; that is, the conveniences of civilization, schools, stores, markets, society, with fresh air, room for exercise, and freedom of intercourse. The European influence, which, from the press of immigration, has already impaired the national character of even the smaller towns of the Eastern and Middle States to some degree, had not yet penetrated here. If any effect of the kind was felt, it came from Canada.

"Aaron Danforth's house, white as snow, with green blinds and a portico, was prettily situated on an elevation; little shade around it, for little is needed in the North, and the American, who neither knows nor practises, even in summer, the cheerful custom of sitting, working, eating, drinking, or living in the open air, has little use for it. Behind it lay a flower-garden, which his daughters had the care of, and the gay dahlias stood arrayed in all their splendour. The Danforths, as I only later learned to acknowledge fully, were a New-England family of the best kind. They were held in some importance in the neighbourhood, not only for their individual worth, but as descendants of the old vice-governor Thomas Danforth, who had played a prominent part in the former history of Maine; for an honourable descent is held in high regard here as well as everywhere else. Aaron Danforth himself was a true Yankee mixture of generosity and paltriness, of bold resolve and close calculation; alternately liberal and miserly, never dreading the greatest sacrifices for certain aims, but never disdaining the smallest gain. In the market, he could haggle and chaffer about a few cents; but if any of his hired men did more

work than had been agreed for, he raised his wages of his own accord. He could estimate exactly the money-value which each of his servants or labourers had for him, and would have thought it just as dishonest not to repay them for their services, as if he had cheated them in trade. The English "*what is he worth?*" which only refers to property, finds a different application in this land of labour and activity. Every one is worth as much as he can *earn*.

"Aaron Danforth's liberality showed itself, too, in his ample contributions to all institutions for the public good, particularly improvements connected with church and school; for he, with his wife and four or five of his children were members of the church. But he was very particular that those richer than he should, in proportion, contribute more; and was capable of withdrawing his name from a subscription if a rich neighbour would not pay—though the object of the collection was for his own benefit too—only to force him, in a shrewd way, to bring forth his treasures. With all his interest in the public good, he naturally considered chiefly the benefit of his family, and was always ready, with an admirable characteristic tact, to take advantage of the smallest circumstance, whenever he could do so without injuring others.

"Next to his business, his family were all in all to him, though, nevertheless, he saw but little of them. For he was one of the magnates of the place, and, besides the claims made upon him by his store and his business-office, he had many others, as president of the bank, chairman of the insurance company, treasurer of the savings' bank, elder of the church, and committee member of I don't know how many societies. With all this he had to go to market in the morning, to buy the necessary supply of meat—the vegetables, which were raised in the garden, and the puddings and pies with which the table was loaded every day, were left *to the females*—and many a night was obliged to carry

about the crying baby, only to give the poor weary mother some rest, as in the night the little precious favourite could not be trusted to the girl of thirteen, who, as is the case here in the country, even in the wealthy families, made its nurse.

"But if Aaron Danforth ever happened to have a free evening, and staid at home after tea, he could be sure to have enough claims upon him to occupy tenfold the time. Here there was a lock broken, which he was asked to mend, here a drawer so warped, that the united female strength of the house had not been sufficient to open it, unless something was shaved off. Even the servants came and asked Mr. Danforth for advice, whether the coffee-mill could not be screwed tighter; or begged him to regulate the old kitchen-clock. Nothing could have induced him to send for the necessary mechanics to make these little domestic repairs, which the various articles of every household need from time to time. The few dollars which he saved annually by his home activity, were his pride, and gave him more pleasure than the thousands that he gained in business.

"The mistress of the house, a woman of hardly thirty-eight, but prematurely faded and withered by cares and confinements without number, still bore traces of great beauty; particularly when she went to church of a Sunday, in a silk dress, with lace collar and cuffs, a gold watch and chain, decked in a fashionable shawl and bonnet, she might have vied in dignity and carriage with the finest lady. But she had long retired from the stage for the benefit of her grown-up daughters. I saw little of her. In the morning she was in the kitchen or the nursery; in the afternoon she was baking, or washing laces and muslins for 'the girls, who had not yet learnt to do it, and would only spoil every thing,' as she said, or she was in the nursery again. Though she was my benefactress, she yet never ceased to be very reserved and timid towards me. For the American women lose, with the consciousness of youth and beauty, also their assurance of

demeanour. They feel that they are wanting in that which chiefly—not to say alone—gives them importance in society, as it has formed itself in this young country. Young American women, particularly American *girls*, are mostly bold, noisy, greedy of admiration, often presumptuous in the consciousness of their charms; the older ones are generally serious, reserved, worn out, with few higher interests but those connected with the church. These remarks may be more adapted to the villages and country-towns than to larger cities, particularly the seaports, where nationality has been kept less pure, but on the whole you will find them confirmed everywhere.

"The union of this excellent couple was blessed with thirteen living children. In their names the Old Testament seemed to have found living representatives. There was an Ichabod, a Joshua, a Moses, a Caleb, a Sarah, a Rebecca. Among these the spice of a few Anglo-Saxon names, as Edith and Edward. Two of the little girls, after the common custom, had been baptized by the family names of friends and relatives, and were called, in common conversation, Eliza Hardiman and Mary Jane Dixon. The name of the latter, however, which had been given her by Mrs. Danforth's father, was found rather too long for family use, and the pretty little thing was generally called Dixy at home, and at school Dixy Danforth. The smallest, though already eight months old, had not yet been baptized; it was known by no other name than 'the baby,' which in all New-England families belongs to the youngest child, and in jest and earnest is often carried on to later years.

"The three eldest sons, all fine youths, had already left home; the second, his mother's pride, was at Yale College, and was to enter the seminary at Bangor next fall, to study for the ministry. The prospect of soon having her favourite near her, and the hope cherished by the congregation of some time hearing the Word of God dispensed by those beloved lips, *brought lustre* to the half-dimmed eye of the mother, and

threw, when she spoke of it, a warm ray of love and life into her manner, which only timidity made staid and cold. One of the other two sons managed the farm, the other had a situation in a store in Boston. They were less frequently mentioned.

"But the true ornament of the house was the cluster of children still under its roof, from the eldest daughter of nineteen to the nameless, idolized 'baby'; all well-built, blooming, and more or less intelligent; the little girls, five in number, clever, and enlivened throughout by a sort of wild grace, already quite arrogant in the presentiment of future conquests; the boys cold, decided, with much practical skill, men in miniature. It amused me to hear Joshua and Caleb, the eldest of whom had hardly passed his twelfth year, but who were both zealous newspaper-readers, exchange political opinions. The eldest would argue for 'Old Hickory,' the popular name for General Jackson, the younger for the Bank and Nicholas Biddle—whom his opponent designated by the people's witticism, 'Old Nick'—apparently without the least passion, and with a sharpness of logic surprising in boys of their age, until, suddenly, one or the other found it impossible to proceed with mental weapons, and struck his opponent a blow, upon which the combat ended in common boyish fight.

"The boys, however, were early taught to be polite and considerate towards their sisters. If in Germany, in families of the middle class, where children are growing up, the sisters have only too often to wait upon their brothers, to attend at table, to suffer themselves to be sent to and fro, the case was just the opposite here. The boys were used for little messages to the kitchen; one of them had to pour out the water, another hand around the bread; if an unexpected guest made the table too full, a couple of boys were sent to a side-table, while the little girls kept their places. This relation goes *through* all classes of society in the United States; the young *girls grow up* in the consciousness of finding in the politeness

and considerate treatment of the men a sure and willing support of their weakness; it is doubtless partly this consciousness which already very early draws off from them the stiffness, awkwardness, and embarrassment which frequently disfigures the young girls of other nations, particularly among the labouring classes. For nothing in the world gives us more freedom and ease of manner than the conviction that we may rely upon the esteem of those surrounding us.

"European travellers have often objected to the excessive politeness of the Americans towards their women, but particularly to the arrogance with which it is demanded by the latter as their right. It may be that some of them behave like spoilt children. I myself have seen them accept certain civilities, that require no particular sacrifice, without a word of thanks, as a matter of course, and reward even such as were connected with some degree of it, as for instance the relinquishing of a good seat, with only a condescending nod.

"In New York I was once, on a hot day, riding in an omnibus with several men, when two middle-aged ladies, elegantly dressed, got in, who, instead of immediately seating themselves on the empty seat, on which the sun was shining, remained standing at the door, and looked very hard at the row of gentlemen who were sitting in the shade. An accidental inattention was the cause of none of them stirring and offering them his seat. The ladies were at length obliged to take their places on the sunny seat, turning up their noses and exchanging glances, while they took care, by covering each others' shoulders with doublings of shawls and pocket-handkerchiefs, to make the coarse sex opposite them, conscious of their sin of omission."

"Perhaps," said Clotilde, "it was just the pretensions which they displayed so openly, that induced the gentlemen not to practise their usual gallantry for once."

"*May be,*" *replied* Hubert; "I know at least that those

conduct kept *me* in undisturbed possession of my seat. But the Americans are accustomed to look upon even the exaggerated pretensions of the ladies with smiling indulgence. The public attempts at Emancipation of Women, for instance, which the men of Europe, with the exception of a few perverted heads, have received with disgust and displeasure, have in America never excited any sensation but a good-natured ridicule. You used an expression, however, dearest Clotilde, which seems to me not quite appropriate. The deference which the American pays to the female sex, should not be denominated *gallantry*. It has, rather for its foundation the protecting forbearance of the strong for the weak; it has, with all its civility, something of condescension. From the mere way of an American's offering his arm to a lady, she can feel that he does not request of her a favour, but rather offers her a support, a defence. Just because the respect which he shows to Woman, is not *gallantry*, it extends not only to every age, but also to all classes of society. The most aristocratic dandy treats his washerwoman, his chambermaid, with indulgent politeness, and would be ready to help her, in case he should, for instance, see her carrying a table, a trunk, or anything which he thought beyond her strength. Gallantry is a blossom of refining culture; but you will find among American woodcutters and farmers *comparatively* the same civility and deferential consideration to the female sex, that ornaments the most refined circles of the seaports. The fundamental principle of this esteem is that woman, as weaker and more delicate than man, shall be spared everything that requires bodily exertion, that is coarse and unclean, that exposes her to the public eye, in short, all that lowers her, that robs her of the charm of her sex, the tenderest womanliness. The travelling American is startled at seeing European women towing boats, at the cries of peddling girls, *at the* horrible figures of the old coal-carriers. Among the *women* who, in seaports, keep street-stalls with fruit and cake,

you never find an American. An American woman, be she ever so poor, would never appear in the street unprotected by a bonnnet. Field-labour is never done by women; they are never required to carry burdens of any kind; in vain you will seek among them the mahogany-coloured cheeks, the broad, protruding shoulder-blades of our peasant women. In their domestic activity, women in American country-towns and villages are inferior to those of no other nation, if I except, at the most, the Germans. Washing, cooking, baking, sewing, sweeping, and particularly the care of the children of both sexes, these are their sphere; but all activity directed outward, all that requires physical force, a defying contact with the rough world, belongs to man.

"I have hardly a doubt that this noble, generous deference to woman, in which the Americans have so far preceded the English, who might themselves serve as an example to the Germans in this respect, has its origin in the state of affairs among the old colonists. The whole of the seventeenth century had to pass, before it became possible to attend to all outward business, such as field-labour, marketing, building, etc., without danger of being attacked by the Indians. The houses stood isolated; even the fields of the nearest neighbours were often many miles apart. The women naturally remained in their inner sphere, and, if they even undertook any outward activity, were always in need of male protection.

"The dependence in which the female sex was thereby kept, was, it is true, very unfavourable to its *legal* position, for the same cause was probably at the bottom of the circumstance, that the old English laws, which limit the natural human rights of women, by declaring a wife as almost incapable of earning and holding property, are still retained in most of the States. But the influence on the social position of the sex was the more favourable. Woman, with the more care she had to be guarded, protected from danger, became also more and more an object of veneration; and, as

dignity of deportment can also be only furthered by a dignified treatment, this could not but contribute to heighten the natural beauty of Anglo-American women by moral grace, and therefore confirm them more and more in their honourable position.

"The high regard which is paid to woman in this country, has a particularly elevating influence on the position of an unmarried female, and ensures to her, apparently at least, a greater degree of independence than she can enjoy in any other country. *Apparently*, I say, for you will find that in reality custom allows her much less liberty in acting for herself, than, for instance, in Germany and England, although she will perhaps *feel* the more independent, because she is conscious of being able to find, at any moment, a sure support in the ready politeness of the men."

"Well, and the married women?" asked Clotilde.

"In the *conjugal* relation," replied Hubert, "the peculiar position of American woman manifests itself still more decidedly. She is, in a certain sense, the queen of the house; like the husband, she has adopted the habit of speaking of their common property as if it were exclusively her own; talks of *my* house, *my* servants, *my* horses; it is in *her* name alone that company is invited, *she* alone selects the schools for the children; in short, you can have a sort of intercourse with her for years, and not know but what she is a widow, and the Mr. A. or B. whom she mentions occasionally, her major-domo. If you examine the matter more closely, you will of course find out the true state of things. No one who knows the American well, will doubt his unsubmissive and manly character. With his busy thoughts diverted to outward things, and living only too often in a sphere of mental activity which is totally foreign to his wife, he gladly yields to her the *honours* of the house, and willingly takes upon himself those of the household duties which might be *disagreeable* to her, such as going to market, buying stores

of provisions, and particularly the payment of bills. With protecting, forbearing indulgence, he would spare her everything troublesome, everything ignoble. The dust of the ground must not soil her tender feet. He would wish to bear her through life upon his hands."

"And you, dear Franz," interrupted Clotilde, with a smile, "would not you, though a German, wish to do likewise?"

"No," said Hubert, turning an indescribable look upon her, "I would take her to my bosom!* You, my Clotilde, must feel that such a relation, though in accordance with the generosity of man, is by no means so with the dignity of woman. My wife must not be to me merely the petted plaything of my idle hours, not merely an entertaining companion when I wish to rest from the vexations of labour, not only the partner of my pleasures, over whom it must be my endeavour to spread a cloudless sky. My wife must be my companion in joy and sorrow, in misery and death. She must be my confidant, my adviser, my friend in the highest sense of the word. She must know everything that occupies my thoughts, my disappointments as well as my successes. On her loving bosom I will rest my head when it aches with the weight of care, and her sympathy, by lightening the burden, will relieve the pain. Again and again you hear the American women, particularly those in the large seaports, censured for their inordinate love of dress and their extravagance, and the ruin of business-men, the failures of merchants, are, in innumerable cases, ascribed to the luxury of their households, and the lavish expenditure of their wives. But these same wives, in all probability, are entirely ignorant of their husbands' situation: they are entirely without standard, which nothing but their husbands' confi-

* The friend who once gave us this answer, will pardon us for having put it into Hubert's *mouth*: it was too beautiful to be lost.

dence could have given them. Is it surprising then, that such a spoilt child rebels, when it is suddenly expected to make reductions in its expenses for which it cannot comprehend the necessity? I have often felt, when I heard, in New York, of such decay of circumstances in families, that the fault lay with the husbands, not with the wives. And particularly as it has been proved by a thousand examples, that when her slumbering energy has once been roused by an emergency, an American woman is neither too delicate nor too indolent for powerful activity, and is made for something better than to be the doll of her husband."

"How I love to listen to you!" said Clotilde. "How sharp and nice your observations are! And yet I am impatient to hear more about yourself, of what happened to you. Tell me now, above all, of yourself."

And perhaps our readers, at least those of the fair sex, have already experienced a similar desire; perhaps they have pronounced it "unnatural" that Hubert, in one of the first conversations with his lost love, should thus lose himself in general reflections. We will, therefore, remark that we would by no means give the above sketches as the contents of a single conversation, but rather as the results of his observations, as he communicated them to his wife at various periods in the commencement of their reunion. Hubert, endowed with an acute power of observation, was, however, inclined to dilatory philosophical explanations, which often drew him off from his subject, and Clotilde, though she listened to him with inward pleasure, was frequently obliged to request him to return to his principal subject.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEW-ENGLAND SKETCHES CONTINUED.

"MY pupils in Aaron Danforth's house," continued Hubert, "were his eldest daughters, two charming girls in the first bloom of life. The eldest, Ellen, the 'teacher,' pale and worn by too much study, with large, inquiring eyes; the younger, of sixteen, a tall, slender figure, with the loveliest, most delicate face, hung around by brown clustering ringlets, and already her sister's powerful rival. They too, were not deficient in domestic activity; for even the wealthiest families in the country here are often in great want of servants, particularly in those parts where few emigrants have as yet come. For among the American farmers' daughters, it is considered degrading to serve, though not to work, and they prefer, because this situation seems to them more 'ladylike,' to go in crowds to Lowell or other factories, where, for fixed wages, they have to perform a certain quantity of often difficult labour, but are otherwise entirely independent, to hiring themselves out for the domestic service of any family more wealthy and genteel than they. In the morning my two beauties would sweep and dust the rooms, make all the beds, which was no trifle, and wash the breakfast dishes. After this they dressed, and, with a book or some fine sewing in their hands, they were the completest little ladies, with all the airs, all the caprices of city belles, and hardly distinguishable from such by anything but *their rosier* cheeks.

"The afternoon was devoted to the lessons. Both my charming pupils manifested great zeal, and an insatiable desire for information. My short stay was to be thoroughly employed, the greatest possible profit drawn from the German stranger's stock of learning. Rebecca, the youngest, played 'Life let us cherish,' and 'God save the King,' on the piano, and wished now to perfect herself in music. Her father had probably suddenly formed the plan that I should educate her, in a hurry, for a music teacher. He asked, at least, every night, what Becky had learned, how music was coming on, and if she couldn't play another piece now? He was rich, but his property would have to be divided into thirteen—perhaps, for he was still vigorous enough, into twenty parts. He was therefore wise enough to think of providing for his daughters, and wished to see each one of them capacitated for earning a living. The daughters were guileless, and too young for calculation. But after the fashion of young American girls, they looked upon every young man who was introduced into the house, as their natural property. The good little things, therefore, took the principal duties of hospitality upon themselves, and overwhelmed me, now with kindness, then with applications."

"Your situation was dangerous," said Clotilde, who had listened smilingly. "But how did you manage with two at once?"

"That might have become a difficult point, if I had not, with a deep melancholy and your image in my heart, remained entirely *passive*. I could well suffer the dear girls' advances, as I saw plainly that their *hearts* had nothing to do with them; they were actuated partly by the interest with which the stranger, the unfortunate, inspired them, partly by the wish of boasting of me a little to their companions. The mother had assigned to me a pretty room in *the* upper story, to which I liked to retire after the lessons. But hardly would I have shut the door, but one of the little

girls stood before it, and cried with her ringing voice: 'Mr. Hubert, sister Becky wants to drive you out, to show you the country;' or, 'Sister Ellen has had the horses saddled, to take a ride with you to Pa's farm.' It was only in the evening that I had some rest. Then the 'beaux,' that is, the young gentlemen from the village, would come to see the young ladies; the mother, who was not even asked for at the door, retired from the room. Soon the flirting, laughing, and joking was in full play, and I could slip from the room unnoticed, all the more, as the parlour was always kept half-dark, as is the custom in American families in the country, particularly in summer."

"But only tell me, you dear painter of manners," Clotilde interrupted him, "how you can have observed so much and so clearly in so short a time? Did your stay in Hallowell last so long?"

"A full week. I can hardly refrain from the suspicion that Mr. Danforth purposely delayed the answer from New York, so as to be able to make use of me longer. He may have thought, too, that I would not fare better anywhere else than at his house, and he as well as his wife seemed to find sincere pleasure in the obvious improvement of my health and strength during that week. I had, in that time, written to the Bremen Consul in New York, as well as to the New Orleans partner of the house which owned the Swan, but left Hallowell before I could receive an answer. As regards my observations, you must remember that I have been in this country over a year now, and have been able to complete the hasty notices of that time. The impression which I received, from the first, of society in the characteristic form it has taken in this youthful country, has remained essentially the same. It has something fresh, energetic, as has life here in general, it is not yet *blasé*. Its interests, though not deep, are true and lively, and everything that is *new, strange, or exciting*, always bears off the palm without

examination; for criticism is still wanting among this young people, and has as yet neither refined nor deadened its susceptibility.

"The Europeans mistake greatly in thinking the fresh mind of the American unsusceptible to Poetry and the Fine Arts. We have accustomed ourselves to the opinion inherited from our forefathers, that the Americans in the United States are an active, enterprising nation, but moved *exclusively* by material interests. No view can be more partial or unjust. It is undoubtedly true that the material interests predominate, and, where the wealth and prosperity of a nation are concerned, ought to predominate. But only a total ignorance of the real state of affairs can imagine them the sole interests of a community, which is so essentially based not only on civil, but also on religious liberty. With few exceptions, all large benevolent institutions, all higher schools, colleges, libraries, collections, etc., have been founded by private means; in the extensive Christian Missions, in the activity of the Bible Societies and others, the government of not one of the twenty-seven States of North America* has the least share. All has been brought about by private funds and the general sympathy of society in these matters. Have we a right to deem spiritual interests excluded, where such results speak so irrefutably?

"It is true, that in the American mind the idea of the grand and the beautiful likes particularly to connect itself with that of some *applicability*, or in other words, some practical *use*. The Englishman, his step-brother, has already, in comparison with the German, a utilitarian tendency. The American, naturally, who, as a nation, is still struggling, and has such an immense quantity of matter to overcome,

* At the time when Hubert spoke, there were only twenty-seven States in the Union.

leaves the other far behind him. I have seen in the faces of cultivated Americans an indignation almost bordering on horror, when, in jest, I quoted to them Tieck's strange-sounding sentence: 'When have the *Grand* and the *Beautiful* ever *debased* themselves so deeply as to be *useful*?' Speculative philosophy will never take very deep root in this country. Of late years, indeed, this blossom has shown itself here too in the Boston school of Transcendentalists, to prove, as it were, that this soil is susceptible universally, and for *every* product. But *national* ideas these will never be; indeed, it is amusing to observe in how few individuals they remain pure, without taking, in one or another way, a practical, or even utilitarian direction.

"But ought we to regard this decidedly practical tendency of mind as merely material, and excluding all spiritual interests? Did Franke found the Orphan Asylum in Halle from material motives, because it has been of incalculable practical benefit in all parts of the world? Is the establishment of an Academy of Science or the Fine Arts based on material interests, because these institutions give bread to the masters employed in them, and put in action painters and mechanics of all kinds? Is there any the less *spirituality* in the creation of a painting, because the artist paints it to order and for a certain position, and, while engaged on it, rejoices in the thought that the contemplation of it will not only delight, but elevate thousands? For the moral effects of a work of Art ought certainly not to be excluded from the practical benefit which the world derives from it.

"It is in the nature of the thing that a democratic republic cannot be particularly active in the promotion of Science and the Fine Arts; and that where there is at least a general striving for the most equal distribution of fortune, a Mæcenas can be but a rarity; but this will not prevent true *genius from working* its way upward.

"A far greater obstacle to the development of pure Art and more refined Literature, is partly the national self-love, which impatiently thrusts itself forward everywhere, desirous of placing itself in the first ranks, and therefore passes off the mediocre for something great, so as to induce others to take it for such; and partly, just that total want of criticism, of which I have spoken before, and which, if in the shape of fault-finding it has fortunately not yet deadened all susceptibility, has also not yet suffered any *true* artistic sense to spring up. For the plastic arts, much decided talent has already risen up among the Americans; the brilliant purity of the atmosphere, which causes all forms of Nature to stand out with wonderful clearness and distinctness, may have awakened this sense in them. How many American names shine among the galaxy of sculptors in Rome! And how many excellent landscape painters would gain well-deserved praise in Europe! But in this, as in everything, we see the want of criticism. The most indifferent and the most beautiful paintings are admired with like enthusiasm.

"And is it not the same in their young literature? On the field of science and learned investigation, it is true, only isolated spots have yet been cultivated by American hands with any important result But as regards poetry, only a total ignorance of the poetical productions of this people can make the Europeans doubt of its capacity. Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, are names which would be acknowledged as important in the literature of *every* country—besides others that I might mention. But here too, as in the scientific exertions, the same presumption, the same want of criticism interferes, and crying with its loud voice in a thousand daily papers, boldly places genius side by side with the mere fortunate ephemeral writer, the labourer with the investigator, the rhymer with the poet, and blows the trumpet of fame with *cheeks* equally distended for both. Such exaggerated lauding *alone fills* the foreigner with a legitimate distrust."

"You must not forget," observed Clotilde, "that this is a characteristic sign in the literary development of every people which sees other nations, with which, in other things, it can bear comparison, hastening before them in literature. Only remember how impatient were the Germans at length to have a Parnassus of their own. How the writers of the period which Goethe calls '*Die Periode des Hebens und Tragens*,'* overpraised each other! How was 'the German Anacreon'† overrated! And how very much inclined was he, as well as his cotemporaries, to bind wreaths of oak and laurels around every head that strove for them!"

"This want of criticism," continued Hubert, "is most conspicuous in the love for music, which, in spite of a total incapability of production—for single instances of talent cannot be counted—undeniably prevails among the nation. The large seaports are, of course, out of the question; in these the foreign influence is predominant, and the presence of a large number of European artists has naturally been not without effect. Yet even there, more profound music, particularly German music, has a difficult position, and cannot, in the fashionable world, rise to a level with the most shallow Italian fanfaronades, and much less among the people with a sing-song no less flat, but more pleasing to the ear, full of reminiscences, and without character or soul. But the music that you hear in the interior! I can hardly think without laughing, of the jingle-jangle in which I have sometimes seen a whole company of educated people take delight. The fact that the Americans have no popular poetry cannot surprise us; as an English race, the old ballads, whose origin dates from before the seventeenth century, belong to them as well as to the English; as

* "The period of elevating and bearing aloft." The period in German literature immediately preceding Klopstock, so called from the tendency of its writers to exalt and overpraise each other.

† Gleim.

an independent nation, indeed even as colonists, their Past has its root in a time which had already outgrown popular poetry; but they have also no popular *melodies*. The labourer does not sing at his daily work, nor the boatman in rowing,* nor the soldier during his march; even the nurses do not always sing; in several cases I have seen children lulled to sleep by humming and rocking, on account of the nurse's total inability to sing."

"This total absence of musical taste," said Clotilde, "explains, too, the strange use to which they put our melodies in their churches. With all their religious feeling, they seem to want the organ of distinction as to the tones in which alone the soul should lift itself to God. I have seen a musical collection, in which sacred words and hymns had been adapted to some of our favourite popular melodies and opera-music, such as 'With men who feel the might of love,'† 'Softly, gentle strain, flow softly,'‡ Beethoven's '*Nel cor non piu mi sento*,' Rousseau's Dream, Spohr's 'Oh rose, how sweet art thou and mild!' and others of the kind. In this way they may be sung on the Sabbath by the strictest Christian. In the churches you can hear whole congregations edifying themselves by similar airs, and it is literally true that I once, in coming out of a church, heard the organist dismiss the congregation with the well-known 'Come arouse thee, arouse thee, my merry Swiss boy!'"

"Capital!" cried Hubert, laughing. "But now I would remind you, as you did me before, that at the first introduction of Christianity, as well as later, at the time of the Reformation, much of our most glorious church-music originated in a similar manner.

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* It must be remembered that the boatmen in Canada, the "*voyageurs*," who have beautiful songs, are of French origin.

† *From* Mozart's Magic Flute.

‡ *From* Weber's *Freischütz*.

"But our remarks are not the less true for that. In America only completely Europeanized individuals are musical; consequently this deficiency will not strike the cultivated traveller, who becomes acquainted only with the higher classes of society. To this society a certain grace is always given by the women. There is no country in the world where you find more beauty among the female youth, who, mostly, it is true, fade too soon, with the age of tender bloom, but then—at least in the interior—devote themselves exclusively to the domestic circle, the nursery, the kitchen, the work-table, and, as the vital element of the spirit—the church.

"American women, in general, are not devoid of tact and ability, and acquire without trouble a certain light easy tone. But where the men are concerned, a degree of angular stiffness cannot be avoided, nor an utter absence of *laisser-aller* overlooked. An American frequents, not without zeal and regard to duty, the assemblies of certain societies formed for particular objects; or he goes into company because he is invited; or because he does not wish to appear impolite; or, if he is young, and perhaps thinking of getting married, to see pretty girls. But he rarely visits his friends, like the German, only for the pleasure of feeling cheerful and comfortable with friends. He has too much to do for that. The leisure time which his business leaves him naturally belongs to his family. And as head of the family, the American is exceedingly estimable. Clubs, '*Ressources*,' Casinos, which are so injurious to a more refined domestic intercourse, are quite unknown in the interior of the country, and wherever such societies exist in the seaports, they are only a resource for young unmarried men who have to be without a home-circle, or for the comparatively small number of old bachelors. For his domestic virtues we must respect the American, we must love him.

"The want of ease of the American in society, in spite of his ability in anything business-like, is naturally of no advantage *to the latter.* The introduction of a certain etiquette—

a plant of English seed and growth—is, therefore, of great assistance to him. Society in this young country is subjected to much stricter rules than with us, where even the higher circles like to give themselves an air of comfort and ease. The American, if he wishes to be looked upon as belonging to good society, submits to a certain code, which tells him minutely when he must appear in a dress-coat and white vest, when he has to offer his arm to a lady, how soon he must return a call, and many other outward observances of the kind. But this gives social life, indeed, a certain propriety, but certainly neither interest nor comfort. Of the tediousness, insipidity, and dryness of every-day conversation in this country, neither the lively Frenchman, nor the communicative German, who is too much inclined to lay his inward individuality open to view, can form a correct idea. Only the Englishman might perhaps do so.

"If in this matter the men in particular are blamed, there is, on the other hand, a characteristic principal feature of society in the United States, which appears alike in both sexes. And in this you will agree with me perfectly. I mean the decided want of reverence which manifests itself under all circumstances; no less in the absence of respect for the legal authorities, than for age.

"The rapid advances of this century in cultivation, enlightenment and book learning, have, in many things, pushed youth far ahead of age. These advantages are the aim and pride of the loving parents, which they often purchase at the heaviest sacrifices. 'To give an education' to her children, and thereby enable them to put themselves on an equality with the highest, is particularly the ambition of every New-England mother. The advantage of a regular school-education is felt so distinctly in every class of society, that cases frequently occur, where grown-up girls, whose education has been neglected in their early youth, on account of the poverty of their parents, make up their minds to do domestic

service for a few years ; or, oftener still, that they work in a factory for a while, so as to earn a small sum of money with which to cover the expenses of a one or two years' visit to a 'Young Ladies' Academy,' or 'Young Ladies' Seminary,' and thus partake of a higher course of instruction.

"But the advantages thus acquired, are often only seeming ones. For the good sense of the parents is generally no less well developed, and their characters no less independently formed, even though they are deficient in school-learning, and the manners of the present generation are more easy and polished. But I doubt if youth always recognises this distinctly. I have an amusing instance of such a case, which you can very well take as a characteristic one.

"At the house of a German in New York, who is married to an American lady, I had several times met the sister of his wife, a charming girl. As custom requires, I was escorting her home one evening, when she invited me to call on her. I went, a few days after, found her alone, and sat and chatted with her awhile, without the mother's making her appearance. In this, no one would see anything remarkable, and the strictest decency is observed as punctually as if ten mothers were present as guard of honour. Soon after this, I received an invitation to an evening party, in a delicate note written by the own hand of the young lady, and only in her name. This time the mother was present, probably to attend to the refreshments. I of course addressed her first. But I got none but laconic answers ; little beyond 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' But her dry manner was combined with a perfectly dignified deportment. In a few moments the daughter joined us. 'You must excuse my mother, sir,' she said, with perfect simplicity ; 'she is very little accustomed to society, and feels particularly embarrassed with a foreigner.'"

"That is a strong example," remarked Clotilde, with decided *disapprobation*.

"I hardly think you will often find this feature quite so strongly marked. But yet it is true: America is the land of youth, because it is that of the Future, the land of hope. Age is deposed here. The one trait that, for instance, in the state of New York, a judge must resign his office when he is sixty years old, shows this plainly enough. There has been a case where a man who, as a lawyer, belonged to the leading stars of the whole country; and, through half his life, had filled the honourable position of Chancellor of the state of New York, with the highest credit, reached his sixtieth year. But though he was universally acknowledged to be in the full possession of his physical and mental powers, the law was peremptory: he had to give up his post and make room for a younger man.*

"But now let me return to my own story.

"When the letter from New York finally arrived in Hallowell, there was great excitement in the house, and I too could not part without sadness from that excellent family, who had shown the poor shipwrecked sufferer such hospitality, though it had been of a truly national character. I felt particularly grateful to good Mrs. Danforth, to whose kind, unassuming care and attention, I owed the restoration of my health. As a matter of course, I wished to pay double for my board and articles of dress, but Mr. Danforth would only take compensation for the clothes; my board, he declared, had been paid threefold by the instruction I had given. He urged the twelve dollars upon me again, upon which I went to the jeweller's, and bought with them a pretty bracelet for Ellen, and a breastpin for the little one, which were joyfully received."

"Go on," said Clotilde, laughing, "so far I am not jealous yet; but take care you keep yourself as unstained in coming events."

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* This law has since been annulled.

"I now hastened on the wings of the wind to New York. Here I heard from the Bremen consul, that he had only quite recently received intelligence of the fate of the Swan. A single sailor from the long-boat, a powerful swimmer, had been saved, after long drifting about on the waves, by being taken up by fishermen from an island on the coast of Georgia. After he had sufficiently recovered, he made a report of the disaster to a Bremen house in Savannah, which had immediately communicated the intelligence to the consul in New York, as well as the New Orleans proprietor of the lost ship. The rescued sailor had not doubted that he was the only survivor. When the long-boat sank, and he fell into the water, it took him some time to extricate himself from the unfortunates who, in the reliance on his strength and skill, tried to cling to him. When he had at last freed himself, he intended to swim to the other boat, which had left the ship directly after theirs, but there was no trace of it to be seen. He was certain that these poor sufferers too, had found their grave in the sea.

"The consul did not doubt it. None of your companions, my Clotilde, has ever been heard of, as I have since learned from New Orleans; they were mostly emigrants, who have probably remained somewhere in the South, and created a new destiny for themselves. The mate, and the few sailors who were in your boat, have doubtless found new situations in St. Augustine or some other Southern port, and think it time enough to report their whereabouts when they have returned from a new voyage.

"This blow was crushing. My hope that you were saved, had never failed. I was long as stunned, and not yet hopeless. I not only sent, through the principal papers in the Union, a summons to you in the words: 'F. H. lives. Where is C. O?' with the address of a house in New York; but for days I sat over mountains of papers of the spring months, looking through them with a patience that was never natural to

me, searching for one word, one intelligence, which would aid me in finding you. That you would think me dead, I knew, for I had sunk before your eyes. Only a miracle had given me supernatural strength. But *you might* be saved. There was a possibility that the bewildered sailor had been mistaken. Where we were wrecked I cannot tell. The sailor gave the latitude of Charleston, that is, about thirty-three degrees, probably to increase the wonder of his having saved himself by swimming to the coast of Georgia. I am convinced that our misfortune met us much farther south. But I did not think of your drifting to Florida. Whatever of Charleston and Savannah papers my friends could find, I looked through carefully. These friends, too, wrote to those places, though, as I could see, with small hope for the result, and only to pacify me. Unfortunately, the name of the house on which your bill of exchange was made out, had entirely slipped my mind. You say it had failed; but, nevertheless, this would perhaps have opened to me a way of hearing of the inquiry which Alonzo made at your request. From time to time, I received my summons. The fact that it remained unanswered, gave me finally the harrowing certainty of your death."

"Your advertisements, poor Hubert," said Clotilde, "fell in a time when I myself lived in deep seclusion. Alonzo was occupied with the threatening attacks of the Seminoles, and may have read the New York papers only irregularly and hastily. And his advertisement to you was probably inserted in the St. Augustine and other Southern papers immediately after our separation; for, according to all human calculations, if you were saved, you must be near. That Providence had taken you to Maine, this was more than human wisdom could imagine! But these provincial papers have probably never reached New York!"

"I had been already, for two weeks, in possession of my *papers*, which had been sent after me from Germany; but *these* investigations had occupied me so exclusively, that I

had not yet allowed myself time to look through them. At length, one melancholy afternoon, I opened the little box; I glanced hastily, and not without emotion, over some of my father's letters, some strategetical essays from his hand, and the like. Suddenly a thin package, in form of a letter, lay before me, on it the address: 'To my son, in case he should go to America; *to be opened only there.*'

"I was startled. What could this mean? Not without an inward shudder I broke the seal. I had a dim presentiment that a new grief awaited me. Nevertheless, I did not hesitate. I was so indescribably sad at heart, that I almost longed to empty the cup. Only for *this* grief I was not prepared."

"What ails you, dearest Hubert, you have grown quite pale? What did the letter contain, my beloved friend?"

"You shall soon learn it, dear Clotilde," replied Hubert. "Let me continue now, till the right period comes for communicating to you the letter itself. Here it is," he continued, taking it from his pocket-book, which contained several letters, and laying it on the table before him.

"I was pale and miserable, and the increasing heat of the summer contributed to wear me out entirely. Among the Germans in New York who had associated with me, there was a physician who took real interest in me. He urged me to visit one of the neighbouring sea-bathing places, which he hoped would strengthen me. But the idea of the fashionable crowd who were streaming there at that season, disgusted me. Just then a Pole, whom I had often met, a man of decided worth, proposed to me to go with him to a farmer's in Rockaway, on the southern coast of Long Island, where he had already spent the preceding summer quite pleasantly and cheaply. I agreed to his proposal. Here, dear Clotilde, I became acquainted with Virginia."

Clotilde had listened to Hubert's relation with

attention. But now a faint colour overspread her face, and a certain earnest look seemed to indicate that her heart was more than usually interested in this subject.

"It gave me a kind of melancholy pleasure to ramble for whole days by the shore, on the firm white beach, which stretches along like a sparkling bridge between the open ocean and the ankle-deep, loose sand-sea of the island—a sort of charming self-torment to lie upon the shore until the approaching waves drove me farther and farther inland, and to gaze out upon the confusion of the elements, to live the whole horror over and over again in spirit, and—to dissolve in grief! When the sea was raging in fury, when the merciless storm lashed the air, then I was content, and I could say to the ocean 'I despise thy fury. Not thy passion, thy raging has torn her from me. With smooth and flattering face thou didst receive her, and swallow up the precious pearl. The burden was too heavy for thee to bear; carelessly thou didst throw it off.'

"My friend, too, had suffered deeply. He was banished, like me, and had lost everything. We often sat together on one of the beams which here and there the waves had thrown on shore, fragments of a wreck, to which, perhaps, the hand of some poor creature had long clung in despair, until his strength broke. We sat and gazed out upon the boundless waters, sat for hours, for days, in silence. From time to time a party of ladies and gentlemen from the Pavilion, the chief seat of fashion in Rockaway, would pass by; laughing and joking, they walked up and down the beach. Osicki,* who, in his days of splendour, had moved much in the great world, first noticed that the fair ones were coquetting with us. They would begin, directly behind us, to talk French, so that we could understand what they said; would express delight at the ocean, the sunset, and

* Pronounced Ositsky.

other similar absurdities. To me it was disagreeable. The count was amused by the affair; he really commenced an acquaintance, but avoided appearing at the Pavilion, because his dress was not suited to the elegance which prevailed there. For he was in the narrowest circumstances.

"One day I was sitting on the shore alone, when a party of noisy, fashionable young ladies took it into their heads to look for shells and little flat, gay-coloured stones, such as the waves leave behind them, in my immediate vicinity. I arose, and was about to leave, when one of them, a tall, proud figure, who had struck me before, when I had met her, by her great beauty, and her splendid, challenging eyes, approached me and addressed me with the smile of one accustomed to conquest. *What* we talked about, I have entirely forgotten; I hardly think I appeared to much advantage. I am naturally rather timid with women, and the bold, complacent manner of this charming and evidently high-bred girl increased my confusion. She was not intrusive. She behaved like a queen, who feels certain that the favours to which she condescends will delight their object. I was as reserved as possible, and this, doubtless, made me the more interesting to the proud, spoilt heart of the beautiful girl.

"Matters went on in this way for a while. Our farmer had other boarders besides us. One young man from New York would dress himself in his best in the evening, and visit his more wealthy acquaintances at the Pavilion. 'Why don't you come with me to the Pavilion sometimes?' the shallow fop, with whom I had never before spoken a word, asked me one day. 'The handsome Miss Castleton has inquired for you very particularly several times.'

"Castleton! The name struck me like a clap of thunder. This letter will tell you why. 'Who is she?' I asked, with *forced calmness.* 'I do not know her.'

"'What!' cried the other, 'You say you don't know the belle of Rockaway? The charming Miss Castleton from South Carolina, whom you have had long talks with on the beach? There is a younger Miss Castleton, too, but she don't dance, and is not half as beautiful. Why don't you come there? I'm ready to introduce you to the ladies.'

"I collected myself. 'I don't go into company,' I said; 'I'm not well enough to do so.'

"The next morning the fool spoke to me again across the breakfast-table: 'Oh, Mr. Berghedorf!'—this letter will tell you, too, why I took another name—'you have every reason to regret not having gone with me last night. Miss Castleton sent one of her admirers to ask me if I wished to be introduced to her. I had the honour of dancing with her. She is a charming creature. She asked about you. The ladies took you for a Polish count. They call you two nothing but "the two Polish counts" at the Pavilion. But I told them you were a German baron. When the ladies heard that I had the honour of being your friend, they commissioned me to introduce you both at the Pavilion.'

"Osicki laughed; I would willingly have disclaimed the 'friendship.' The same day I received a note from Virginia, which moved me strangely. Now read this letter."

Hubert arose and left Clotilde alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LETTER.

CLOTILDE, with the most anxious interest, unfolded the paper, and read:

"My beloved Son,

"In the last sad interview which I had with you, you expressed to me your firm resolution to go, at the end of your term of imprisonment, or in case you should be released before that time by a so-called act of mercy, to America. I could only approve of this decision, and am still of the same mind. For Germany is the land of servitude; years will pass before it can be otherwise. Your unripe conspiracies, your youthful vehemence, your disturbances, here to-day, to-morrow there, only increase the evil. Not until the whole, united Germany rises up, will the necessary revolution be brought about. But half a century may pass before this fruit is ripe, and falls of itself, without any premature, impatient shaking of the tree. Till that time free America should be the asylum of those longing for freedom.

"This plan, however, enjoins upon me the painful duty of making a disclosure, which heretofore I thought myself justified in withholding from you. The fear that an avenging Nemesis might cause the evil seed to spring up and bear still more evil fruit, now unseals my lips.

"Yes, I already feel the beginning of its restless working. It is a severe *punishment*, which forces the father to lay bare *his own weakness* to his son, who looked up reverently to

him he deemed all pure. Do not, therefore, blame me, if I add to your name on the envelope the words, 'to be opened only in America;' that I would spare myself here below an evil that is not *necessary*, the more willingly that I have for years felt more and more plainly that *above* I must render up a strict account of my actions, however I may have fared on earth.

"You know, my son, that when the Corsican tyrant's command dragged the German youth to Russia, I secretly left the home which belonged to his miserable brother's patchwork kingdom, and fled to England. Your mother aided my flight. The mere thought that I should fight *with* the French, *against* my own conviction, roused her pure soul to indignation. I had not yet been married to her three full years—I loved, esteemed, admired her—and yet I began to find the restraint of marriage, the restrictions of domestic life, an almost unsupportable burden. Among warlike adventures, among the bloody collisions in Sicily, in the storms of the Guerilla war, I had ripened from a youth into a man. At Corunna I had been wounded in the right arm, and was, for a time at least, disabled for service. I concluded to improve the opportunity to see my aged parents in Germany once more, who were longing in vain for their son, the late fruit of a long union, and, as such, doubly beloved and indulged. The peace with Austria had just been declared, and confirmed by the shameless marriage of Marie Louise. Germany was outwardly quiet. Under a false name, with the borrowed passport of a merchant, I reached my parents in safety, who had already mourned for me as dead.

"The joy of the good old people touched me. A neighbouring estate was the residence of your mother's father; I became acquainted with her immediately after my return, for there was more than one fattened calf killed for the *prodigal son*. I was the centre of attraction at their rural *feasts, which*, without the occupation for my heart which

the fair, serious beauty of your mother gave me, would soon have appeared insupportably shallow to me. I had not lived nearly twenty-four years without having tasted of the pleasures of love; among fiery Sicilians, among passionate Spaniards, the thoughtless youth had passed through many an adventure, many a school. The pure, quiet, perfectly *German* beauty of your mother was new to me. I saw her graceful, untiring efficiency, her domestic activity. Her mother was dead—she was at the head of a large household; there was a wisdom, a circumspection in everything that she did, which appeared to me really sublime in the girl of twenty. She should have been a princess. And with all this, so girlish, so modest. When she spoke, the roses in her cheeks assumed a deeper hue. From her blue eyes there shone such a holy, peaceful, maidenly innocence. Before this I had admired only the black eyes; but these blue ones seemed to promise to the man of their choice a heaven of love.

"I soon saw that here a common love-intrigue could not be entered upon. And, indeed, I made no attempt at one; she was too high, too good for that. I went to work entirely without design, without plan, when, one day, carried away by her loveliness, I broke out into a glowing declaration of love. She blushed. 'Speak with my father,' she said, with eyes cast down. And the power of her moral dignity was such, that I would not have had the courage to see her again, without having before spoken to her father. Before I knew of it, I was betrothed. And I did not repent of it. I became a happy husband, doubly happy in the exceeding joy of my parents.

"I had arrived at the haven. Your mother was in every respect the woman to make home dear, and domestic life charming. Quiet, careful, perfectly healthy, even-tempered, and graceful, she created for me the most beautiful, most agreeable *still-life*. Your birth enhanced its attractions con-

siderably ; it gave our days a breath of poetry—idyllic poetry, indeed, and unlike the glowing dithyrambics of some of my former love-adventures, unlike the romances of my warrior-life —but yet poetry, which for awhile threw a veil over the sameness of my life otherwise.

"By degrees, only, a kind of uneasiness came over me, a species of mental *ennui*, which was certainly not unnatural in the contrast of my present situation to the constant variety and change in which I had passed the preceding five or six years of my life. The quiet monotony in which my days crept on, was not suited to my young years. There was particularly something in your mother's great regularity, her uncommon love of order, that weighed upon me. She was not pedantic ; but she was of the opinion that nothing but the greatest regularity could sustain domestic order, and endeavoured to train her servants to the strictest punctuality. You were nursed only at certain hours ; all business, every enjoyment, was bound to certain days, certain hours. The most glorious moonlight tempted her in vain to a walk on Saturday evening, when she was summing up the weekly accounts ; where social pleasures were concerned, she was a particular friend of such reunions which were held regularly on certain days, in order, at the different houses of those belonging to them ; her rich beautiful hair she wore unalterably after one fashion, and made little change altogether in the colours and style of her dress. She loved to listen to my stories in the evening, after supper, when all household duties were ended. Then, how much soul shone out of her glorious eyes, that were fixed on me, how animated did her lovely features grow, while, with heart and thought, she followed each of my words ! But if I sat down by her after breakfast, and wished to read to her, to tell her something, before she had attended to her domestic affairs, or to the child, I could easily recognise in her a sort of *anxious* restlessness, although she was too affectionate, and *perhaps too* shrewd, to repulse me. There was no thought of

forgetting, of giving herself up to me, until the right hour had come.

"There was something benumbing, deadening for me in this life. I could claim her morning hours for myself from pure vexation. I could let her wait for me at meals for half hours, only because it provoked me that for two years the servant had stood before me every day punctually at two minutes before two o'clock, with the information that dinner was on the table. I proposed little journeys, so as to give some variety to the eternal sameness of our life. She consented reluctantly; but to oblige me, she travelled with me once or twice, until she again found herself in a situation which made it inconvenient for her. And alone, the little excursions, in which I had always to drag behind me the chain which, though I had learned to love, I still felt, gave me small satisfaction.

"I do not know how the matter would have ended, had not circumstances that were entirely beyond all calculation, unexpectedly come to my assistance. The Westphalian army was placed on a war-footing, to aid Bonaparte in conquering Russia. It had been discovered that I had held a commission in the English army. It was rumoured that I was still in connection with England. A proposal was made me to enter the Westphalian service, so as to avert suspicion. I was to be appointed major. I was urged; I saw that the suspicion expressed served only as a pretext to induce me to consent. At length I had the choice left me between the hateful service, the fortress, or flight. With your mother's consent, I chose the latter.

"It pained me to leave her in such a situation. But with all her womanliness of feeling, she was heroic. Women of this kind, of independent mind, without passion, without sensuality, accustomed to practical activity, can do better without their husbands than many others. Their love finds nourishment in their children, their activity in the supervision of the household and in the management of the property. I was

to England, which at that time was as if shut off by the notorious Continental System. We could write but rarely; soon my fate led me still further from her.

"I had taken service again immediately on my arrival; for war had just been declared between England and the United States; and America, with its fresh, vigorous life, had long been the object of my desire. But the regiment of which I had become a captain, was unexpectedly ordered to India, instead of to America. I was content. Two years of the wildest life flew by. With my adventures during that time, I have often entertained the eagerly listening boy; they do not belong here. When the intelligence of the German War of Deliverance reached me, the longing for my country awoke within me. I took my dismission; but on my arrival in England the peace of Paris had just been concluded; about the same time that of Ghent was declared; which, at least for the moment, put an end to the war in America, as the former to that in Europe.

"Now only, my son, does my guilt begin. My duty, I was conscious of it, recalled me to my wife, to my children. But that is just the danger of a roving, adventurous, unrestrained mode of life, that it destroys all taste for the nobler pleasures of the soul. Generally, a keenly-felt evil appears smaller in looking back upon it, than it did at the time of its existence. But I had only come to a full consciousness of the weight of my chains, since I had shaken them off; for your mother's loveliness, her kindness, her high moral dignity, often made them appear to me, as long as I was bound, only like chains of roses. And should I now voluntarily put them on again, should I, in the fullness of youthful vigour, voluntarily return to the prison hung round with flowers? I could not do it; at least, not until the wish of my youth had been fulfilled, and I had seen America.

"There were still British troops in America. I succeeded in obtaining an appointment as courier and bearer of des-

patches to General Drummond. Meanwhile, the peace was ratified, in February, 1815; the troops returned; I remained in the United States on leave of absence, and satisfied my curiosity; as a British officer, I was in great favour, and as a German, an unprejudiced observer. Few, however, knew my origin. While I was serving in Sicily, I had consented to the transformation of my name, Hubert, into Uberto. This name had won a good sound in the army during the Spanish war, and I had therefore assumed it again when I followed the English banner for the second time. I was called Major Uberto.

"Meanwhile the heroic Indian tribes in Florida had recommenced their disturbances. General Jackson was ordered to collect troops to lead against them, and I was seized with a desire to try my luck under the hero of New Orleans. I joined his little army as a volunteer. The militia of Georgia was called out, and the wild Seminoles retreated before the masses into their swampy forests. Thus there was not much to be done for the present.

"I was therefore well pleased with an order which I received to take possession of Amelia Island with my company. This island, situated in the mouth of the St. Mary river, near the southern boundary of Georgia, had been occupied by a party of adventurers in the name of one of the detached Spanish colonies, who had raised there the flag of New Grenada and Venezuela. But the United States, which were just at that time negotiating with the Spanish government about the transfer of Florida, had no time to lose, in making good their claim to this island, which had always belonged to the Floridas.

"We soon succeeded in scattering the marauders. But it was not so easy to overcome the aversion of the inhabitants. A proud, queenly woman had taken up her residence on this island, of Spanish descent, who, although married to an *Anglo-American,* abhorred her husband's nation. Donna

Lucia Losada Castleton—this was her name—hated us as enemies, and despised us as heretics; in her impotent wrath she could do nothing to injure us, but increase our *ennui* by obstinately denying us all access to her house, the only one of higher class in Fernandina, the chief town of the island, and nothing to offend us, but dart venomous glances at us whenever she met us in her rides on the beach. We younger ones were amused at the old lady's rage. We sought her presence so as to exasperate her by our intrusiveness. But we had a stronger motive for meeting her, in the circumstance that she was every day accompanied by a young girl of singular loveliness, a glowing and fragrant bud scarcely opened, her daughter, who had lately come home from the convent, and looked upon the pleasures of the world with eyes full of wonder and expectation. I also saw this ravishing creature in church, at the daily early mass, and besides this on the innumerable holidays of the land. She found a way skillfully to lift her veil for a moment, and could say more in that *one* glowing, half-inquiring, half-answering glance, than others in hours of gazing. But from mere glances we soon progressed.

"The wife of the gardener, who lived at the farthest end of the garden, had been Josepha's nurse. She was a quadroon, finely formed, and still young, with languishing, desireful eyes, who had tasted too deeply of the joys of love, not to indulge her favourite with a foretaste of them. I made her acquaintance in coming from church on the eve of a great festival, and recommended myself to her by the present of a gaudy bracelet, which I asked her to wear on the morrow; this won me her heart at once. For the love of dress of the Southerners, particularly of the coloured and mixed races, oversteps all bounds, and the satisfaction of this passion is the surest means of winning them. She invited me, without making a further understanding necessary, to come and see

her the next morning, 'to get some flowers for a bouquet,' as she said.

"The gardener's cottage had an entrance from a back street, which could not be seen from Donna Lucia's house, as the latter, after the very appropriate southern style of building, was entirely without windows on the sunny side. I reached my destination in due time, by the back way, which had been described to me. The loveliest sight met my eyes. The gardener's assistant had just brought in the freshly-cut flowers, and emptied the immense baskets on the verandah. Of the gayest colours, and sparkling with the morning dew, the fragrant carpet was spread out at the feet of Josepha, who sat in the midst of it on a low stool, in an airy morning-dress of spotless white, her lap covered with flowers. It was an enchanting scene. I saw her for the first time entirely without a veil. She had come to select for herself the fairest flowers, and offer up a bouquet of them to the saint whose feast was celebrated to-day. I stood still in delight, lost in the view, drinking in the charms of the exquisite picture.

"She was startled when she saw me. The shrewd nurse had not prepared her for my coming. The Spanish was as familiar to me as my mother tongue, but I needed no small eloquence to induce her to speak. For her lips were far more timid than her eyes. Altogether there was in this sweet young creature a singular mixture of nun-like reserve, and desire for the fruits of life; the deep consuming fire of the Spaniard, and the languishing, voluptuous, yielding softness of the Creole. This was the first of a series of meetings; at first only rare, for the hours had to be watched for when the old gardener was busy at the other end of the garden, and only for moments, for as long as the day lasted there was danger of discovery.

"Perhaps it was my evil genius, or certainly Josepha's, which put *into the head* of Donna Lucia, who, meanwhile,

was constantly intriguing against us officers, the idea of sending the old gardener, in whom she placed particular confidence, on a message to the governor of St. Augustine. This gave us freedom for the evenings. Thus this vile poisoner brewed her own ruin.

"Her mother's orders obliged Josepha to retire early; the former generally came to her room after her daughter had already kissed her hand, and taken leave for the night, examined her upon the due performance of her devotions, and put out the light, when she was in bed. Then she withdrew to her own room, which she rarely left again before morning. This was the signal for perfect silence throughout the house.

"Now Josepha would arise, throw her black mantilla over her thin night-dress, and, on tiptoe, creep out into the garden. I still see her, as, in the warm twilight of those southern nights, trembling with fear and desire, she would glide along under the orange-trees, fanned by balmy fragrance, to the summer-house concealed by bushes, where the longing arms of love were awaiting her. Poor Josepha!

"You can conjecture the rest. Josepha was beside herself. To pacify her, I procured a vagabond Spanish priest, whom the adventurers we had turned out had left behind them, to marry us. Yes, Franz, I did that! I took the step which, before the world, before the law, made me an adulterer. But before the Judge on High I had long been that; I had become one when I left your virtuous mother.

"Some time after I was ordered to remove my company from Amelia Island to West Florida. Jackson had besieged Pensacola; the colonists of Spanish blood had a secret understanding with the Seminoles, and our troops were at length brought to some activity. I went with a heavy heart, and would have given half my life to be able to recall the last five or six months. I left behind me a servant, who *kept up* an intercourse with the nurse, in order to receive

intelligence of Josepha through her. He soon communicated to me that the mother had discovered the situation of the poor creature, which had thrown her into an ungovernable rage; that she kept her daughter confined on bread and water, and even personally abused her. I felt the necessity of rescuing her. Nothing was left but to carry her off, in which I succeeded by stratagem.

"The cruel treatment of her mother had brought Josepha to a terrible state; her mental powers, never very strong, were entirely confused by these events; only the fullness of love could cure her, but my love soon grew mere pity. She lived in Pensacola as my wife for nearly two years, made me father of a son, and, hardly a year later, of a daughter, and clung to me with a daily increasing, consuming, insane passion. She watched my steps, persecuted me with jealous distrust, overwhelmed me with reproachful lamentations, in short, did everything to make herself burdensome, and life a hell to me.

"But what served particularly to torment me, was that her conscience began to trouble her for having yielded herself up to a heretic, and that she hoped, from what some confounded priest had probably put into her head, to conciliate Heaven by my conversion. She left me no peace by night and by day with her bigoted persecution; she watched in mortal terror every bit of meat which I ate on Friday, secretly sewed a cross into my clothes, and more absurdities of the kind. But she was not satisfied with these; she sent a priest after me, whom she thought more gifted with the power of persuasion than herself, and would, doubtless, have repeated this step, if I had not, the first time, thrust him out of the house in a manner which made him lose all inclination to come again.

"Her chief hope, though, was in a miraculous image of the virgin, cut in ivory, which had been for centuries in her mother's family, and had given it great sanctity. In the

belief that this sanctity was connected with its *possession*, she urged the little work of art upon me. It was among my things when I left her; the only reminiscence which I have of her.

"Yes, I was terribly punished. These two years were the most unhappy of my life. Like a holy image your mother's form stood day and night before my soul, gazing upon me, not reproachfully, but calmly, pityingly, with those clear, grave eyes, and whispering to me: 'Poor Hubert, what have you done! With your own careless hand, you have shattered your paradise!'—Even her little peculiarities, which formerly, in my blind folly, made me impatient, I now learned to admire and love, now, when the opposite qualities, disorder, wasting, want of regularity, slovenliness, made my domestic life the most uncomfortable and disgusting. How impatiently did I long, during Josepha's childish tattle, or the unreasonable expressions of her totally undeveloped mind, for the cordial, sensible, sympathizing conversations of my German wife; how fervently, from Josepha's fiery embraces, for *her* self-denying, chaste, tender love!

"She was avenged! I was immeasurably wretched! In reality I had always carried her about with me in a corner of my heart. I had a miniature of her, taken during our engagement. From its being more portable than a larger, later picture, I had taken it with me instead, and had succeeded in keeping it safe through all the storms of war and my various adventures. This picture Josepha once found upon me. Without reflecting, she took it for the portrait of a cotemporary rival, overwhelmed me with reproaches, and filled my breast with cold, bitter contempt. I took the picture from her hand, and said, regardless of her feelings, fixing my eyes alternately on the mild, quiet features of the portrait and on her own face glowing with anger, her eye sparkling with rage: 'Signora, you really present to me at *this moment* such a *contrast*, that I only regret not being a

painter, that could depict *Heaven* and *Hell*. Here,' I continued, with unrestrained bitterness, pointing to the picture, 'here would be a perfect type of the angels who dwell in Heaven; when I look at you—'

"She did not suffer me to finish. With a volley of imprecations, she snatched the picture from my hand, threw it on the ground, and trampled upon it in senseless fury. This put me too beyond all control. I was cruel. I told her that the original of the portrait was living, and my lawful wife, that I belonged only to her; that I had been married to herself, Josepha, by a false name. I disclosed to her that my name was Hubert, and that Hubert's only legitimate wife lived in distant Europe, but that she herself was united in criminal bigamy to a phantom.

"The effect of these unfortunate words was terrible. She was completely thunderstruck, and was for a long time as if paralyzed. I feared I had killed her. During the succeeding days, when the storm was followed by a calm of weariness, and, with deep sorrow, I saw her entirely inconsolable, I tried long in vain to alleviate the severity of my incautious words. I told her that I believed, I knew—that my first wife was dead. I manifested towards her a love which I did not feel, only to pacify her. At length she pretended to believe me. But she remained exceedingly unhappy.

"And yet I was still more so. Added to this, I had been for some time weary of this cruel, resultless massacring of the Seminoles, and was longing fervently to escape from this unhealthy, half-barbarous country. I had long found this state of things hard to bear. But what should I do with this unfortunate woman, where should I leave her, without protection or refuge? She was like a helpless child! To put her in charge of her mother would have been the greatest cruelty. And her father, a kind man, had been for a long time in Europe, as ambassador to Spain, I believe.

"Suddenly, one day, when our youngest child was just three

months old, I read in the papers that Mr. William Castleton had landed in New York, and proceeded to Washington, to visit from there his estates in Florida. My resolve was taken. I secretly sent in my resignation, left all of money and articles of value that I could possibly spare to Josepha, and went in a South American merchant-vessel, which was just putting out to sea, to Vera Cruz, and from there to Peru, where I aided under the noble Bolivar, in thoroughly freeing Columbia from the dominion of Spanish monks. From my confidential servant, who had settled as farmer near Tallahassee, I learned, at a later period, that Josepha had resumed the name of Castleton, and had entered a convent, but that my children enjoyed the whole care of their affectionate grandfather. To keep them at a distance from their grandmother, they have doubtless been educated in the family of Josepha's elder brother, Richard Castleton, who has since repeatedly been senator, and governor of South Carolina, and have been cared for in the best way.

"I wish, at least, to think this; for I have never heard anything more of them. Several letters, which I sent to the farmer of Tallahassee, have remained unanswered; he is probably dead, or has emigrated to the far West. He was the only one who knew my secret.

"Among all the storms of war my heart knew no peace. I longed for a haven, and had the courage to return to my deserted wife, my deserted children. Her indescribable goodness heaped coals of fire upon my guilty head. Not a single reproach passed her lips. I felt like the sinner who kneels before the image of a saint; he feels his whole guilt, but without the shame, which humbles him only in the presence of *human beings*. I lived among you as happily as a guilty man can. Three years later she died, an angelic smile upon her lips; I was inwardly conscious, though perhaps *no one* else suspected it, that the worm of grief had secretly *eaten* away the blossom of her youth.

"The outward circumstances of Germany, my deceived, ever striving, desiring, never acting country, disgusted me; nothing but the satisfactory development of my children afforded me consolation. Your sister, in her measured, practical nature, resembled her mother; but I often noticed, with a submissive smile, how your inner being, the ungovernable poetic tendency of your soul, broke through all bounds of a regular, strict, systematic education. Your mother's rigid morality, and your father's free spirit, were beneficially united in you.

"The cruel sentence which was passed upon you was the heaviest blow that could have struck me. I approve of your resolution of going to America as soon as you are allowed to; but this resolution makes the disclosure of my secret a duty. It is not exactly probable, but possible, that you may meet your brother, your sister there. Your brother's name was Alonzo, your sister's Virginia, the former called so after Josepha's grandfather on her mother's side, the latter after her grandmother on her father's side. Perhaps they have never learnt the true name of their and your father, still, it is possible that it has been communicated to them. You had therefore better take there the name of our estate, Berghedorf; call yourself Hubert von Berghedorf. This may add to make the veil that hangs over the past more impenetrable. May the evil that I have sown, at least not bear fruits which might be injurious to my own children, while I myself bow my guilty head with submission before a righteous, but also a merciful Judge."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE END OF THE STORY, AND TWO MORE LETTERS.

AFTER Clotilde had read this ominous letter, she sat for awhile as if stunned, her eyes fixed upon the paper. What it revealed to her was so totally unexpected, that she could hardly credit her senses. Alonzo Hubert's brother! Now the memory of her first awaking from deep unconsciousness on this continent rose up before her, when Alonzo stood by her side with pity in his eye, and she thought she saw Hubert, the lost one, before her. And how often afterwards, in the delirium of fever, had his and Hubert's features been mingled together before her mind's eye! She also remembered the mystery which, as Alonzo had told her, hung over his father's death, how hastily he passed over the circumstances connected with his birth, the sadness which came over him whenever he spoke of his father. Without doubt he suspected, perhaps he knew what a blemish was attached to his existence. He, so proud, how bitterly must he feel it. He thought himself of English descent; Uberto, as an English officer, had passed for an Englishman. His son had probably never learnt his real name; otherwise the name of him whom she had lost, and for whom he had made so many inquiries for her benefit, would have struck him unpleasantly. Perhaps Josepha herself, in her awful terror, had overheard it entirely. The deep remorse and long penance of this unhappy woman, also, were now more easily explained. "How wondrous," cried *Clotilde,* "how inexplicable are the dispensations of Provi-

dence! Oh! do Thou, merciful God, show me the way to aid my dear husband in atoning for the heavy sin of his father!"

Hubert now returned to her, sad, as he had left her. "Yes," he said, "my Clotilde, what was the grief at my father's death to that which I felt in reading this letter! Would I had never opened it! That I had his *pure* image still in my heart! It seems to me as if I could bear this more easily if he were still living; but of the dead particularly we must be able to think with pure feelings if we would love to think of them!" Both husband and wife relieved their hearts by conversing more particularly about the different details of these events, and the singular fate which had led Clotilde to the same spot, dependent on the bounty of others, on which the father of her husband, in wanton sensuality, had brought such a curse. Then Hubert continued his relation:

"Among the effects which my sister sent after me, I found the ivory image of the Virgin which the letter mentions. She had stood at my father's death-bed. In spite of the heavy burden which he bore in his heart, he had entered upon his journey with perfect calmness, prepared to meet the unavoidable with a submission which you pious ones usually deem your special privilege. At the verbal disposition which he made of his property, he had mentioned this image, and directed my sister to deliver it to me, as belonging to the letter in question.

"This little work of art is a family-piece, and was made in Spain, expressly for the Losadas. Their coat of arms is engraved on it several times; for instance, in a small crown which decorates the head of the queen of heaven, in a clasp which fastens her cloak, and at her feet, in the pedestal on which she stands. On the back is an inscription of later date, to the effect that Annunciata Losada, Josepha's eldest grand-aunt, who afterwards entered a convent, and acquired the savour of exceeding sanctity, had given this image to the

latter in her capacity of godmother. This inscription seems only to have been made when the unhappy Josepha left the protecting convent, and was exposed to the dangers of the world. Without doubt, the poor young creature, in her pious delusion, hoped that its influence would be greater on her husband than on herself.

"You know now why I called myself Berghedorf; and why the name of Castleton affected me so. The note which Virginia had written me, was an invitation to give her, during her stay in Rockaway, lessons in the German language, of which she was exceedingly fond, and which she had little opportunity for learning at the South. I was confused. But the proposal made a particularly strong impression upon me, because I imagined that Virginia Castleton was my sister!"

"The name deceived you," said Clotilde. "Your and Alonzo's sister, who, as I see from the letter, bore, like her, the family name of Virginia, died when a very young child."

"So I learned from subsequent conversations with Virginia. The great dissimilarity between her and her sister Sarah, in their outward appearance as well as in their whole manner, had only strengthened me in the preconceived idea that they were merely cousins. Perhaps this circumstance may have given my manner towards Virginia something gentle and tender, which she, not unnaturally, explained otherwise. Perhaps, too——my heart was indescribably desolate——."

"Go on," said Clotilde, her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Dearest Clotilde, I need not blush before you. I will not deceive you, will not say that I coldly and unfeelingly repulsed the full, burning heart which a beautiful girl, all fire, all life, offered to me with an indiscretion which the consciousness of the invaluable gift which it brought, deprived of everything indelicate and unwomanly. I would have been more than human had I not felt moved by this."

"Say rather, more than a man," interrupted Clotilde,

with a smile, from which she strove in vain to banish all bitterness.

"Perhaps so," replied he, while he tried to take her hand, which she withdrew from him under some pretext. "I was in the most dangerous situation. But my heart remained faithful to you, Clotilde. As long as I was with Virginia, as long as I breathed the atmosphere of her beauty, her—love, I was seized, perhaps I ought not to deny it, with a kind of bewilderment; but when I was away from her, I saw only you, Clotilde, only your pale, angelic face, as I had seen it in that night of horror!"

"Franz," said Clotilde, with emotion, "you could think of me only as of the dead. Yes, I was dead to you. I forgive you, if you, the survivor, turned to the living; if, with your desolate, widowed heart, you—loved her!"

"Clotilde," he replied, "the heart of man is an unfathomable abyss. Nevertheless, I think I can say, I loved only you, Clotilde. Yes, I believed you dead; but I was not yet without a dim hope that a miracle might have spared you to me; it was only in the course of time that it died away in my heart entirely. And then—I *wished* to be faithful to you! I was appalled at the thought that *you* should be lying in a cold, watery grave *for me*, while I, for whom you angel had sacrificed yourself, was drinking in life's full cup. I tore myself away. I left Rockaway, and bade farewell to Virginia in a few hasty lines."

"And when you saw her again, Hubert?"

"I confess I was totally disconcerted, when she suddenly stood before me on the mountain, shone round by the glow of the rising sun, as by a glory. It seemed to me for some moments as if a new sun of life were rising to me, as if fate itself had brought her to me again. If I have ever sinned against you in my heart, Clotilde, it was during these days. She had no doubt that I had followed her; she was so happy, so sure of victory, so—radiant with consciousness and joy—"

"*Had* you followed her?"

"Nothing could be more accidental than my meeting with her. The sea air had been of little benefit to me. My medical friend proposed mountain air, and one of my German acquaintances in New York offered to be my companion and guide. When we parted, I promised to write to her and see her soon again. But hardly was I freed from her urgent, seductive influence, when I felt decidedly that, even if my heart were disengaged, it ought to attach itself least of all women in the world to Virginia Castleton. Had not the father sown enough of misery into this house; should the son too, with thoughtless hand, scatter here the poisonous seed? I did not write to her, and the winter passed without her hearing from me."

"But you came to Charleston," said Clotilde, with a faint blush.

"You surely do not regret that, dearest heart?" asked Hubert, kissing her cheek with a smile. "I came, but without the slightest reference to Virginia. I did not expect to see her there, her, who moved in fashionable circles, while my sphere lay in an entirely different direction. I remained in New York through the winter. I studied the history, the constitution of this country. Its institutions interested me; more than by any other, my sympathy was aroused by the slavery-question. I did not approve of the doings of the Abolitionists; their cause was mine, their mode of proceeding displeased me. It seemed easy to rant and abuse in safety at the North, easy first to excite the poor slaves, and then leave them to their fate. I became convinced that the only true way of liberating the unfortunate creatures, was to gain an influence over their masters.

"I had become acquainted with Atkinson, who attached himself to me with over-complaisancy. I sympathized more with him, when I saw him, apparently in the midst of danger *for himself*, busied in clearing the way to liberty for a number

of fugitives. But a suspicion was roused against him. He thought himself no longer safe. After he had skilfully led the unfortunates to a full consciousness of their degradation, after he had opened to them the door of the hope of tearing themselves from their bondage, after he had increased their thirst for liberty almost to frenzy, he suddenly deserted them. He fled or hid himself. Then I took pity on the poor creatures. The rest you know."

"Noble heart!" said Clotilde, pressing his hand. "And Virginia?"

"Quite unexpectedly I received a note from her, summoning me to a lonely part of the suburb, where we would be secure from observation. Here I saw her repeatedly, thickly veiled. She wished me to abstain from my dangerous activity, and that I should visit her at her house, as her former teacher. She told me that the custom of the country permitted her to receive me day by day without her father's knowing anything about it; but even if he should accidentally be informed of it, she had an independent fortune; she was of age, and could act without consulting his opinion, though in other cases she should always prefer to regard his wishes.

"It had not escaped me that parental authority does not extend very far in this country; I therefore employed the last expedient by saying: 'If you would do that, Virginia, you must not bestow your favour upon me. Your father is—must be my enemy. He can never suffer my presence in his house. I cannot explain this to you; you must believe my word in this.' It seemed as if the mystic darkness which surrounded me made me only the more interesting to her romantic, eccentric mind. But perhaps I wrong her. It was the presentiment of my danger, it was pity, which, noble and generous as she had ever shown herself to me, bound her to me more closely. She had only to give, to sacrifice; she could speak openly. Rich, indulged, the adored daughter of the house, the star of her social circle, she was willing to

sacrifice for the poor exile, the unhappy fugitive, all that she was, everything that she possessed!"

Hubert was deeply moved by the recollection of the beautiful, loving girl. For a moment he forgot Clotilde's presence; he covered his eyes with his hand, and his young wife was not heartless, not selfish enough, to feel any anger when she saw hot tears stealing through his fingers. For a few minutes they sat in silence. Then Clotilde said, gently, taking his other hand: "Franz, I, too, have given up for you everything that I have, all that I am!"

Hubert quickly collected himself and pressed her to his heart. "Beloved," he said, "and may you accept from me all that *I* am, all that *I* possess!" A fervent embrace sealed this exchange.

Were all Clotilde's misgivings quieted by Hubert's story? Did it satisfy her entirely? We dare not decide; enough that she *showed* no other feeling towards Hubert than love and tenderness, and that, though she often *thought* of Virginia, and longed to hear from her, she yet carefully avoided speaking of her.

The young couple remained for some weeks in Harrisburg, where they had found a pleasant and cheap boarding-house. They wished to calm themselves, and quietly to make a new plan for their life. Hubert, too, had written to New York for letters which might meanwhile have arrived for him from Europe, and also given directions to forward those sent there for Clotilde.

After waiting some time in vain, a package of letters at length arrived from there, on one of which Clotilde recognised Sarah's hand. It was a double letter. The enclosure was from a young female friend of Clotilde's in Germany, to whom she had written from Charleston. Her friend expressed, with tender sympathy, her pity for the heavy losses which she had sustained; she did not suspect that the chief *one of* these had already been repaired to her by the good-

ness of God. She explained to her, too, the unaccountable silence of the Baron. A few months after Clotilde's departure, and before he had heard from her, he had accepted a diplomatic post in Stockholm, and from there had joined an important scientific expedition, which was started, under Russian auspices, for the purpose of exploring the extreme east of Europe, and the adjoining countries of Asia. "The farther off, the better," he had replied, with a strange smile, to Clotilde's friend, when she expressed her regret that he was going so far away. When she wrote, the time of his return was not yet decided; indeed, it had been rumoured that he intended to go to Persia. He had left an able man of business, who would attend to Clotilde's orders respecting the scanty remains of her property, and also defend her claims in the settlement with the bankrupt firm in New York. The letter ended with affectionate invitations to return to her friends, and belong to her country again. Clotilde resolved not to delay in re-assuring her sympathizing friend by a letter.

Then she turned to Sarah's letter again, over which she had only glanced hastily before she read the other. The letter ran as follows:

"CHARLESTON, *April* —, 18—.

"MY DEAREST CLOTILDE,

"The ways of the Lord are so wonderful and incomprehensible, that it is surprising how we poor, weak, blind creatures can still presume to wish, to make plans, and to try to master Providence. While you were weeping and lamenting, while you thought you had a right to look upon yourself as one who was heavily tried, His mild paternal hand had miraculously saved your friend, and restored him to you in a way hardly more comprehensible to us poor blind worms of the earth! You ask me to forgive you, dear Clotilde, for going from me secretly. I have nothing to forgive

you. You could not have acted otherwise, without endangering the possibility of escape. 'Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves,' saith the Scripture. I rather thank you that you did not let me into your secret, as it would have troubled me very much.

"That morning, when I missed you from my side in bed, I was highly surprised not to find you. Immediately after, I saw the letter to Alonzo on the table. I hastened to him; he was very much startled, explained everything to me, and begged me not to mention your flight to my father for the present, but to leave everything to time. My father came home to dinner highly excited; he had heard of the prisoner's escape at his office; now only we disclosed to him the state of affairs. I was afraid he would be very angry, but instead of that I saw plainly that his features assumed more and more an expression of satisfaction. He seemed to be pleased that the matter had taken this turn. He said that he was glad that you had found your friend, and was only sorry that you had not spoken before. I am, however, of the opinion that you have taken the right course in this matter. Soon after this, Alonzo left us to visit his mother. He intends to return in a few weeks, to go for Virginia.

"From the latter, strange to say, we have not yet heard. Oh, what a wrong course has the dear girl taken for quieting her heart. It is just now the season in New York when Satan is busier than ever in spreading his nets and snares of worldly lust. She casts herself into the whirl of the vain, sinful world, to cure wounds to which only fervent prayer to the Lord, and the interchange of the experience of His saints, can bring a healing balm. I do not think so badly of my sister as to believe that she would now, after I have informed her of the true state of things, still cherish a sinful affection for the husband of another—that she, the rich one, would desire the poor man's 'one little ewe-lamb.' It is the love of *the world* which carries her away; her balls, her operas, her

soirées, and whatever else the dances around the golden calf may be called with euphemistic names! I have written to her twice, and entreated her fervently to let us hear from her I hope to receive an answer to the second letter, which I only sent off day before yesterday.

"And now shall I tell you a few words about myself? Oh, my dear Clotilde, I think you would pity your poor Sarah, if you were to see her now! In vain do I prolong my morning and evening prayer by half an hour each, and often shut myself up in my quiet closet and offer up thanks to the Lord, and strive to bring down my rebellious heart to the one exclusive feeling which, as you always said so truly, ought to be the essence of all our prayers: 'Lord, Thy will be done!' But the flesh is weak!

"You know that it has ever been my wish and prayer that the Almighty might make me one of His instruments for the spreading of the Gospel, and that I looked upon this for myself as the surest road to salvation. Now I thought, when I became acquainted with Mr. Fleming, that he might become my guide on this road; I believed that by his side, and strengthened by his godly walk, it would be more easy for me to follow the thorny path through Heathenism; the more as my vain heart flattered itself to have noticed in him a certain personal preference for your poor friend. And you know the Lord himself has taught us to pray: 'Lead us not into temptation!' Therefore, if the Lord opens two equally important paths of duty before us, we should not, like Roman Catholic enthusiasts and Hindoo fanatics, impose upon ourselves needless privations and mortifications, in the delusion of thereby pleasing Him; but, remembering our weakness, choose the easier one.

"This seemed also to be Mr. Fleming's view; but he would not, of course, take such an important step without the advice and consent of the brethren. But they are of opinion that, as the Lord has amply blessed him as well as

me with the world's goods, it would be better to devote these to His cause in different ways; and propose that, as I have always manifested great zeal for the benighted negro race, I should rather join the mission which is soon to go to Africa. They will send out with it an excellent man, a Mr. Burton, who has hitherto laboured among the Indians; they think he ought not to go without a companion, who could improve and extend the girls' schools which have already been founded there. He is the son of a poor widow in New Hampshire, who, like Hannah Samuel, dedicated her late-born child to the Lord, and has educated him in the strictest piety. He is still new in the ways of the world, and has not that Christian grace of manner which contributes towards making Mr. Fleming an ornament of the church; for even our bodily qualities may be sanctified by the breath of the Lord.

"But ought this to influence me? God forbid! Oh, Clotilde, anxiously do I watch my sinful, rebellious heart! To go to Liberia was ever my wish, my intention; and now, should a carnal affection lead me to India? No, my dear Clotilde, I am resolved to submit to the decision of the saints, whatever it may be; to take no step without the advice of the brethren and sisters. I hear that Mr. Fleming is striving against it; that at a late meeting he spoke beautifully about 'conjugal love'; and that it was written that 'Jacob loved Rachel' before he married her, and that the Lord had given man a heart and reason, that he might act for himself, and, among other things, choose a companion for life who pleased him, and that two instruments could both be perfectly attuned and used for the praise of God; but if both were not played upon in the same key, there would, nevertheless, be a discord. Excellent man! He is as wise as he is good! He spoke from my own heart! But whatever my lot may be, I will submit to it, and serve the Lord wherever He may lead me!

"As soon as I hear from Virginia, dear Clotilde, I shall write you again. Perhaps I can then tell you, too, what course God has pointed out to me. May He bless you and your husband, and lead you both, after such heavy trials, to His kingdom by a thornless path!

"Your very affectionate

"SARAH CASTLETON."

The promised second letter arrived, indeed, only after several weeks, and did not find Clotilde any longer in Harrisburg; but as its contents follow close upon those of the other, we will insert it here, in order to avoid interruption.

SARAH'S SECOND LETTER.

"CHARLESTON, *May* —, 18—.

"DEAREST CLOTILDE,

"The interval between this letter and my last has grown longer than I had hoped. My letter to you was hardly sent, when one arrived from Mrs. Tanner in New York—the same aunt whom Virginia was going to visit—which expressed great surprise that two letters to my sister had been directed to her care, and that several trunks, belonging to the latter, had been sent to her. She concluded from all this, she wrote, that her dear niece intended to gratify her by a visit; but she had not yet arrived, nor had she heard from her in any way, so that she could hardly think that she had stopped at the house of any other friend in New York.

"This letter threw my father and myself into no slight consternation. Father went immediately to the captain of the 'General Houston'—the boat with which Virginia sailed—and heard from him, to his utmost astonishment, that my sister had suddenly declared that she had changed her mind, that she would not go directly to New York, but would first *visit* a friend near Hicksford, and therefore pre-

ferred to land at Cape Henry, where the steamboat touched. Her baggage, which had been directed to New York, had consequently been got out there. He (the captain) had put her in charge of a gentleman from Richmond, who had also left at this landing, and had not heard from her since.

"This could not enlighten us. We knew of no friend of Virginia's near Hicksford; but it was possible that one of her many New York acquaintances might have moved there without her having mentioned it to us. But why had she not written to us? My father, very uneasy, resolved to go immediately to Hicksford with the Wilmington boat. He returned in great concern without having heard from her. The name of the Richmond gentleman the captain had forgotten.

"At this junction my consternation was suddenly increased by a new letter in an unknown handwriting. It was from a French milliner in Philadelphia, named Avalon, whom we have known here formerly, and who has remained in connection particularly with Virginia, who was very kind to her. She informed me that Virginia had come to her house some weeks before, and requested her to give her board for a few days, as she had some business in town. That as she was alone, she did not wish to go to a hotel; but that she wished to be called Miss Browning instead of Miss Castleton, because otherwise some one of her acquaintance might hear of her being in town and call upon her, which she wished to avoid, as she had with her nothing but the most necessary travelling-wardrobe. That she had lived in the strictest seclusion, but in the greatest agitation, had never gone out, received no visitors, and only once a letter. That soon after, her passionate excitement had broken out into a violent fever; she had acted at times like a maniac, but would neither suffer her, Madame Avalon, to send for a *physician*, nor to write to her friends. That she would lie for whole days upon the sofa, gazing before her in dull,

terrible apathy; that she refused to take nourishment, and was, altogether, in such a state, the good woman wrote, that her conscience would not allow her to keep us in ignorance any longer; that she would rather break her word than perhaps see the unhappy young lady die in her house.

"The impression which this letter made on me, you can imagine. A dim light broke in upon me. With what wicked stubbornness had the poor girl given herself up to a sinful, adulterous passion! It was evident that you had disclosed to her that you had found *Hubert* in Berghedorf; she had fled from us so as not to be frustrated in her unchristian plan of dying of disappointed love. This was the fruit of her intimate acquaintance with your German poets, Clotilde, against whose false, delusive doctrines she had no Christianity to steel her. I remember distinctly that she called Goethe, who defends suicide and adultery, the greatest of poets, and that once, when we had been reading Coleridge's translation of Wallenstein, she called me trivial and prosaic, because I wondered what had become of Thekla; that we only lived as long as we loved; whether any one had ever thought of asking what became of the nightingales when they ceased to sing! And more of the like nonsense, at which several of our young gentlemen, who were present, actually stared at her.

"We of course started immediately for Philadelphia. My father had formed the idea that she had perhaps left town because she was afraid that she might be accused of having aided Berghedorf in his escape. How little he knows her! Virginia and fear! When we arrived, she could not be induced to see us. She would let no one come to her but Phyllis, whom we had summoned from New York, where she had been sent with her mistress' trunks. At length she consented to see me. Oh, Clotilde, how she was changed! I was frightened at the hidden fire in her eyes, the suppressed, restrained anger, which disfigured her fair features to

unnatural degree. I could never induce her to pray with me. But now she would not even let me pray for her. 'Let that be,' she said, with a bitterness which pained me deeply; 'I do not deserve the intercession of saints.'

"Oh, that was a sad time! My heart was so heavy too about other things, of which I will tell you by-and-by. But how wrong would it be to complain! Our kind Creator has loaded us with countless blessings. Our hardened hearts do not see them, do not feel them; we are only sensible of the small afflictions of this earthly life, which are sweets, if we compare them to the sufferings of our Redeemer, who died for our sins upon the cross, amid the torturings of his enemies. And how soon will we throw them off, together with our miserable bodies, to sing praises to Him with His angels in realms of eternal bliss. Life is but a span, dear friend. Why then do we grieve, sinful, ungrateful creatures that we are! Let us pass through it joyfully, and praising the Lord, until the mansions of the righteous are opened unto us!

"It was only with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade Virginia to return home with us; to an interview with father she only consented on condition that he would not only not reproach her, but ask her no questions. And he promised. Oh, my dear Clotilde, you never would allow that the natural affections of man were sinful. Is such love in a parent not sinful!

"Since we have been at home, Virginia has been very gloomy, and easily roused to anger; but nevertheless, she has returned, by degrees, to her old habits. She manifests some impatience to see Alonzo again. It seems almost as if there were something in her heart which she wished to communicate to him. May it contribute to his happiness. Towards you she seems highly incensed, and cannot even hear your name. I know you will pardon her for this; for as long as she has *not* conquered this sinful passion, and suffered the Lord

Jesus to take its place in her heart, we cannot expect anything else.

"Now I will tell you something about my own affairs. I have to inform you that this is a farewell letter, and that in a week I shall marry Mr. Burton, and sail with him the same or perhaps the following day for Liberia. *Thus* the matter has been decided. He is a faithful servant of the Saviour, whom he loves above everything else, and *this* love, which is the highest, unites our hearts. God has so ordained it. Perhaps, in sinful weakness, I would have forgotten the Creator for the creature, perhaps I would thanklessly have enjoyed the gift more for its own sake than for that of the Giver, if I had become the wife of the man whom I would have preferred before all others. The Lord our God is a jealous God. Perhaps I would have been too happy here on earth, and lost sight of the great truth that this life is only a school for the next. Oh! the Lord chasteneth whom He loveth! The deep sadness which fills my whole being, proves to me plainly how much of self-will is still in my heart, which I had deemed humble and resigned.

"Mr. Fleming, excellent man, has not been able to convince the brethren. He took leave of me, and spoke, on this occasion, for the first time of his—love. How deeply I myself had suffered in the matter, he did not seem to imagine. 'Perhaps,' he said, with a voice which shook my heart, 'our brethren have chosen the better part for us; perhaps your health, too, would break down under the climate of which my Harriet and my little ones became in so short time the victims. The wounds with which my heart is covered are still bleeding. You had already before decided for Liberia. If, now, I had induced you to go with me to India, and the Lord had, before long, called you to Him, I should have been forced to look upon your life as sacrificed for me, not for Him. And could I have endured that? No, I will rather choose a companion to whom I am bound by mere

esteem and friendship, who knows the country, and is already guarded against its dangers.' He is going to marry the widow of one of his brother-missionaries, an elderly, but very lovely and pious woman, whose daughter is already a fellow-labourer in the vineyard of the Lord.

"I pressed his hand, and implored the Saviour's blessing for him. But I did not tell him that I would far more willingly, after a short season of love and activity by *his* side, enter into the mansions of eternal happiness, than pass through the long, weary struggles of this life, led by the hand of another. But the Lord's will be done!

"Pray for me; I will pray for you! I wish I could see you once more before I go, dearest Clotilde! I would like to witness your domestic happiness, and hear you praise God for having made you happy with the man of your choice! But it cannot be. Once more, His will be done!

"May He, whose decrees are inscrutable, ever keep you in His almighty protection, and may we, at some future time, meet again at His right hand.

"With the warmest love of your friend,

"SARAH CASTLETON."

"Poor, poor Sarah!" said Clotilde, with deep emotion, when she had read this letter. "Must this poor creature thus fall a victim to a false submission to the church? How I pity this pure, pious heart, which, in the delusion of thereby pleasing God, mistrusts its own most noble and most natural emotions!"

Hubert had read the letter with quite different sensations. He disliked the way in which the pious see such a sharp contrast between God and the world, which is only an emanation from God, and believe that the Ruler of the Universe has laid snares for the human race in their own senses and natural affections.

"It is not Sarah who is to be pitied!" he said. "You

need not grieve for her who, though on a gloomy and joyless voyage, has such a sure rudder to guide her straitway to the haven. The pious, as they are called, cannot in reality be unhappy as long as they have nothing to *repent* of *personally;* as long as they have not, besides their original sin, from which they have been redeemed, any private sin on their conscience. Their interest in the happiness and unhappiness of others, even though it be always alive and active, is never deep enough to destroy the happiness of their own soul; for, as you have heard herself, the fear of forgetting the Creator for the creature, keeps in bounds, and finally undermines, every more powerful feeling. And to sink down under their own misfortune, would be still more sinful, for this misfortune is to them the surest sign that the Lord loves them."

Clotilde smiled. "As a general thing," she said, "you may not be wrong, although I am of opinion that the moderation and reserve of manner which they hold to be becoming to the Christian, often veils their feelings more than it exposes them. This is certainly the case with Sarah. But you may be right—you see, dearest, I divine your thoughts—in thinking Virginia more to be pitied; she, spoiled creature, whom nature itself seemed to have formed only for happiness, for enjoyment, now frets away her young life in bitter hatred. She wants the consolations of religion. Nothing but an affliction which moved her deeply, without humbling her pride, would have the power of leading her to God. Sarah does not understand her, and irritates her more than comforts her by her sympathy. If I thought that the *depth* of her passion equalled its violence, I would find it difficult to set my mind at ease about her."

A heavy sigh answered her. Both were silent.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HAVEN.

IT is a beautiful portion of New England, through which stretches the long, wavy, emerald ridge of the Green Mountains. Towards the south, where this ridge gradually falls off and loses itself into single scattered elevations, it is already two hundred years since cultivation, wedded to a cheerful, fair-featured, though coy nature, has begotten a tract of land, which, blooming, opulent, vigorous, but unromantic, and strewn over with towns and villages, harmonizes perfectly with the worthy, restlessly progressing race of its inhabitants.

But in the northern part, where the ridge declines eastward, in manifold ramifications, to the narrow Connecticut valley, or falls off, in sublime formations, to the first links of the remarkable lake-chain of the West, there a picturesque forest region is still reposing in its half-explored, mysterious wildness. Through the night of the leafy thicket, there comes a rushing, and whispering, and sparkling of little winding, splashing, foaming brooks, and through the mysterious darkness glisten quiet, silvery, soft-breathing lakes. Many a one of those mountain-streams, whose breadth and body of water would have ensured to it, in an old country, no small fame and importance, has here perhaps for a thousand years namelessly gushed away its life, known, at the most, to the children of the neighbouring villages, whom *the pretty* tattler has many a time enticed from the long

way which leads through the wood to school. And many a clear, beautiful, watery mirror may have smiled from its dark green frame of foliage through countless generations, without having once reflected a human face. What a fount of poetry, mysterious, and not yet understood, does this highly-gifted land still carry hidden in the depths of its bosom!

But even the portions which the foot of man has levelled, and human art and industry have made inhabitable, have still their poetic atmosphere, and will long have it, even though many a lovely valley should yet be filled up with ugly, brick factory-buildings, which, with such dry, red, barrack-like faces, look out upon the rich, fresh scenery with their hundreds of hollow eyes; even though many a silvery cascade should be destroyed by their restless wheels, many a rushing mountain-stream be dried and steamed away in their boilers. Mother Nature has endowed this youthfully vigorous land with such lavish abundance, that for innumerable generations it will still have ample supply for nourishing the insatiable Yankee spirit of *utility*, without becoming impoverished itself.

The wildly romantic spirit, indeed, which may at one time have breathed from the unbroken whole of the nature of New England and this part of New York, has long been tamed by the hand of civilization, which, with untiring industry, has cleared its forests, sprinkled hill and valley, far and near, with neat, pretty dwellings, with bright-windowed churches, and little schoolhouses standing in sober solitude, and covered its boundless pastures with fat cattle and poultry. What the spirit of poetry has lost in fantastic charms, it has gained in idyllic, easy contentment. Here and there, however, and often not very far from a flourishing, busy town, this spirit, in all its old, primitive, eccentric wildness, has found a refuge in a woody ravine, and there rules with as unlimited a sway as if the seventeenth century had only just reached its middle, as if the white man were still engaged in

bloody struggles with the red man for his hunting-grounds, for an abiding-place for himself and his loved ones, for a temple for Jehovah, the God of Israel.

It was on such a spot, that, one generation before, an influential Bostonian had settled. He had been repeatedly disappointed in his business speculations as well as in his political ambition, and hoped, in giving up the world, to find here, in perfect solitude, that peace which no outer circumstances can give. But none of his sons had been willing to begin life where their father had ended it; they went farther and farther to the West, and the unprofitable possession, which consisted only of a few acres of rocky soil, and the ownership of which, from its retired situation, and difficulty of access, was hardly desirable for one who still lived *with* the world, went through the hands of several purchasers, falling in price considerably at every new change, until at length it was bought, for a small sum, by the owner whom we find there, and with whom we recommence our tale.

The house, built of wood, but in a better style than is usual in Vermont, lay upon an elevation, which rose gently from the road leading to the nearest village, while at about a thousand feet in the rear of the house, it declined abruptly, forming one wall of a narrow, rocky ravine, through which, thickly lined with woods as it was, a foaming, wildly-roaring mountain-torrent rushed along. About half a mile from the house, a lane turned off from the main road, into the midst of thick wood and bushes. It had been made by the first owner, and, during his lifetime, kept in good repair, but now it resembled a mere woodpath, and was accessible only to the little one-horse vehicles of the country. It wound through the wood, up the hill, and stopped at the fence which surrounded the house. The latter, too, was considerably out of repair, but the fact of its perhaps needing a new dress of paint, was concealed by the thick green vine which wound up

the pillars of the broad veranda, and luxuriantly covered the roof and walls.

The stable, barns, and other outhouses which lay near the house, showed the hand of time more plainly. Behind the latter, the little plateau extended, smooth and green as a meadow, to the declivity. The fence of the court-yard ran, on both sides, only to this declivity, on the top of which Nature herself had drawn a hedge of thick brushwood. Through the midst of this the first owner had cut an opening like a door, and a winding path, alternating with steps roughly hewn in the rock, led down into the ravine, to the enticing, melodiously-gushing music of the wild stream, which, restless and stumbling, rushed along over sharp stones and gravel, forming, in its headlong course, a countless number of charming little cascades and merry whirls.

It had cost the present owner many a day's labour to clear the wildly overgrown path again, and make it passable for tender feet. But he was not satisfied with this. He had begun to make a little path in the valley, along the brook, and intended to lead it to the distant fall, where the water, after quietly winding through miles of flat country, and finally, as if bewildered, losing itself in the thick, uncleared wood, suddenly came tumbling, with loud din, down several hundred feet into the bed of the ravine, to work its way on from there over its rocky course, with noise and groans. On many a quiet night, when the south wind bore the music to their ear, the roar of the distant waterfall had sung him and his wife to sleep, and wakened in them a longing to look upon the mysterious wanderer in his dizzy fall. No eye of the present generation seemed ever to have beheld it, no foot ever to have trodden the spot; no map marked the place, no topographical description mentioned it. Only a dark, Indian legend, of wicked, bloody deeds once perpetrated in that wilderness, attached the name of Mattalugas, "place of crime," to this spot.

Only half-a-century before, a miserable, degraded remnant of a Mohegan race had dwelt in yonder wood, in filthy wigwams. The grandmothers of the neighbouring villages remembered to have seen emerging from there, from time to time, dark, hardly distinguishable male and female forms, with long, loose hair, and wild eyes, who came to their doors to offer gay willow baskets, and wooden spoons, and twirling-sticks for sale, with gestures, and broken, unintelligible sounds. Sometimes, too, a child would come, with berries which it had gathered, a filthy, puny creature, with stupid mien, which greedily devoured the piece of bread and cheese that the good woman of the house kindly offered it, but would answer no questions, and ran away with the agility of an animal, as soon as the white children approached it. At that time smoke was often seen rising up from the forest, and if the wind came from there, the inhabitants of the next village would hear at times a dull sound of howls and cries of woe, which reminded them of death, they knew not why. More and more rarely they came forth, fewer and fewer at a time, at length none came. They were all dead. The forest lay there in unbroken silence; only the croaking of ravens sounded out from it, and, in melodious monotony, the melancholy lay of the hidden waterfall. What a deep charm was there in this mystery! And still more in the attempt to unveil it!

But while the young man, armed with a spade and axe, was busy in the ravine, the wife, at home, was not idle either. In the evening, when the setting sun threw its long shadows across the brilliant green, and the fresh fragrance of the grass floated upon the air, the meadow behind the house was particularly lovely. There was also a veranda, or, as it is called in America, by the Spanish name, a piazza, built out at the back of the house. Here a young woman in a plain, dark calico dress, with a large white sunbonnet on her head, was busied in setting a small table. She had just returned

from the wood, where, in a little basket, she had gathered sweet berries, which grew there in abundance. After having carefully washed them at the well, she now placed them on the table in a glass dish. A negro boy—the sole domestic of the house, who attended to the horse and cow, heated the oven, fetched water from the well, and assisted here and there, in various things—just came up with a pitcher of new milk for supper. The young woman arranged the dishes in the most graceful manner. Everything was simple, but everything also showed taste and comfort. The fresh, home-made butter looked very inviting: only the bread she looked at with a gentle sigh. She could not succeed well in baking. She wanted a strong hand, accustomed to labour. "Time," she thought, "will, I hope, give me more skill in this, too; it is a thousand times better, at least, to try it a few months longer, than again to cast myself into the purgatory of being served by a New-England girl, who wants to be my companion, when I have hired her to work for me." True, in the few weeks since which she had undertaken to cook and bake herself, her hands had already grown rough and hard enough, and her tender forehead was blistered in several places with the heat. But that could easily be borne. For she knew that her husband loved a higher beauty in her, than that which a kitchen-fire will destroy.

Now everything was ready, and Clotilde—for the reader has long since guessed that it was she—stepped out upon the meadow, and, with great satisfaction, looked around upon her possession, which seemed only to be bounded by the high, dark-blue mountain-ridge that rose, at some distance, above the opposite wall of the ravine. Sundry smaller ridges, of the most beautiful shades, from a brilliant light green to the richest ultra-marine, rose up between, in steps, like an amphitheatre. It was a glorious sight.

But her eye ever returned longingly to the opening which led into the *valley*. At length Hubert appeared in it, with

a huge straw hat upon his head, and spade and axe across his shoulder, his day's work ended. How joyful was the greeting between these two loving ones, who were everything, all in all to each other. How cheerfully did they partake of their small, frugal meal, while love, the most fervent, self-resigning love, was the spice of their enjoyment, the soul of their conversation!

But a few months had passed since they had entered this haven, and even here a considerable length of time had to be spent in difficult, troublesome business-matters, in trivial affairs, called for by the claims and wants of the day, before they could glide quietly over the gentle waves of a cheerful, comfortable, domestic life. The hand of civilization smoothes the path over the beginning of a household; but he who enters, with the claims which the refinements of cultivation thrust upon their pupils, upon a region which is still half-civilized, or even only thinly peopled, and primitive in its social character, and would erect there his own fireside, will only then come to a full consciousness of the advantages afforded by a perfectly developed state of society, where, as it were, one individual supplies the deficiencies of another, and every one only forms a part of the whole. In our lovers, time had somewhat blunted the outer edges of this consciousness; and the experiences which they had met with even after their reunion, before they arrived at this haven, had enriched them with a knowledge of the country and people, which was to be of great benefit to them in the home so long striven for, and now finally attained.

We left the young couple at a boarding-house in Harrisburg. Hubert and Clotilde had agreed to remain there, until their minds had become somewhat calm, and they would be able to form some plan for the future. The life which they led here, was new to them. The different boarders *in* the establishment, mostly young married couples, assembled three times a day for their meals, in the lower

apartments of the house. At eight o'clock, the breakfast-table stood in readiness, richly laden with a variety of meats and other substantial dishes. From there the young husbands hastened to their offices or other places of business; the young wives perhaps remained assembled a while longer in the adjoining parlour, talking over the news of the preceding day, or quieting the children—for some had already families—who were impatiently waiting for their breakfast, which they took with the nurses at a second table. The ladies then went to their rooms—mostly only bed-rooms; for it requires a good income to be able to afford a private parlour besides the public drawing-room. Here various little matters were attended to, until it was time to dress for receiving calls, or going out to make them, or to shop. Dinner, and later, tea, which was at the same time the supper, brought home the gentlemen; the intervening time was spent much in the same way as the morning. Where there were children, there was always much mending and sewing to do, and those who had literary or musical tastes, found ample time for cultivating them. Household duties, as they are called, the fair boarders had none. The house was kept, the table spread for them, and their husbands paid the bill. As is well known, the greater number of young couples begin their marriage by "boarding," or if the parents of one of the parties are wealthy, the young people remain with them, without having more than a bed-room for their own use.

In this manner the first year passes, sometimes even the first four or five years. The first child calls forth general delight; the second causes some uncomfortable feelings on all sides, particularly with the young parents; if the number increases, they long for a household of their own. But there are many children who grow up to be men and women in boarding-houses, and older couples too, whose sons are all settled for themselves, and whose married daughters have

left their house desolate, often go to and their days at a boarding-house, as the cheapest and least troublesome mode of life. This custom extends over every part of the country, north and south, in city and country. Even in the wildernesses of the West there are log-houses where boarders are taken, for the accommodation of settlers.

To German ideas this custom is repugnant, and I doubt if many young American husbands care for it otherwise than as an endurable expedient, even though they do not feel the full sense of the German proverb: "An own hearth great price is worth." What can be compared to the joyful sensations of a newly-married couple who take possession of a household? Be it ever so small, it is their own; the young man feels for the first time his importance as the head of a house; his young bride, as a housewife, commands for the *first time*, besides his *love*, his *veneration*. A charm, a *fragrance*, a kind of sanctity, hangs about this temple. True, married people delight in the beginning of a household in later years too, but the poetry of the enterprise has fled. They are already too familiar with the troubles which matrimony brings, hand-in-hand with its advantages, to begin their common journey with hopes as sanguine as if they had stood at the altar only yesterday, or as if only a wedding-tour lay between now and that important moment. The tardiness of the workmen, the dearness of provisions, the trouble with servants—all the black clouds in the sky of an own household, while for a newly-married couple the young sun of hope easily scatters them, will frequently threaten to empty themselves over the heads of those who enter upon the duties of housekeeping later, and the wife, at least, will often sigh in secret for the quiet and freedom from care of a boarding-house.

Our lovers, on the contrary, were still sighing for a household, and turned their eyes in every direction from where *one might* offer itself to them. On the other hand they

could not overlook the advantages which the custom of boarding affords to young persons. Many a rose, whose fragrance might have beneficially perfumed a domestic sphere, withers on the bush, and falls at last to the ground, stripped of its leaves; the warm heart of many a maiden, made to bestow love and happiness, wears itself out and fritters itself away, merely from a dim longing for love and activity, in uncalled-for interest in other's affairs, and, through forced indolence and unavoidable loneliness of heart, turns into an insupportable gossip. Many a worthy young man is saved from moral destruction by the sanctity of early domestic ties.

In the fresh vital relations of the United States, we find neither the long row of so-called "old maids" which, in other countries includes only too often the best and the noblest, nor the large circle of bachelors, young and old, who dry up, by degrees, with a hotel life; or who receive, as family friends, only a small measure of domestic enjoyment. Earning a living is an easy thing in this country; if it does not succeed in one place, it will in another. But a far more difficult matter is to raise the capital, be it ever so small, which is indispensably necessary for the arrangement of an own household. Young couples who are boarding, can easily, if Fortune does not smile upon them in the East, try their luck at the West. They are not encumbered with superfluous household-goods and furniture. Their steps are not hindered by chests and boxes containing the *trousseau* of the bride, the quantity and solidity of which seems calculated for its being used by their children and children's children. How proud had poor Henrietta Stellman been of the four dozen sets of bed-linen and the ten dozens of body-linen which made part of her *trousseau*. And the thirty-six table sets, some with twelve, some with six, two even with twenty-four carefully numbered napkins! One damask napkin was lost in the *great* "*bridal-wash*;" she had cried over it more than

if she had lost a diamond ring, only because now the dozen was no longer full! Poor heart, that from the midst of its narrow circle of inbred trivialities, was hurled with such horror-awakening force into infinity!

Such treasures hardly aid in forming even the richest American household. And in a boarding-house, the mistress of the establishment, of course, furnishes bed and table-linen. Cotton underclothes are cheap, and can easily be renewed. They wear out by lying, and must not be bought in larger quantities than are just necessary. Other articles of dress, if calculated to last beyond the current season, would soon be out of fashion. A jewel-box of the bride finds room everywhere. Until the young couple go to housekeeping, they are, in a measure, on a travelling-footing. A few trunks, pushed under the bed, include their whole property.

But Hubert and Clotilde, as we said before, had far too German ideas, not to long for a home and their own fireside. The question was only where to build it up. Clotilde, remembering Sassen's advice, was very much in favour of one of the Eastern sea-ports, or at least for their vicinity. She hoped that Hubert would find there, in their more congenial elements, a more stirring and exciting life, a sphere of action.

"You are too young," she said, "to rest already. He who can still act, influence, and be useful, ought not yet mentally to lay his hands in his lap, ought not to put his candle under a bushel." For herself, she wished to cling as much as possible to European civilization, the want of which endangers the dignity and happiness of a woman much more than those of a man. A pure existence, overflowing with memories, lay behind her. She wished to let her American life be only a continuation of her European life. In the East they could command a direct communication with Europe; there books and works of art were close at hand, as improving *means* of cultivation. There alone she might hope to find, by degrees, friends living in similar circumstances, and of

similar views and opinions, of German or American origin, it mattered little which; in short, there alone, there was a dim prospect of forming a household which might resemble, as much as possible, a European one.

Hubert, on the other hand, was powerfully attracted to the far West. He wished to commence a new life by the side of Clotilde. A year's intercourse with the world, indeed, had crowded into the background the ideal dreams of his youth, which the solitude of his prison had nurtured longer than necessary. He had learned to acknowledge that, in uncultivated regions, crude power must necessarily predominate, that, mentally as well as physically, the axe must lead the way for the plough, the hand that roots up, for that which scatters the seed. He had learned to feel that the individual can only gain an influence as the member of a whole, that one must supply the other, and, in a certain sense at least, one must join with the other.

He too, like so very many of his countrymen, had long harboured the idea of a *German* state as one of the United States, entirely, or at least chiefly, peopled by Germans, and enjoying, while retaining German manners, language, and mode of thinking, all advantages of the liberty and independence of the Union. And there is certainly no absurdity in this thought, and the German population which is spread and scattered over the United States, might, if it were gathered together, form a powerful state. But, of the thousands who have brought this fair thought across the ocean, not one has yet held it fast. Here, as at home, unity is destroyed by the want of national spirit among the Germans. Here, as at home, they would rather, divided into a thousand fractions, subject themselves to the stranger, than fit the angles and corners of their own mind into those of their brethren, and thus form a compact whole. Hubert saw this with a painful feeling of deep shame. He was, in the *best sense of the* word, a truly German character, a char-

acter which is possible only in Germany, and as such he was bound by every fibre of his spiritual being to his native land. Exiled, saddened by the political situation of his beloved country, though not despairing of it, he hardly hoped, indeed, did not wish, to find a new "fatherland," but only a home for himself and his wife, who, away from his native land, was his world.

As we have seen above, in his conversations with Clotilde, Hubert judged of the peculiarities of the Americans with freedom and clearness, and rather favourably than otherwise. With a perfectly objective calmness, and without allowing himself to be disturbed by details, he recognised the development of the American popular character as entirely adapted to *place* and *time*, without therefore finding it interesting in its individuality. The spirit of restless activity, of untiring investigation, which manifests itself in a thousand ways in all social relations; the curious elasticity of the American, by means of which, without denying his character, and often without throwing off his harsh, dry outer garment, he adapts himself to the most heterogeneous circumstances; the infinite national self-conceit and self-love, and finally the decided want of depth, with all sharpness and breadth—all this struck him unpleasantly.

The political questions which were at present moving the country, seemed to him not important enough to demand his liveliest interest. The nullification question had been laid aside, and against all the others the rock of Freedom and Union stood firm, whether the Whigs or the Loco-Focos won the victory.

To gain an influence in this country as a *German*, he could never hope. He saw many a one of his countrymen who was esteemed and influential; but only in so far as he had ceased to be a *German*, and had become an American. But *he was* neither willing thus to surrender his individuality, nor —— he, indeed, capable of doing so.

The thoroughly *ecclesiastical* element, too, from which the American draws the breath of his religious life, was repulsive to him. The American, if he is not decidedly a philosopher, knows no other religious life than one founded on a revelation, be it a true one, or one deemed true. In a certain sense he is marvellously tolerant. He is interested in the Jews; he concedes to the Mahometan a species of true piety. He exercises tolerance towards a countless number of Protestant Christian sects; he even—and this is the most difficult point—forces himself to toleration towards the Roman Catholics. But the *deist*, though he be the warmest worshipper of God, he mistrusts. Such a one to him is a pagan, an infidel. Not that there are not many thousands of Americans who do not believe in a revelation. But just these justify, by their frivolity and vice, the national view. It seems as if, in this atmosphere, a merely individual religious life could not bloom, as if piety could bear fruits only *in a community*.

Hubert, therefore, without resolving upon naturalizing himself here, where he felt so like a stranger in mental and spiritual respects, still kept his eye firmly fixed upon Germany, where, with his sanguine disposition, he held a final overthrow to be unavoidable, and whither he hoped to return, at some future time, with his Clotilde. Meanwhile he desired to await this period in the solitude of the West, undisturbed by the influences of society, in the enjoyment of a fresh, sublime nature.

The wishes of his beloved wife, however, induced him not to be too hasty in this matter, and they agreed, before they came to a decision, to make a journey to the Eastern States, particularly to New York, partly to investigate personally, in a direct communication with the commercial world, how much of Clotilde's property might yet be saved; partly, too, in the hope of there gaining intelligence of the Castleton

family, of hearing from Alonzo, from Sarah—for Clotilde, as we remarked before, received Sarah's letter only later—and finally of obtaining there also a word of pardon from the unfortunate Virginia.

CHAPTER XX.

TRAVELLING-SCENES.

A JOURNEY in spring through a picturesque country can be compared to nothing else in loveliness and poetry; but everything that is lovely and delightful should be compared to such a journey made by a young husband and wife. The balmy, exhilarating air, the young, sprouting grass and foliage, the airy veil of blossoms which covers the orchards by the wayside—all these awaken a sensual contentment which not even the din of the noisy crowd, not even the black smoke-clouds of the locomotive, nor the ear-rending railroad whistle, can deaden.

In a few days our travellers were in New York. When they left the cars in Jersey City, and were crossing the Hudson, Clotilde, who enjoyed this sight for the first time, was nearly overwhelmed by its wondrous beauty and grandeur; to the left, the view up the glorious river, into the flourishing land of the Future; on the right, the ever-lively harbour, with its immeasurable forest of masts, and the broad ocean-road to her beloved Europe.

From the windows of the palatial Astor House, then only just finished, she looked down upon the crowd which, on wheels, on horseback, and on foot, swerved restlessly to and fro below her. For this is just the spot on which the business-world merges into that of society and enjoyment. At this point, particularly, the city of hardly *two hundred years* appears immense in business-intercourse

as well as in splendour, yielding the palm to no other metropolis in number and variety of population. The great mass of the wealthier business-men have, indeed, no time to walk. Countless omnibusses, filled with them, or other passengers, according to the time of day, rattle up and down Broadway. But after noon, until the dinner hour, the number of females who walk to and fro on the broad side-walk is disproportionately large. Their object is to look at and purchase goods, and particularly—to make calls.

Among the elegant and graceful women, clad in silk and velvet, many a wild-looking, bandit-like fellow saunters along, fresh from "Erin's green isle." Among the native Americans, too, there are enough of wild fellows, who look as bold and insolent as these, if not more so. But what distinguishes them plainly from the former, is their dress; that is decent, even if their behaviour is not. With these mingle, in fashionable, dandified attire, negroes of all shades, from a coal-black down to a pale, dirty brown, mostly servants of rich families, sent out on errands. And in the afternoon, when the cooks and chambermaids have leisure to walk and shop, there peeps out from many a white satin plumed bonnet, from many a pink or sky-blue dress-hat, an African face, which seems to belong to the monkey tribe rather than to the human race.

Standing at one side, or sauntering along in groups, are some foreign-looking people, in strange costume, who stare around in every direction with their great blue eyes, some bewildered and half-frightened, some curious and inquiring. They are German emigrants, just arrived, mostly women and girls, who, while the men are arranging about the mode of continuing their journey, are passing their time in staring and wondering. They are clad in their provincial costume; generally in the worst pieces which their well-stocked chests contain, and which are completely worn out by the sea-voyage; for their best clothes are packed up, and must be

saved for Sundays, and for their grandchildren. The sunburnt girls are without bonnets; their fair hair, which hangs down in long, elaborate braids, protected at the most by a little cap. There is something in this mode of dress which offends the American's sense of decency. The shabby, often hardly clean, travelling-gear of the emigrants, gives them the idea of great poverty, and calls forth the pity of the benevolent. Particularly if, tired with sight-seeing and roaming about, they sit down to rest awhile on the steps of an elegant mansion, it is so contrary to all customs of this country that any female should thus expose herself, that this can be explained only by the supposition of extreme misery, and many a copper and silver coin flies from the passers-by into the laps of the astonished women, who generally, however, without much hesitation, gratefully accept of the voluntary gift. And if not, there are many hands near-by which are eagerly extended for it. For the immigration of the last twenty years has inundated New York with the plague of most large European cities, the troublesome brood of insolent beggar children of all nations, an abandoned race, in whom the thinking American sees, with alarm, the curse of his favoured land growing up.

If Clotilde had seen Boston first of all the large Eastern sea ports, instead of New York, she would have obtained a purer, though less animated, picture of American nationality. True, the immigration in masses of the Irish, a thoroughly raw, uneducated people, destitute of even the most needful, has had a considerably denationalizing influence also on Boston. But on the whole, Boston can still be made the type of a truly national, purely American city. Of twenty persons who busily thread the neatly-kept, mostly well-built streets, nineteen at least wear the dress and have the deportment of respectable people. Everything has an air of well-being, of dignity, and activity. The landscape around the city is *smiling and blooming*, like a carefully and tastefully culti-

vated garden; but Boston itself, a Western "city of the seven hills," built in picturesque variety, on heights and declivities, by the stern Puritan fathers, those iron men, who defied all difficulties, still retains its serious, venerable aspect.

Clotilde, however, could be well contented that she had not come to a New York hotel some years before, instead of at present. For the last years had worked a considerable change in this respect, and given New York the impress of a metropolis also as regards the convenience of travellers. Some years before it might have happened to her, for instance, that while she was waiting in the parlour for the arrangement of her room, the chambermaid, a fair one from a neighbouring country-town, would have come to her, and comfortably seated herself beside her on the sofa, to inform her that her room was ready; or that, if she had perhaps been belated ten minutes, out of the house, and had consequently come to table ten minutes after the dinner-bell had rung, she would have been told that the table was full now, that she would have to wait till the first dinner was over, and the table set for the second time. For it is a matter of course, with the superabundance of American meals, that there would be enough left for a second table. Now, indeed, she ran no such risk; for the great furtherer of American cultivation, *competition*, has, within a short time, called forth, as if by magic, quite a number of large, indeed gigantic, hotels, which, in elegance and comfort, can well compare with the best European ones, and the traveller finds accommodation wherever he may turn.

Our young couple's visit to New York was exclusively devoted to business. They received here Sarah's second letter; but Alonzo neither answered them, nor did they hear from Virginia herself. On the other hand, many a *kind*, sympathizing word came to Clotilde from Germany, for all her friends thought her indescribably unhappy.

With what a grateful heart did she write to them how happy she was!

Only with regard to the heavy loss of property which they had sustained, the intelligence was unsatisfactory. Only a small sum—small in comparison to the loss—could be saved. This, however, together with Hubert's little property, sufficed to secure to them an independent existence, free from care, particularly if they chose a country life.

They had hardly completed this business when Clotilde was struck by an advertisement in the papers, which she immediately communicated to Hubert. It was a notice that a small farm in Vermont, the same which we have described in the foregoing chapter, was for sale. The picturesque beauty and seclusion of its situation, together with a very low price, awakened Hubert's interest. Even if they were not to succeed in this undertaking, the loss would be inconsiderable. Clotilde renounced, for the present, the neighbourhood of a city, and Hubert the far West. Both easily agreed to proceed in person to the place in question, and, in case they were pleased with it, to purchase it. And, at any rate, the increasing heat of the summer threatened soon to drive them from New York.

In any country, a good insight into the manners and character of its people will be gained by travelling about in the interior. But nowhere is this more the case than in the regions in which our scene is laid. For the American, particularly the native of New England, is exceedingly sociable and communicative in his travels. European travellers have often complained of the rudeness and want of polish which they have met with in the West, particularly on the Mississippi steamboats; whereas they must certainly have found their travelling-companions in the East, above all in New-England, in the highest degree polite and obliging. And the psychological observer will easily discover the cause *of this* apparent contradiction, even if he should

forget that, at any rate, those refined attentions which are the blossoms of a higher social circle, cannot be expected from the primitive state of things at the West, a state in which every one is compelled to aid himself, and to defend his own right against such attacks of others as may be feared at all times.

The Westerner is exceedingly hospitable. He will open his house to the wanderer, and bid him welcome at his fireside. No one will find him unkind and repulsive in his own house. But as soon as he leaves his home, he thinks himself obliged to stand exclusively upon his own feet, and sturdily guard his rights against any possible interference from others. He passes carelessly on, and tries to show, by words and looks, that others do not concern him in the least.

The New-Englander, on the other hand, and the inhabitant of the Eastern States generally, arranges his house comfortably enough for himself and his family. But only a particular introduction will open his door to the stranger—only a special recommendation give the stranger a place at his table. He cannot, on the whole, be called hospitable, but he is not unsociable. Where his course brings him in contact with others, he likes to exchange civilities, is communicative, and, by endless questions, eagerly employs every opportunity to gain a variety of information on the most heterogeneous subjects. Foreigners have often listened with astonishment to the familiar steamboat and stage conversations of a nation, which, from a certain dry demeanour, they have unhesitatingly pronounced cold and reserved.

Such was now also the experience of our two German travellers. Vermont, at that time, was but little connected with the coast by railroad; they, therefore, after a rapid steamboat had borne them through the Sound to Boston, found themselves seated, with seven companions inside, and several others on the top and on the box, in an immense

old-fashioned stage-coach, which was to take them to Concord. From there they were to go by a similar conveyance to Middlebury.

Clotilde was stowed away in one corner of the back seat. In the other sat a young woman from Iowa, who, four months before, had made the journey of fifteen hundred miles alone, with two little children, to visit her parents on their farm near Boston, and was now returning to her husband with three. The two older children, boys of two and three, as she had only paid for one seat, she would have squeezed between herself and Clotilde, who might have found them rather unruly neighbours, had not the kindness of her fellow-travellers—that is, the male portion of them—come to her assistance, and now one gentleman, then another, offered to take one of the little backwoodsmen on his knees.

The helplessness of the delicate young mother — she seemed hardly twenty-two years of age — joined to the enterprising spirit of which she had given a proof, awakened the most general interest. The gentlemen, therefore, with the same readiness which they had manifested about the children, endeavoured to relieve her of her two immense travelling-baskets. One was disposed of *under* the knees of one of these obliging individuals—the other *on* the knees of another. They were in the way everywhere, and incommoded every one except their owner. And yet they could not be put with the other baggage ; for one contained a supply of necessary children's clothing, and the other provisions for the journey. The farm in Iowa yielded victuals in plenty, but not so much cash for paying tavern bills. The young mother of the hungry little backwoodsmen, who seemed to possess, in their small two and three-year-old bodies, the stomachs of boys of nine and ten, consequently abstained entirely from visiting the public tables. During the time when her companions were satisfying their appetites with

the meals kept in readiness for them, she would remain with her family in the sitting-room ; and, while she refreshed the baby from its natural fountain, would feed the two eldest, always ready to eat, with gingerbread, pies, and apples, or with whatever else grandma had stocked the basket from her store-room.

Hubert had secured a place on the middle seat, directly in front of Clotilde. By his side sat a pleasant, talkative gentleman, who seemed to live only for others' benefit After he had disposed of the baskets of the little Western lady—placing one of them on his knees, on which one of the boys was already sitting—he offered, with the utmost politeness, to take charge of Clotilde's parasol and small travelling-bag, lest they might incommode her. It was he who, whenever they came to a stopping-place, asked the ladies if they would not like some water, and was always ready to procure it for them. He seemed to have travelled over that route frequently, for he was quite at home at every inn, inquired after the health of every individual member of the host's family, and was everywhere welcomed with a cordial " How d'ye do, Major Tenney?" Though he was a merchant, this was his rank in the militia, and, like many of his countrymen, he was not averse to this military title. He himself called every one of the drivers by name, and never without prefixing the title " Mr." And when, as frequently happened, a militia officer occupied the driver's seat, he never omitted to address him by his appropriate title of Captain, Major, etc.

And, indeed, such an American stage-driver, as, from his lofty seat, he guides, with a sure hand, four, sometimes six horses, defies wind and weather from his throne, has the mail-bag in his safe keeping, arranges the seats, and, above all, asserts the ladies' rights for them, is a man who may well command respect. There have even been instances that men of education have chosen this mode of life to strengthen

their health by being constantly in the open air, and to harden themselves against all influences of the weather.

The Major kept up a conversation with two gentlemen who sat opposite him, which soon passed from the weather and the price of corn to political subjects, for which the elections just about to take place gave ample occasion. The three gentlemen easily recognised each other as Whigs; but if it happened that, by the frequent change of passengers—for some of them only travelled a few stages—men of different opinions were thrown together, a new turn was immediately given to the conversation, without there being the slightest alteration in the feeling of mutual good-will and complaisancy which pervaded the company.

For the American seldom admits any political debates into his social intercourse. Just because he belongs decidedly to a certain party, which he would only weaken by individual opinions, he takes it for granted that his views are known. The newspapers are their organs, and, besides this, he has helped to elect the representatives whose duty it is to defend them. If he has talent for political speaking, he will know how to make use of it at the meetings of his party, or at public dinners and other similar occasions, but will hardly wish to display it in his every-day intercourse. A political conversation, therefore, such as might be accidentally entered into in society, will rarely, in this land of perfect freedom of speech and thought, throw off its dry, historiographic character, and still more rarely, by an animated *exchange* of contrary opinions on one and the same subject, give the hearer food for thought.

Next to the obliging Major, with his back to the young mother, sat a tall, thin man, with serious, almost stern features, and a sallow complexion. His white cravat, with his otherwise entirely black, somewhat worn attire, showed that he was a clergyman. He paid little attention to the political conversations of his neighbours; the tariff question

was evidently indifferent to him, and he cared little whether the Whig or the Loco-Foco candidate for the Presidency would carry the day, as neither the one nor the other was a member of the Orthodox church. The interests of this church were all that moved him. If, from time to time, he added a few words to the conversation, it was only to defend these interests.

He liked, however, to take advantage of a pause, to begin a conversation of a different kind, by which he hoped to give the Lord His due, with a lady in black who sat opposite to him, and whose acquaintance he had only made on the journey.

This old lady, a clergyman's widow, who was returning from a visit to a married daughter in Boston, willingly entered into such a conversation, and broke out into complaints about the spreading of Unitarian congregations over the whole of Massachusetts, for which she had not been at all prepared. She relied, however, on her daughter's influence with her son-in-law, who, she was sorry to say, inclined that way too, and sometimes even attended Universalist churches. In answer to the clergyman's inquiries, she related one thing and another about the state of the churches in and around her town, and both commenced, with quiet self-sufficiency, to make an exchange of their Christian experiences.

The widow, particularly, had many a marvellous tale of conversion to relate, and could, in many cases, specify the day and hour when relatives, friends, and acquaintances had found grace. Her son, she said, who had been with her to visit his sister, and was riding on top of the stage, because he had found no room inside, had met with some of the most delightful instances of this kind. For he had travelled in the West as a colporteur, and had helped scatter the seed with faithful hand. Often enough, she complained, *ingrati*tude had been his reward, and he had had to endure

ridicule and insult from the children of Baal, and had done so willingly; but then again the Lord had repaid him by showing him that the stone which he had, with great exertion, brought from afar for the rebuilding of Zion, was truly aiding to build up His fortress anew.

"The most beautiful circumstance," she continued, "which he ever experienced, took place in Wisconsin, and I must say that it has always moved me to tears. A family from Boston had moved there; rich aristocratic people they had been formerly, but the father had made a wrong speculation, and failed a few times, and there was nothing left but to go out West; the wife had a piece of land left there; she was very rich when she married, but her husband had invested all her property in his business. That piece of land in Wisconsin, west of Fort Winnebago, was all that was left to them; and there they were going to live as farmers! But, sir, they were not the kind of folks for that! The daughters had been educated at fashionable boarding-schools; neither they nor the mother were used to working. And they had lived like heathens, sir! They used to go to balls, and to the theatre, and never had a family-altar, and on Sundays they only went once to church, if they went at all, and then always to the Episcopal church, because there was the most dress there, and the most carriages before the doors."

"I am sorry to find," remarked the clergyman, "that among other wicked customs in our sea-ports, that of driving on the Sabbath is becoming more and more prevalent. In the country it cannot be avoided, on account of the great distance at which some of the parishioners live from their church; and then there are usually accommodations for disposing of the horses, so that no one need go without the Bread of Life in order to attend to them. But in the city it is sinful for those who have strength to walk, to ride to church, because they thus prevent one of their fellow-beings *from fulfilling his* duty to God."

"Very true," replied the widow. "And yet I would hardly have found it more improper for them to have ridden, than if they had walked up and down Beacon-street *after* church, as is now the custom in Boston. My daughter tells me that the Misses ——"

"If you please," the clergyman interrupted her, "mention no names!"

The widow reddened. "Well, they don't belong here, at any rate. I was going to tell you of the family in Wisconsin. They led a pretty dull life out there, particularly the poor girls. I fear they grew quite like heathens. For there was no church far and wide. When my son came there, there was only one testament in the house, and that lay on the mantelpiece, covered with dust. The parents, however, who had been piously brought up, and had only suffered themselves to be carried away by the world—weak, sinful creatures, as we all are, whose faith was not firm—they, I say, would have wished it to be otherwise. The father, as they told my son afterwards, had made several attempts to introduce family-worship at least on the Sabbath, as they could not go to church. But long neglect had made him timid and awkward. When he did not immediately succeed, he lost all courage, and now they had been living without religion for years. The girls had grown old in that time, twenty-four or five years old, and were already quite faded when my son came there."

"And was your son able to gain an influence over this family?" inquired the clergyman.

"Not he himself," rejoined the lady, "he was only an humble instrument. But he left in their possession, when he departed, a bible and a number of tracts, which the two girls greedily fell upon, for they had not seen a new book since time immemorial, and their novels, which they had *brought* from Boston, were all read to pieces. A few weeks passed in this way. On his way back to Boston, my son

thought he would see whether the seed in Farminghall, so the place was called, had sprung up. When he got there, he immediately observed that everything in the house wore a different aspect. The gospel on the mantelpiece was free from dust, and the new bible which he had left behind, lay beside it. The father was from home, but the mother and daughters received him very cordially, and told him repeatedly: 'You have done us much good; the books which you left to us, were like manna in the desert.' During tea the conversation turned upon various Christian subjects, and when he afterwards proposed to pray with them, they thankfully accepted his offer. And when they had all knelt down, and the Lord was putting words into his mouth and thoughts into his mind—for, heaven knows, I am his mother, but I must say it's not natural to him; he never was particularly bright, and of eloquence he never had a trace—the eldest daughter cried out of a sudden: 'Mother! I have found Jesus!'—and the youngest began to weep, and cried: 'In me, too, a light is breaking, the Lord be praised!' And all at once, he says, the Spirit of the Lord came powerfully over him, and the words flowed from his lips as if with tongues of angels, till he had finally softened and crushed the struggling souls. And when they had risen from their knees, and were embracing each other with tears, and welcoming each other as sisters in Christ, for the mother, too, was carried away, and all the memories of her youth came back to her—I mentioned that she was the child of Christian parents, and where the seed has once fallen, even if it lies a long time as if dead, the hour will come, at last, when it will spring up—while they were all rejoicing in the Lord, the father returned from his journey. So they ran to meet him with the joyful intelligence that they had at length found Jesus; for they knew that the father had long since been wishing that his daughters might be Christians. And there was joy there, *says* my son, such as he had never seen in his

life. And the same evening the old man tried once more to pray, and this time he succeeded. For now he knew that he was not alone in his striving; other believing hearts were being lifted up to the Lord with his. My son says it was the most touching scene he ever witnessed."

"A beautiful new instance of the power of prayer," said the reverend gentleman, when the widow had finished her long story, during which the Major had yawned repeatedly, and the young Western mother had gently fallen asleep. "May your son, whom Providence has made the instrument of the salvation of a whole family, recognise this with due gratitude to God. Such rapid conversions, however, ought to be looked upon with a certain degree of mistrust. Not that they are less sincere, but they are frequently not so lasting. The new man cannot be put on at once. Every child of Adam has to keep watch over himself with anxiety and prayer, that he fall not into the snares of the Evil One; but those who have long lived in sin, have twofold need of doing so. Let us therefore include your son's friends every morning and evening in our prayers, my dear madam!"

During this conversation the stage had taken up an additional female passenger, to whom, as the inside was full, one of the gentlemen had obligingly given up his seat, by taking a place on the driver's box. The new comer was middle-aged, and pleasing in appearance; in her neat, exceedingly plain attire a certain anticipated inclination to Bloomerism was observable; in particular a large round straw hat was quite conspicuous, at a time when fashion prescribed the graceful, sheltering cottage bonnet.

For a long time she had listened to the pious conversation with a certain pitying smile. At length it seemed to be getting too much for her. The widow was just taking breath for a new story of wonderful conversions, when she, without *much* ceremony, cut short her words by asking Hubert, across *the old* lady:

"You are a German, sir?"

"I am, madam!" was his answer.

"Then you are from the land of thinkers. How many strange things you must have come across in our country! I don't think there is another country in the world, where, in spite of its famous political liberty and equality, extremes meet so harshly as with us."

"I do not quite understand your remark," replied Hubert; "I suppose you are speaking with regard to slavery—"

"What I said would indeed answer just as well for the mockery which with us is made of the name of Liberty. But I was referring to an event which must be known to you all, for, as far as I know, you come from Boston. That in our country, whose mere political existence belongs already to the nobler blossoms of humanity, the barbarity of a legal murder can continue—this forms a contrast as striking as that between freedom and slavery."

Hubert remembered that the execution of a female incendiary had taken place in Boston the day before, a woman whose premeditated crime had been the destruction of a whole family.

"I am not familiar with the particulars of the case," he said, "but from all that I have heard, one of the blackest crimes was punished in this instance."

"*Punished.* You have said it. And would it enter your mind to have an unfortunate sick man put to death, who had injured his attendant in the delirium of fever?"

"It seems to me that this case is very different. But you probably disapprove of capital punishment altogether."

"Capital *punishment*, as it is called, is, in my eyes, nothing but a legal murder, and just because it is a legal act, against which no defence can be made, a much blacker crime than other murders."

"Madam," said the clergyman, in a severe tone, "the authority of the Holy Scriptures—"

But the lady in the Bloomer hat interrupted him, and continued, to Hubert:

"Still more, sir, I fear you will call me paradoxical, when I declare that I not only object to capital punishment as criminal, but that I also gainsay the general right of the authorities to *punish*, as long as their aim is punishment, and not amendment, that is, cure."

"Your theory is dangerous," remarked Hubert, with a smile.

The lady, evidently flattered by the general attention which was directed to her, continued:

"All injuries and diseases of the body can be traced back to causes completely analogous to those which occasion injuries or diseases of the brain; such as original malformation, sympathy with other diseased parts of the system, contagion, accidental wounding, etc. Now when we speak of persons who are diseased in any other organ than the *brain*, we never think of *punishing* them for their misfortune."

"That would be absurd," said Major Tenney.

"Certainly," replied the fair speaker. "On the contrary, we are convinced that the pain which they endure, and the restraint of being confined to their room or their bed, to which they are obliged to submit, ought rather to excite our pity than our anger. We rather urge them to seek the aid of a physician. Why then should we change our views and our conduct, when the organ which is in an unhealthy state happens to be the brain?"

"And so you think," asked Hubert, "that the will of man has nothing to do with his actions?"

"It is just his will that is diseased," rejoined the fair philosopher, with a compassionate smile. "Just as reasonable as it would be to whip a man because he has suffered himself to be infected with the scarlet fever, just so reasonable, I say, it is to observe this mode of proceeding towards an individual

whose physical constitution forces him to take possession of whatever he can lay hold of. The seed of the disease was in the system of the former, and in most cases he has exposed himself to the danger of infection by some kind of carelessness. Just so the original predisposition to the appropriation of others' property lay in the mind of the moral patient, and his whole error consists in his not withstanding the temptation of indulging his inborn inclination, at the right time."

"I am only afraid," remarked a gentleman who sat next to her, with a slight sneer, "that though the thief might, by a good drubbing, be deterred from a repetition of his error, the same means would hardly prevent the other from catching the fever again at some future time."

"Why not?" replied Miss Burnet—for this was the name of the lady in the Bloomer hat—"the dread of a whipping will at least induce him to follow the laws of health so punctually in future, that his constitution, strengthened by this, will withstand a subsequent danger of infection, and neither a whipping nor any other punishment can do more for the unfortunate transgressor against the laws of the government; it will at the most induce him to submit to the civil laws, but by no means to those of morality."

"And that is all that it is meant to do," said the clergyman. "'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,' we are taught by the law of Moses. The government has no other means of enforcing the observance of what you call the laws of morality, than the spreading of the Bible. In a Christian country there ought ——"

Miss Burnet looked at him contemptuously. "The Mosaic law, sir, that you quoted, is a law of revenge, not of punishment. Christianity has annulled this terrible code, by teaching *true* socialism in the love of our brethren and neighbours. As a servant of the Lord you must necessarily know what Jesus, the greatest of philanthropists, taught us

in the place of that law of bloody revenge: 'Unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak, forbid not to take thy coat also!'"

"If you would make the law of brotherly love the foundation of a code of civil law," said Hubert, in jest, "you should, to be consistent, give up everything to the rogues of Sing Sing and Auburn, who, with all their 'predisposition to the appropriation of others' property,' have so far been satisfied with a part."

"You misunderstand me, sir," replied the philanthropist, with a calm smile. "I am far from wishing that these unfortunate victims of their demoniac desires should be left to their unbridled propensity for them. This would be acting just as criminally as, for instance, the surgeon who, with his hands in his pockets, traverses a battle-field, and, because he objects to war from principle, does not make use of the bandages and instruments by which he might alleviate the sufferings of the wounded who are lying around him. On the contrary, I am of opinion that the infirmities of human society are in urgent need of remedy. Only we should not hear of penitentiaries and houses of correction, but merely of institutions for *reformation* and *cure*. A person who neglects the laws of health, by a sudden, imprudent change of atmosphere, for instance, and thus draws upon himself a disease of the lungs, has to submit to keeping his room or bed, or perhaps to a temporary exile to a warm climate, to remedy the injurious effects of his imprudence. And one who thoughtlessly, and without having taken the necessary precautions, exposes himself to the inhaling of an impure atmosphere, and thus contracts a contagious disease, must also bear the consequences. He must be excluded from the society of his fellow-men, to whom his vicinity must be injurious, and if he does not do this of his own accord, it is the duty of these his fellow-men towards themselves as

well as towards him, to force him thus to exclude himself, to convey him to a purer atmosphere, and to prevent the communication of his disease to others, as well as compel him to use the appropriate means of cure. It is the same when an individual, from a hereditary propensity, the infection of bad example, or from any other cause, transgresses against the laws of morality. It is the duty of society to remove him from the source of infection, and to deprive him of the means of communicating the evil to others; that is, to keep down the unhealthy tendency of his soul, and to heal and strengthen his diseased organs."

"According to your view, then, prisons are nothing more than moral hospitals?" inquired Hubert, who had listened to her attentively.

"Nothing more," replied Miss Burnet. "I myself, as you see me here, am matron of the so-called Penitentiary in ———," naming one of the first institutions of the United States, "and have only a short leave of absence to visit my sick mother, who lives in this neighbourhood. I assure you, no human power could have induced me to accept of such a situation, if I had looked upon the institution placed under my care, as a mere machine for punishment and correction. On the contrary, I regard myself as a moral female physician, as a priestess of philanthropic socialism, by which alone the good of mankind should be striven for, because by it alone this good can be attained. I feel that I have already accomplished a great deal in the few years of my activity. The individual, however, is but a drop in the vast ocean of depravity. Just as there are schools of medicine and law, and theological seminaries, in our country, there ought also to be schools of social philanthropy, the desks of which should be occupied by professors of our sex, whose rights are limited to such a shameful degree."

"Your system," rejoined Hubert, "contains a certain degree of truth, if you apply it to undeveloped, childish

minds. I, too, am convinced that the human race needs reformation, and that the evil can only be remedied by an improved education of the people. The creature comes from his Creator's hands entirely pure; his ill-directed passions and evil examples bring confusion into his soul, and lead him to vice and ruin."

The clergyman turned his eye upon Hubert with an expression of almost greater disapprobation than that with which he had for some time been regarding the lady.

'The original sin and total depravity of the human race," he said, indignantly, "can only be washed away by the blood of Christ. Neither your philosophy nor your philanthropy will accomplish that. Grace alone can do so. Teach men how to pray and how to believe from the Holy Scriptures! That is all they need!"

Miss Burnet seemed determined never to take any notice of the reverend gentleman. Perhaps she secretly felt the power of the "church militant." She merely said:

"You are both mistaken, gentlemen!" and continued, turning again to Hubert:

"You, sir, in particular, in thinking certain diseases more easy to be cured in children than in adults. You cannot but be aware that the mortality among children is also disproportionately great. My experience has taught me that the more intellectually gifted and developed a person is, the more hope there is for his cure."

"And what means do you employ?" inquired Hubert.

"I have found," rejoined Miss Burnet, seating herself more comfortably for the explanation, "nothing more encouraging in the treatment of criminals, than the excellent effect which is produced when I open to them the knowledge of the peculiar constitution of their minds and brains. As soon as I have given them, by means of phrenology, a clear conception of the source of their evil desires, all mystery, all doubt, all uncertainty immediately disappear. I show

them that the strength of these desires is just as much governed by physical laws, as that of a member of their bodies or any other organ, and that, if they *submit* to this power, it will continually increase. I prove to them that a sure and beneficial progress on the road of moral reformation, can only be made possible by putting a check on our inclinations by means of our reason and our moral sentiments. This gives them a clear, distinct idea of that which is their duty, and the manner in which they can fulfil it. By this much is already gained.

"Then I seek to give them a conception of the application of their own constitution to that of outward nature, of the conditions of human happiness, and the immutability of the laws on which it depends; and also of the relation which exists between them and their Creator."

"And are you certain of always being understood?" asked Hubert, smiling.

"Even among the most stupid," replied the philanthropical lady, rather nettled, "there is not one, who has not been in some measure improved by a plain and energetic explanation of his duty, and the knowledge of the sources and conditions of happiness. And where there is good sense and a powerful will, my mode of instruction has already produced remarkable effects. Yes, I am convinced that I owe the extraordinary improvement which has taken place during the eight months that I have had charge of the institution, chiefly to phrenology. To be sure, there is not very much time left for that, as the tasks prescribed must be punctually attended to. But my confidence in this system is so great, that I have endeavoured to supply our prison library, apart from several copies of the Scriptures, chiefly with phrenological books and similar writings, which, by an explanation of the physical constitution of man, give him an insight into his moral condition. At the head of these works is that of Combe 'On the Constitution of

Man,' one of the most wonderful creations of the human mind, and particularly remarkable for lucid distinctness and keen practicability. As a special means of encouragement I sometimes put this or a similar book into the hands of one of our most intelligent patients, and—never without success."

At this juncture the stage stopped near a small farm-house. The driver jumped down and opened the door. "Miss Burnet," he said, "we're only a mile or two from Brookfield here. I can't take you any nearer; you'll find a boy here to carry your bag for you."

The fair speaker seemed to regret the interruption. But there was no choice. She thanked the driver, paid his fare, bade her travelling-companions good-day, and alighted. Her bag was thrown off, and the stage-coach rolled away.

For a while after she had left, there was an agreeable silence in the carriage. At length the Major said:

"The lady's got sense, that's a fact. And an uncommon confidence in her system she's got, that can't be denied."

"The kingdom of God is in great danger in our country," sighed the widow, who had been silent during the whole conversation, "if such principles gain an influence here. What was that book she mentioned?"

"A production of the most objectionable atheism," replied the clergyman, with undisguised abhorrence. "You are indeed right, our country is in a sad state, if the government tolerates such abominations. If this woman had introduced the 'Shorter Catechism' in her prison, and taught its divine truths, there would have been an outcry about 'sectarian spirit,' and 'puritanism.' Secretary Benton's decision has successfully banished the golden grains of the American Tract Society from the school libraries, but infidel works like Combe's and Austin's are tolerated, and *introduced* into our public institutions!"

"If we could only have pious men at the helm once more!" sighed the widow.

But neither she nor her clerical friend had much time to continue their complaints; one after the other reached his or her destination, or the neighbourhood of it, and left the stage. The clergyman, as well as the widow and her son, had made room for other travellers. The gentlemen who had commenced their journey on top of the coach, were finally fortunate enough to be able to continue it *inside*, a circumstance at which they could rejoice, for a heavy shower was just coming up, and black, threatening clouds covered the sky.

When, at length, the rain began to fall in large, heavy drops, announcing the torrents which were to follow them, and the driver wrapped himself up in his yellow oilcloth cloak, the company inside compassionately agreed to take in the only outside passenger left. The oldest of the little backwoodsmen was disposed of on the lap of one of the gentlemen, and the thinnest of the latter squeezed in between the two ladies to make room for the ninth, or rather the twelfth passenger.

Hardly had this arrangement been made, when the clouds burst with might, and the rain, in massive torrents, inundated the ground. The horses pulled with redoubled force, and ran as if lashed by the wind. The leather side-curtains were carefully buttoned, and a feeling of comfort came over the travellers in the weather-tight coach.

Suddenly the carriage stopped, and the driver was heard speaking and replying to another male voice, which seemed to be urging something. "To-morrow 'll do just as well, miss," the driver was plainly heard to say, "I'll take you to-morrow," and a woman's voice mingled with the answer. At this the gentlemen could restrain their curiosity no longer, and the curtain on the side from which the voices came, was unbuttoned.

Through the thick veil of the pouring rain, a young girl was seen standing by the roadside, over whom a well-dressed elderly man was holding an umbrella, without being able to protect more of her person than her straw bonnet, on which bloomed a whole bed of various-coloured flowers. Her black silk mantilla seemed little adapted to shelter her from the storm, and from the three flounces of her pink muslin dress, such streams of water were dripping down around her, that, however often she changed her position, before she knew it, she would again be standing in a pond. The man beside her —evidently her father—held in his left hand the umbrella, whose insufficient protection he tried to give in part to his daughter, in part to a bandbox tied up in a cloth, which, with his right hand, he pressed close to his side. The two formed a group at the sight of which none of the travellers could refrain from laughing. The pretty maiden threw a proud, angry glance into the midst of the company.

Her father was a farmer from the immediate neighbourhood, who could very well have taken her to the next stopping-place of the stage in his buggy; only that the house was situated hardly a thousand paces from the road on which the stage would pass, and that it seemed more convenient to wait for it here, than to drive an hour's distance and expose the new pink muslin dress to the dust, or perhaps the approaching shower. The stage came by rather later than they had expected, for the various changes of passengers had delayed it. The storm broke out so suddenly and violently, that there was no hope of reaching the house before the rain, while the stage might pass at any moment.

When father and daughter continued to urge Captain Hill to make room for the fair traveller in the coach, while those who were seated in it listened in silence, awaiting the issue of the affair, the driver at length sprang from his seat, and stepped to the door amid thunder and lightning.

"Gentlemen, couldn't you find a place in there for a young lady?"

"Impossible!" cried one gentleman, whose size ought to have entitled him to three seats. "We are nine grown persons and three children."

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen would make up his mind to ride outside?"

"What, in such a rain, Captain?"

"The sun will soon come out again," replied the latter in excuse.

"Is the young lady's journey so necessary?" inquired Major Tenney of the farmer.

The father was ashamed to reply that his daughter was only going to visit a friend near Middlebury, and was too honest to say yes. Already during the negotiation he had been heard to whisper to the girl: "You can't go to the picnic in *that* dress, at any rate; better give it up, Letty." But the daughter replied, also in a whisper: "I can wear the white one in the box, Pa!" He therefore merely said: "The young lady has promised to come, and will be expected."

"Couldn't she make the visit to-morrow?" asked the Major again.

"No, sir, I must go *to-day*," retorted the fair one, rather sharply, "and I *will* go, if there is any politeness to ladies in this country."

The Captain assumed a sterner tone.

"Gentlemen," he said, "remember, it is a lady!" and a loud clap of thunder enforced his words.

"It's true," said one of the passengers, "it seems actually cruel to suffer a female to stand so long in such a rain."

"If she had gone home when the rain began," remarked Hubert, who, in his native land, had many a time seen servant-girls sent out in worse weather—even such as wait on students, when the storm was too bad for the young gentlemen.

themselves—"if she had gone home at the right time, she would have had dry clothes on by this time."

A reproving glance from the young lady fell upon him. She commenced silently to wring out her flounces, and prepare to enter the carriage.

"Don't let it be said," the Captain continued his persuasions, "that American gentlemen were wanting in gallantry."

"If your carriage was only a little wider!" said the stout gentleman, with a sigh; "if no one makes room, it's impossible, that's a fact."

"Well, I suppose it must be," said the Major, with a smile; "Captain, haven't you got a buff-jacket for me? I am without an over-coat." He wore only a summer coat.

"At your service, Major," cried the Captain, highly pleased. "You, Major, you're the true American gentleman!"

The fair one, too, gave him a gracious smile. The Major jumped out, the young lady got in, and inundated the floor, in spite of the above-mentioned measures of precaution, with such a flood, that the two ladies on the back seat were obliged to take up their feet from it. The band-box was successfully disposed of, the two militia officers mounted the box, and the coach rolled on as if borne on the wings of the storm.

Amidst such changing scenes our lovers safely reached their destination. On the whole, they found them exceedingly entertaining, the more that, though the persons with whom chance brought them in contact, were not always individually interesting, our travellers could not overlook the characteristic nationality in most of them.

In Redfield, a country town south-west of Middlebury, the lawyer resided who was to give them further information with regard to the little farm in Woodhill, which they thought of buying. The conditions were exceedingly reasonable, and convenient withal. The property itself, to which they made

an excursion, met their wishes. In a few days the business was settled; a few days more were employed in making purchases for the necessary arrangement of the household, and one week after the arrival of the German couple in Redfield, we find them safely established on the little farm in Woodhill.

CHAPTER XXI.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

AND so the goal was reached, and our lovers had once more a home. Hubert was for the first time master of a house—Clotilde again at the head of a household. Hand in hand they stood at the door, they went about, and pointed out to each other, with beaming eyes, each lovely opening in the thick wood, each picturesque group of trees upon the meadow. All this belonged to them—was their common property! It seemed as if even the clear blue sky, which arched itself above their heads, and the glorious sun, which showed them everything in so beauteous a light, had become their own!

Clotilde went from room to room, and found pleasure in opening every drawer of the neat closets, which promised her so much domestic convenience. Hubert measured the walls, to decide upon the breadth of the bookcases that he intended to have made, the contents of which were to shorten the long winter for them. "How happy we will be here, dearest Hubert!" cried Clotilde. "And how supremely happy I am now, already, by your side, my Clotilde!" — And a long embrace confirmed their words.

But now domestic arrangements had to be thought of. The most necessary furniture they had found in the house. It was old and old-fashioned; square tables of cherry wood, in every room at least one rocking-chair, with seat of cane or wood; in one of the rooms even a rocking-settee, on which

four or five persons at once could enjoy the national amusement of rocking. Clotilde immediately had it carried into the wood-house. On the other hand a couple of plain sofas and a round tea-table had been ordered from Boston, and were daily expected, together with a new piano of Chickering's manufacture. With beds, with the necessary house-linen, and with the most indispensable household-articles, Clotilde had already supplied herself in Middlebury and Redfield, before she moved into the house. Now she put everything in order; it was pleasant to see how, in busy activity, she regulated and arranged everything, how Hubert helped her, and interrupted her by a thousand caresses, and how he had to suffer himself to be laughed at for being so awkward, and carrying a heap of table-linen as if it had been a trunk, or for having put the spread on the bed wrong side out. Hours flew by in cordial, innocent happiness.

The house had been delivered up to them by the last owner rather out of repair, but thoroughly cleaned. In the garden, too, the most necessary spring work had been performed; in short, everything had been done to make it not uninhabitable for the purchaser in a part of the country where every one must himself raise what vegetables and field-fruits he needs for domestic purposes. But that was all. Hubert soon saw that his new home needed a helping hand everywhere. The roof of the barn had sunk, and threatened to fall in entirely if made to bear the weight of next winter's snow. The grass on the meadow was three feet high, and the shrubbery around it had grown to a thick wall.

With much trouble Hubert succeeded in obtaining, for the highest price, two stout day-labourers; for all the young men in the neighbourhood were flocking to the West, and those who did remain, if obliged to work for their living, were engaged by the larger farmers. The day on which Hubert at length succeeded in finding two—brothers, who also intended to go to Oregon, but wished first to earn a small capital—who were

willing to do his out-door work for him for a few weeks, at two dollars a day, was, after searching so long in vain, a happy day for our young couple. They thought with sadness of the thousands in their beloved native land, who crowded so eagerly, and, alas, how often in vain, to obtain a few *groschen** of daily wages. With a kind of gratitude they remembered Bryant's beautiful poem to his country,† "at whose gates there is Freedom," and which opens a harbour to so many poor castaways; where there is

> "A shelter for the hunted head,
> For the *starved labourer* toil and bread."

Hubert, on the whole, succeeded very well with his hired men; he was satisfied with steady, industrious labour, without expecting them to over-exert themselves; he paid them punctually, and treated them with politeness. He himself joined in their work with a good will, for with the constant activity of his mind, he delighted in a certain degree of bodily activity, which he needed only to regulate by his own pleasure. The day's work over, he had nothing more to do with them. A negro family who lived at the foot of the hill on which stood the house—its only *neighbours*—had agreed to give them board and lodging.

A still greater difficulty was to find hands for household work. A worthy farmer's wife had taken it upon herself to regulate all the domestic arrangements of the young foreign couple, upon whose inexperience she looked with a sort of pity. She baked bread enough to last a week, supplied the pantry with ham, pork, and dried fish, fed the chickens, milked the new cow, and made the butter. Mrs. Norton was a neat, active country housekeeper, who of course regarded herself as Clotilde's equal in every respect, and was treated accordingly

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* A *groschen* is about 3 cents.

† Beginning, "Oh, mother of a mighty race!"

by the latter. And though she was very well paid, according to agreement, she yet mentioned to Clotilde every day, in one way or another, that nothing but pity and obligingness had induced her to come to her; but that her husband and children, as well as her own household, could not spare her much longer.

And so, at the end of a week, she departed, satisfied with the thanks of the young couple, and with the three dollars, for which she intended to buy her youngest daughter a new straw bonnet for the Sabbath; for the new milliner who had recently moved from Burlington to Redfield, would not agree to being paid in eggs and potatoes, because other farmers had already furnished her with more provisions than she, with her whole family, could consume.

It was now Clotilde's task to find a girl who would remain with her permanently, and who would at least do the coarser work for her. But where should she find one, in a region where there is absolutely no *serving* class? The wealthy farmers had need of their daughters in their own households, and, if they had only one or two, or one of them took it into her head to go to a factory, were obliged to supply the loss by hiring a girl themselves. And even the poorer farmers mostly had enough for their children. It was only in families where there was a large number of unmarried daughters, that it was deemed desirable to have one or the other live out. Clotilde's landlady in Redfield, and her friends, had already tried in vain to procure some *help* for her, for a *servant* was out of the question. Finally, they advised her to drive round herself, with her husband, to the neighbouring farmers, and ask if one or the other of them did not know of a capable girl who could make up her mind to do their work for money and good words.

On a fine afternoon, therefore, the two started, in a light buggy, on their round of adventures. Hubert had recently bought a horse and carriage, which the retired situation of

his house made indispensable, and which, in a country where no one walks who can ride in any way, is more a necessity than a luxury. The horse he attended to himself, assisted by Eli, the coloured boy.

Not only once, however, but four or five times did they have to start on such an expedition, before they were so fortunate as to find what they were in search of. And they entered upon them without impatience, always with renewed pleasure. For a charming, undulating country lay before them on all sides, traversed by few thoroughfares of importance, but by numberless winding wood-roads, often so narrow and overgrown, that the branches met close over their heads. For half an hour together their way would lead them along a gushing forest-brook, then again on a narrow rocky ledge, with a steep wall on one side, and the blooming landscape on the other. Hubert could never exactly comprehend the descriptions given in answer to their inquiries, or had always forgotten the half when they came to a decisive point, and it was the question whether to turn to the right or the left. Clotilde laughingly set him right, but she enjoyed driving here and there, by which she saw so much of the country, and became by degrees so well acquainted with the region surrounding them.

They had, indeed, to keep their end in view, and this was a difficult point. If they passed a house, and, perhaps, saw the farmer standing at his door, Hubert would stop and inquire, after a "good day, sir:" "Do you perhaps know of a capable girl, who would be inclined to live with us and do our work?"

This question was then, after the Yankee fashion, answered by another question. The man would look at the foreigner, whom he knew by his speech, for a while, after returning his salutation. Then he would take up a piece of wood from the ground, pull a knife out of his pocket, and, beginning to whittle, would ask:

"Got a large family?"

"Only man and wife," Hubert would reply. "So you know one?"

"Keep boarders, perhaps?" "What wages d'ye give?" "Can't the young woman do the work herself?" Through the purgatory of these and other questions our friends had to go at least ten times, and often only to hear the final answer, "No, I don't know of none." Sometimes, indeed, they were told, "Yes, at the west end of the village, or over the bridge, a mile from the Baptist church, when you turn to the right, there's a gentleman, whose daughters sometimes live out. You'll know it by the shop. He's a blacksmith. The oldest's in Boston. I guess the second's at home just now. She can bake good bread, and can do washing, too, as she's strong. Perhaps you can get her;" or, "Well, Moses Goldsmith's got several daughters; he might spare one, for the old lady's quite spry yet. Perhaps one of the young ladies would make up her mind to live with you for a few months."

And finally, a pretty, skilful girl of twenty-two did make up her mind, after hesitating and looking at her mother for a long time, expressing the fear that she wouldn't be able to satisfy a 'foreign' lady, and promising to think about the matter. Persis Wheeler—so she was called—had never yet lived out herself; but her two older sisters were in Boston, one as cook, and the other as chambermaid. The last time that they came home on a visit, they had worn the most beautiful dresses, and thrown poor Persis, in her shilling-calico Sunday dress, entirely into the shade! Susan, the cook, had shown her a card-case of tortoise-shell, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, that she used to carry when she had her afternoon and went out, just as the young ladies did when they went out to make calls. It had only cost her the wages of two or three weeks. And Mary Ann, the chambermaid, was a church-member. She had brought home whole packages of tracts and Missionary Heralds, and saved a large part of her wages for contributing *as much* as she could towards advancing the

cause of the Lord, and spreading the Gospel. Poor Persis had neither money for buying nor for giving away. When, therefore, Clotilde urged her kindly, and promised her a dollar and a half, i. e. full city wages, a week, she could not resist any longer. "She only," she said, "wanted to get fixed a little first; the young man there," she added, pointing to Hubert, "might come for her with the carriage day after to-morrow."

Clotilde replied, with a smile, that if she could not find the way alone, and get her things over herself, she would send the boy for her on the day appointed. This was done. But Clotilde was quite alarmed, when Eli drove up with a gaily-dressed lady instead of a cook. It was Persis Wheeler in her best Sunday clothes, in which she hoped to make a better impression than in the Cinderella costume in which Mr. and Mrs. Hubert had surprised her the other day. She wore a white dress, and a string of blue glass beads around her throat, a blue silk mantilla, lined with yellow calico, and around her straw bonnet a wreath of artificial roses. Fortunately, she had brought along a working-dress in her bandbox, and in this she soon presented herself to Clotilde ready for work.

The latter soon saw that her mother had brought her up to it, and that a quick, skilful girl had entered her service. Persis had soon prepared several palatable dishes. "Dinner'll be ready right away," she said to Clotilde. "You can just be setting the table. Or shall the coloured boy do it?"

"He has to attend to the stable," replied her mistress, "and I do not like to employ him in the house. I expect this from you, Persis. You can easily move the dinner from the fire a little until you have set the table and we are ready."

"Very well," said the girl, "and I'll set the table for three?"

"For two, only," Clotilde directed, with a faint misgiving, and consequently not without embarrassment.

"Only for two? Isn't Mr. Hubert going to dine at home?"

"Certainly, he and I are two."

The girl's face lengthened. Clotilde, unpleasant as it was, thought it the best way to settle the matter at once.

"Persis," she said, kindly, "a person that cooks or does the waiting, can hardly eat at the same table with the gentleman or lady of the house. It would be entirely improper for her to leave her seat so often; and kitchen-work and ashes prevent the dress from being as neat as desirable for persons who are only accustomed to finer work."

The tears had come into Persis' eyes. She considered a while. "Very well," she said, "I don't care much about it, on the whole. Susan and Mary Ann can't do it either. I thought people weren't so proud in the country, but it's a fact, you get dirty and sooty before you know it. After all, I wouldn't like to show myself to Mr. Hubert in this trim," she added, going to the looking-glass, and smoothing her hair, "I'll fix up after dinner."

And indeed, after she had washed the dishes and put the kitchen to rights, she disappeared from the latter. "She is probably dressing," Clotilde thought, "and at tea, for which she hopes to be sufficiently adorned, I shall have a new lesson to give." But what was her surprise, when she entered her bedroom, to find Persis sitting before her dressing-table, making use of her own brushes and combs!

"I didn't bring my comb," she said, in excuse, "mother needed it for my little sisters; and my brush is all worn out. You've got such a quantity, big and little! And Mr. Hubert," she added, without turning around, and continuing to look in the glass, otherwise she must have noticed the expression of Clotilde's face, "Mr. Hubert has got his own combs and brushes too, just as if he was living in another house, and wasn't your *husband*! Excuse me, I have taken some of

your hair-oil, too; my hair is rather stiff. How do you manage to keep yours so smooth? Susan said——"

But here Clotilde interrupted her volubility, and this time the admonition was given in a rather severe tone. Persis was half offended, half ashamed, cleaned the articles she had used, carefully, and laid the less claim to any further use of them, as her mistress, the same evening, sent Eli to the village to buy a comb and brush for her. But she pouted all day, and hardly acknowledged the present, which she looked upon as the gift of a sinful pride.

Through similar struggles, Clotilde had to fight her way every day. Persis was industrious, willing, and able, but her familiarities became by degrees insupportable to Clotilde, especially as she soon convinced herself that they originated not so much in an arrogance which she would have been obliged to repulse, as in a total ignorance and want of acquaintance with worldly relations. Neither Persis, nor her mother, who, at every visit, confirmed her in her claims, had any idea that there existed between them and Clotilde any other than the accidental difference that the latter had a little more money than they, and could *pay* for a girl. They were themselves not cultivated enough to comprehend the immense chasm which education, culture, delicacy of feeling, refinement of manners, had laid between them; consequently Mrs. Wheeler and her daughter saw in Clotilde's reproofs only the pride and arrogance of the wealthy, and deemed it right to make as much opposition as possible, and to abase this pride. Mrs. Wheeler liked to speak of "the woman" with whom her daughter Susan lived as cook, and of "the young lady," a friend of Susan's, who did the chamber-work in the same house.

Clotilde felt how impossible it was for the individual to bring about, in a country where no difference of *rank* exists, where there is legally but *one* class, a general recognition of *that* distinction in society, without which no scientific culture

can be attained, no art can be practised to perfection, without which no grace of manners can exist, no refinement of domestic life can take place—the distinction between master and servant, between those who labour and those who pay. Custom and habit alone can effect a recognition of this difference—as it has done, for instance, in all the large American *cities*—and draw the delicate limit, beyond which it may not extend, without degenerating into exclusiveness and a spirit of caste.

This unpleasant connection at length came to a rupture, when, one evening, Persis deemed herself entirely too much offended. The lawyer who had acted in the sale of the farm, had yet a little business to settle with Hubert, and drove up to the house one afternoon. He was a lively, agreeable man, whom Clotilde politely invited to stay to tea. He was the first guest whom they were to entertain here. Persis came in with the tea-things, neatly dressed; she bowed to the stranger, and he returned her salutation. Hubert continued the conversation, and although the girl busied herself about the tea-table for some time, no further notice was taken of her.

But when Clotilde, after tea, went into the kitchen, she found Persis in tears, with her bundle and bandbox beside her. "Mrs. Hubert," she said, with offended dignity, "I'm going away to-morrow morning. You must let Eli take me home. My week is just out. I can't stand such treatment any longer!"

"What is the matter?" asked Clotilde, in surprise. "What has happened?"

"Mrs. Hubert, wherever I've been, I've always been *introduced*. But neither you nor Mr. Hubert think it worth while to introduce me. How can Squire Powers know whom he's got before him, if you don't introduce me to him as Miss Wheeler? How can he say a word to me, when he don't know how to address me? I know his son Nat; I danced with him twice at John Thomson's quilting. And now, when

must he think of me? Mustn't Nat believe you despise me, when his father tells him he saw me here, and you didn't even introduce me to him?"

Clotilde, tired of the matter long ago, suffered the offended fair one to go. She made a few more attempts to obtain help, but they all turned out worse than the first. For Persis was at least good-natured, able, and neat, but others were lazy, awkward, and dirty. Now and then they met with an Irishwoman, but she seemed to belong to the dregs of her people, and was entirely useless. Or an American vagabond came along, active and skilful; but after a short trial, she proved to be a drunkard, and soon had to be dismissed. Of coloured people there were but few in this part of the country, and those mostly of the lowest class.

We will not tire our readers with the domestic scenes which for some months alloyed the happiness of our friends, and which had an influence on their spirits from which no philosophy could save them. They happened to have settled in a part of the country where the difficulty of obtaining servants had not yet been lessened by the influx of emigrants. Clotilde began to understand what it is that leads so many American families to a boarding-house, and finally resolved to do without a female servant.

For this purpose they were obliged, indeed, to simplify their household as much as possible. Eli's mother, the negro woman, agreed to do their washing. The same morning that she brought home the clothes, beautifully ironed, she accomplished a thorough cleaning of the whole house; in the interval, Clotilde herself attended to the sweeping and dusting of the few rooms which she and Hubert inhabited. She herself cooked a single, simple dish for dinner. Eli brought her wood and water, and milked the cow. Once in four weeks Hubert drove her to Redfield, to make the necessary purchases, and we must observe that it was her principle to maintain

ture nothing herself which she could buy ready-made, or have made by paid hands. For the American proverb, "Time is money," had long been familiar to her under the slightly different form of "Gain of time is the chief gain." She had, therefore, with all her necessary sweeping, sewing, cooking, baking, and making butter, generally a few evening-hours left for reading and music. There were, to be sure, times in her domestic life, when she did not fare so well; when the new music ordered from Boston lay for days unopened on the piano, and the books remained untouched; when a sorrowful glance fell upon the unarranged herbarium which she had collected on her walks through this foreign wilderness, so rich in flowers, when she still had a cook at home to prepare her dinner for her; times, when a quiet sigh carried her back to the civilized regions for which she had been educated, and where she had been spared these labours, which a paid servant could have performed as well as she, if not better.

And how?—our female readers will ask—was this all? Had Clotilde, in her married and domestic life, only labour, only a little vexation. Had she no *sufferings?* Did Hubert remain what he was at first, the tender, considerate, reverencing husband? Did he never lose patience when the dinner had not succeeded under her unpractised hand? Did it not put him out of humour that her domestic cares prevented her from being constantly the *cheering* companion, for which man, in his pride, destines his wife? When she wept, did he not think that her tears were directed against *himself*, did he not whistle, and affect indifference? When she asked him for money, was he not surprised that the money which he had last given her was already used up? And when she spoke to him of her friends, of the memories of her youth, of her inner life, did he never, in absence of mind, interrupt her with an unimportant question, or take out his watch, because he remembered that he had forgotten

to wind it up, and thus unconsciously wound the tenderest part of her being?

No! all this Hubert did not do. For he not only loved and honoured Clotilde with the whole strength of his soul; he also possessed, together with a manly spirit, delicacy and *tenderness* of feeling, and had perhaps as little selfishness as it is possible for a man to have. Yet we would not say by this, that Clotilde did not also have her little matrimonial trials. Hubert's dilatory habits naturally created many disturbances in the household. Many a necessary labour remained unperformed. Not that he *disliked* it, he had only *forgotten* it, until the time had passed when it ought to have been done. Often, when Clotilde, with great trouble, had prepared a palatable meal for him—for she herself would have preferred a simple piece of bread and butter to eating of a dish cooked by her own hands—he had forgotten the hour entirely while absorbed in his work; or had perhaps taken up a book a few minutes before, without the least regard to the dinner-hour fixed by himself, and, sauntering far into the wood, thrown himself down under a tree. There he would lie, lost in his book, until hunger called him back to reality, while the meal prepared with so much trouble was burnt on the fire at home, or, if set aside, grew cold.

He called himself happy, and he was so, in his perfect freedom and in the possession of Clotilde. But just she felt keenly, in his stead, how far he was, here, from the sphere in which he belonged. In the cultivated world, indeed, in any city society, his fine mind and extensive information would have secured to him a high position in the regard of his associates. But the farmers of the neighbourhood had, on the contrary, rather a small opinion of him, because he refrained from all participation in public affairs, and manifested but little ability for money-making, or for other outward activity. "An idler," they said to each other,

shrugging their shoulders, "a dreamer, a German bookworm! It's a pity for the handsome wife, she knows how to get along; *he* ought to have been a schoolmaster!"

But what made Hubert's neighbours particularly distrustful, was that he never went to church, and was, therefore, in their opinion, an infidel. This circumstance did not, indeed, awaken the least doubt as to his being an honest and honourable man, for even the uneducated American makes, with remarkable acuteness, a distinction between a man's spiritual and civil character, and the darkest puritanic prejudices will never disparage the latter. But this fact would have been enough to make his neighbours avoid him, even if he himself had not lived so retired a life.

Clotilde, on the other hand, had immediately entered into a sort of neighbourly intercourse with the females of the village. She did not do this exactly from inclination, but from a certain healthy policy of the heart. Wherever she went, her amiable and dignified manner won her friends, even though—and to this she by no means objected—the latter quality, and particularly the proud reserve which the country-people entertained towards her as "a foreigner," excluded all familiarity.

For her, too, the Congregational church of the village had almost as little attraction as the still more distant Methodist meeting-house, which was frequented mostly by blacks, and where the stage-driver who had brought them to Woodhill preached three times every Sunday.

The Congregational minister, however, was a scholar, a classmate of Mr. Spooner. His sermon, meagre, stern and dry, like himself, usually lasted an hour and a half: the exposition quarter of an hour; the arguments, in strictly logical arrangement, and carried on with firstly, secondly, thirdly, often to ninthly and tenthly, occupied a full hour, and the attentive audience might be thankful if the inference *and application* were crowded together into another quarter

of an hour. The short prayer lasted quite as long as the inference, but the long one often seemed to Clotilde even longer than the sermon. In this prayer, a cold, dogmatical composition, the minister argued with God, instead of with his audience. Before Clotilde had become accustomed to the form of the service, she sometimes thought it was a second sermon, spoken with closed eyes. And yet she saw plainly that that which was unpleasant to her, or left her cold, edified others, and filled the congregation, to whom the faintest shade of sentimentality would have been repulsive, with devotion and admiration.

The singing was just as little calculated to attract her, even though music seemed to her the most natural language in which the soul can rise to God. The stern spirit of the Puritans, which forbade all sensual attractions, pronounced the organ, that "kist o' whistles," a sinful plaything of the devil, and banished it from their churches; but time and a growing love of art has long since re-introduced it in cities and larger towns. But our village, like many others, had not been able to go to the expense of buying one, or perhaps had not thought it important enough. Nor was the congregation large enough to have a choir and a leader. But the minister would read two verses of a well-known hymn—carefully choosing one which could be sung to a familiar tune, and give the appropriate key. Sometimes there would be a stranger in the pulpit, who, gifted with a voice, would raise the tune himself, and this had for Clotilde something solemn and patriarchal. But usually, after a pause, that was filled by hemming and hawing, a single male or female voice would rise up from some pew, which would soon be joined by another, perhaps from the opposite end of the house, until, by degrees, there was a small, thin concert of voices. In the next two lines there would be an improvement, and in the last verse of the hymn half the congregation would join.

Notwithstanding that all this gave Clotilde little satisfaction, she yet felt a want of being pious with the pious. In fine weather she liked to go, in the cool of the morning, down the hill, and along the road to the village, in the centre of which stood the church. It was a walk of more than two hours; Hubert was to come for her, and be at the church door with the horse and carriage at twelve o'clock. For they had to let Eli go home to his parents on Sunday, who were strictly pious, and with whom he spent two-thirds of the day at the Methodist church. Now it often happened that Hubert came for his wife at the right time; but just as often, that he wished first to find out a new way, and lost himself in the wood, or got belated in some other way; for his watch, though in his pocket, being rarely wound up, he never knew the time of day, and seemed incapable of any calculation.

Clotilde, in such cases, had to make up her mind to walk home the long distance in the noonday-sun. But she was generally spared this by the farmers of her acquaintance. When she was seen coming out of the church and looking round in vain for her carriage, while her female acquaintances were standing around in groups, with much to say to each other, she was mostly accosted by one or the other farmer, who lived too far to go home between the services, aud who offered to take her up the hill, or at least part of the way. She generally gladly accepted the proposal, and while her escort's family remained in their pew, eating the apples, gingerbread, or other simple fare with which they had provided themselves, she soon, by asking information on one point or another, became absorbed in a kindly conversation with the good man himself. For she had a way of overcoming the tough, mistrustful diffidence of the American countryman, as well as turning off his curiosity and love of inquiry. In this manner she gained much useful information *about local relations* or domestic affairs, and never parted

from her companion without having made the most favourable impression, and cordially expressing her thanks.

She was, of course, the first at home, and had time to prepare the dinner, not always without repressing a tear of vexation, and when Hubert at length arrived, with many excuses, indeed, yet with some surprise at her having been already gone, and the question why she had not waited for him, she sometimes received him with a forced smile, but rarely only—for she knew that man cannot throw off his individuality—with a slight reproach.

But these were only light clouds on the heaven of their love. It could be truly said that they were *happy;* not the happiness which is but a short, blissful dream, but such as can alone be *lasting*. And they grew more and more so every day, and would cast a cheerful, hopeful glance into the future. Hubert had little left to wish for in Clotilde; she, on the other hand, had recognised in him the ennobled, refined image of his father, and kept in view the warning example of Adelgunda, whose pedantic virtues had once made home disagreeable to her undisciplined partner. More and more the loving husband and wife grew into each other, as it were; the little angles, of which every truthful character has more or less, wore off imperceptibly,-or those of the one fitted wonderfully into the gaps of the other, so that this marriage was in the best way to form that noble, harmonious whole, which alone can realize the Creator's idea of man and wife.

One circumstance, in particular, contributed to throw a pleasing light upon their domestic life; this was the harmony in their inward interests. It is certainly not essential to matrimonial happiness, that two beings who love each other, should be alike in their characters, that *both* should be gentle, or decided, or energetic, or patient. On the contrary, one ought to supply the other's deficiencies, one make up for the other's faults, and thus form an entire whole.

But like inclinations, similar interests, particularly if they give rise to mutual occupations, can only strengthen the matrimonial tie.

Music, in particular, is a delightful bond of this kind; for of all arts it is the most social one. But also poetry, and mutual scientific studies, draw two souls closer together. Happy the wife who can be her husband's assistant in them! Happy the man whose mind can be mirrored, in faithful and purified reflection, in that of his wife!

True, in most cases, there will be times when this happiness does not find full acknowledgment with the husband. The penetration and superior excitability of an intellectual woman, will at times be inconvenient and burdensome even to men of distinguished mind. There are deeply learned, even highly intellectual men, who, while they devote the greater part of the day to their studies, wish only to find *relaxation* from their mental labours in the intercourse with their wives. When they come into the room of the latter for half an hour, as if to rest from thinking, and, stretching themselves on the sofa, ask after the news, or the like, they care much more for some little amusing gossip, or pleasant every-day talk, be it ever so shallow, than for an exchange of ideas, or similar communications from the regions of the soul. What an evening game of cards, or something of the kind, is to many, even distinguished men —a relaxation by complete repose of the mental powers, a refreshment by the lulling to sleep of the higher faculties during a moderate use of the lower ones—others find in a conversation with their wives.

How different, and how much nobler, was the relation between Hubert and Clotilde! When their daily work was ended, when he had accomplished his task and she had arranged her domestic affairs, how pleasantly did they sit down together to intellectual intercourse and common occupations! The latter they saved particularly for the long winter evenings to

which they had to look forward. They intended to explore together the realm, new to them, of young American literature, for which purpose a long row of elegant volumes stood in readiness. They had made the plan, when they should have familiarized themselves with it, to lay it open also to their countrymen, and already practised the translation of "Examples." It was a pleasing contrast, when both, each separately, undertook the translation of the same poem, and then compared the two versions with each other, and often combined them. Clotilde succeeded particularly well in these attempts, although Hubert doubtless possessed a more poetic spirit than she. For woman's more pliable mind seems better adapted to that kind of reproduction which is the true essence of a poetical translation, than the more independent productive power of man

CHAPTER XXII.

THE VISIT.

THUS our young couple looked forward without fear to the long, cold winter that was soon to enter their wilderness, and cover wood and meadow for them with an impenetrable veil of snow. The wide massive grates in all the rooms looked as if winter could not be keenly felt in their vicinity; and the two hired men, when they cleared the woods around, had heaped up such immeasurable quantities of wood—which it was Hubert's daily morning occupation to split for use—that Clotilde jestingly hinted at the possibility of melting a small Polar sea with it.

But it was not yet time for that. The leaves were just beginning to fall; the beach put on its yellow-spotted cloak, the maple and mountain-ash arrayed themselves in their glorious crimson and purple dresses, which, in their thousand shades, when the morning or evening-sun shone through them, cast a magic glow over the whole country around, that presented, in the reflection, an unparalleled richness of colouring. Plainly visible among the thinned foliage, the gold-brown robin was seen flitting from branch to branch; the finch, dear little autumn bird, hopped about in search of the wild cherry, mingling its plaintive chirps with the more cheerful warbling of the blue-bird. In the orchard on one side of the house, the branches were nearly breaking with their cumbrous weight of red and yellow apples, and the grass under the trees was covered with a layer of fruit. In bright, never-

dimmed clearness, the arch of heaven expanded itself above the serenely serious landscape; the air was scented with the fragrance of the autumn fruit, full of vital energy, mild without being too soft, fresh without being sharp. The whole beauteous peculiarity of atmosphere and colouring of an American autumn, bestowed upon our lovers, for the first time in many years, a healthy, satisfied consciousness of their existence.

One thing troubled Clotilde. She had never heard from the Castletons again since Sarah's departure. She had received no answer either from Alonzo or Virginia. The great expenses which she and Hubert had incurred in the purchase and arrangement of their new home, had made it impossible for her to discharge her debt to Alonzo until quite recently. She had at length succeeded in saving a certain sum. She had transmitted it to Alonzo a short time before, accompanied by a few delicate, cordial words of thanks, and the urgent entreaty to write to her; but this communication, too, he had not answered, although he knew now where she was, and where she had found a home. She was now in daily, anxious expectation of a letter.

On the other hand, both had had frequent intelligence from their German friends; first their expressions of deep pity, and then their joyful congratulations on their regained happiness. From her former guardian alone, Clotilde had not received a line. The friend whom we have mentioned before had written to her concerning him, that he had extended his travels farther and farther, and commissioned his agent not to forward letters which arrived for him, from place to place, but to send them all to England, whither he intended to go by water from some Asiatic port; which, she had forgotten. "It seems as if," she wrote, "at variance as he is with the *spirit* of the age, and deprived of the sole hope of his heart, he wished to forget Europe entirely for some years. What influence," she added, in jest, "do you think his acquaintance

with the state of things in Asia will have on his political system? Perhaps he will thus learn to recognise that the system of progress, which he disliked so much, has its good points, too."

One clear, sunny afternoon, after an early dinner was despatched, and the necessary household duties attended to, Clotilde went down to the village to make some necessary purchases, and ask the landlady of the inn, a kind, sensible woman, whose acquaintance she had made at church, for some advice, as she had frequently done before. But this time the matter was of special importance. She walked along silently, lost in thought. A deep, grateful, subdued feeling of happiness was in her soul. That morning she had revealed to her beloved husband a sweet secret, had seen him gaze at her in delight, and felt his fervent pressure of redoubled love as he drew her to his breast. Various arrangements had to be made before the winter set in. She had ordered Eli, who was still at work, to meet her with the carriage, on her return at the foot of the hill, so as to relieve her of part of the way back.

Mrs. Curtis—this was the landlady's name—kindly gave all the required information, and was ready for advice and aid at all times. When the business was ended, and Clotilde rose to go, she said: "I'd beg you to stay and take supper with us, but I guess your good husband is going to have some company himself, and I suppose you'll have to be home to get tea ready."

"Thank you," replied Clotilde, "but I must indeed go home to take care of my husband. Company we never have in our hermitage."

"I calculate you will to-day, though," said the landlady. "Three gentlemen stopped here, who asked for Mr. Hubert; and wanted to know where he lived, and if they could get a *horse* and buggy. They came from Redfield this forenoon."

"They may be some New-York acquaintances of Hubert's," remarked Clotilde; "were they Germans?"

"They weren't foreigners. They spoke good English, though it did sound rather different from what we speak here. I'll just tell you, Mrs. Hubert, as I see they ain't near friends of yours, I didn't like the gentlemen, a bit. One of them's well enough, a pretty, smart young fellow; but he didn't go along, he's sitting upstairs, and reading. He went to the door with the others when they went to get in the wagon, and I heard him say myself, 'You know you can count upon me, but I'd much rather have nothing to do with the matter.' I believe he's a student from Cambridge, that's just graduated."

"Well, and the two others?"

"I fancy they're a couple of wild fellows," answered Mrs. Curtis. "One of them, to be sure, I can't complain of. He don't say a word, but he looks so glum and melancholy, and there's such an unnatural, strange fire in his eyes. If I had to live with that one, I know I'd be afraid of him. I shouldn't be surprised if he'd go to the lunatic asylum one of these days. But the other one! He's a blustering fellow! And he carries a horsewhip in his hand, and keeps flourishing it, and swearing in the most awful way! I sent my Lizzy in the room to wait on the gentlemen at dinner, if they wanted anything. And she heard plainly how he said to the silent, melancholy one: Cousin, if I hadn't given you my word, all these d—— Yankees taken together, wouldn't protect him from the horsewhipping he deserves!"

"Whom was he talking about?" inquired Clotilde.

"That Lizzy couldn't find out," rejoined Mrs. Curtis. "The child was sitting quietly in her corner and reading the paper, that is, she pretended to, for I've trained my girls always to pay attention and see if the folks want any thing; for it wouldn't do my house much honour, if the guests weren't well attended to, and I'd like to hear any one say that my girls don't know

how to wait on the table just as well as all the black waiters in the cities taken together. But young ladies can't stand up like waiters, and so I guess, when the pies had been brought in, the three gentlemen thought she was deep in the paper, and couldn't hear nor see nothing. For they made all sorts of fun of the water-cure establishment, as they called it, that they'd come to. For you see, Mrs. Hubert, they'd taken offence at not getting any wine, because our house is a temperance-house, and the bar-room is shut up ever since Mr. Curtis became a Christian. The melancholy one didn't say anything, but he looked as if he'd rather drink blood than wine; but the other two first made a fuss, and when they saw that didn't do any good, they began to run down the good cause among themselves, and made fun of the temperance societies."

"Well," Clotilde finally interrupted this unceasing flow of words, "and you think these troublesome guests are coming to us?"

"They wanted a horse and wagon," replied the landlady, "but you see Mr. Curtis, who didn't like them any better than I did, told the one with the horsewhip he wanted his wagon himself to-day. But I believe they got Mike Walker's horse and chaise, for since we've been talking, I saw it going by, and Mr. Walker's little boy driving. If I ain't very much mistaken the two gentlemen were inside."

"Then they probably have some business with Hubert," observed Clotilde, and took her departure. On her way home she tried to conjecture what it might be. A dim feeling of dread crept upon her. "Perhaps they are creditors of the former owner," she thought, "who have still some claims on the property. It may be, too, that the woman misunderstood the name. It is also possible that they are slight acquaintances of Hubert's from New York, for whom the opportunity of a visit, on a journey through the country, is a welcome event."

Soon, however, she forgot the matter entirely, and, absorbed in other thoughts, reached the foot of the hill, where Eli was awaiting her with the carriage. She asked if any company had come to the house, or if he had met a chaise with two gentlemen. Eli denied both, but thought it possible that they had passed unnoticed by him, while he had stopped at his mother's, to deliver a message with which missus had charged him.

Hubert had worked in the garden, after Clotilde left him. His heart, too, beat more joyfully than usual. Rather fatigued in body, he went back to the house, and seated himself, with a book, in the bedroom, which overlooked the back meadow. The sun was already very low, and threw a magic light over wood and field.

He was absorbed in reading, and did not notice that a carriage drove into the yard, and two men alighted and entered the house. Only when the parlour door opened, he looked up, and went to meet the new comers.

Two young men entered the room, both tall and slender, and of a pale, sallow complexion, which indicated their Southern origin. Their dress and deportment showed that they belonged to the higher classes of society. Both kept their hats on their heads. In Europe, Hubert would have considered this an insult, or at least an incivility. But he had lived too long in America not to know that a hat kept on the head in a room, is as little a sign of rudeness here as that on the head of a grandee of Spain; even though, in refined society, the French custom of taking off the hat has long been adopted here as in Europe.

He therefore immediately inquired, in a polite tone:

"May I ask, gentlemen, what business leads you here?"

One of the persons whom he addressed had been not unfavourably dealt with by Nature in his exterior. The height of his slender figure was indeed almost unnatural for a youth of not yet twenty years, for he had hardly passed the age of

boyhood; his features, too, would have been pleasing enough, if they had not borne, in expression and colour, the unmistakeable impress of a dissolute life. There was more of insolence than of wildness in his look. His dull eye seemed to lack the fire for the latter.

The other, on the contrary, a youth with noble, regular features, which now, however, were disfigured by a gloomy, threatening expression, seemed moved by passion throughout. He spoke first, and said, sternly:

"You imagine truly, sir, that it is not a visit of pleasure that brings us here, but business. And the nature of this business you will probably conjecture, sir, when I tell you that my name is Castleton."

Hubert changed colour. "Castleton!" he cried, "Alonzo Castleton!"

"That is my name. My business lies in that name," replied Alonzo gloomily.

"I do not understand you, sir," rejoined Hubert, looking at him attentively.

At this Alonzo's companion could contain himself no longer. "I am not at all surprised," he said, with an expression which he tried to make as scornful as possible, "that you find it rather inconvenient to understand my friend, although I'd like to swear that you did so when you grew as pale as a sheet. Perhaps I can assist your memory somewhat, if I tell you that *my* name is Dunning."

During these intentionally insulting words, Hubert had entirely regained his composure. "Your name, sir," he said, contemptuously, "is still unknown to me in its greatness." Then, turning to Alonzo: "But the name of Castleton I honour, and will ever hold dear. It is your name, the name of Alonzo Castleton, the preserver of my dearest treasure, the benefactor of my wife!"

"It *was mere* chance, no merit on my part, that made me *that," replied Alonzo,* still more gloomily than before; "but

you should have honoured this chance, and not have given me a cup of poison in return for the refreshing draught. But we will leave her out of the question! I have nothing to do with her! Only with you. To you I come, to call you to account, you know for what!"

"I know for what? And of what do you accuse me?"

Alonzo's face was suddenly suffused with a dark crimson, his eyes flashed fire, and his voice grew hoarse and screaming as he said: "I accuse you of having poisoned a young girl's heart; I accuse you of having, under a false name, won for yourself the compassion of a noble lady, of having crept into her fancy in the guise of an adventurer, of having induced her to leave her father's house, and of having finally shamefully deserted her. That is what I accuse you of!"

Hubert looked at him in horror. "Alonzo!" he exclaimed, "you are labouring under a fearful delusion!"

But these words only increased the other's fury. "It is so!" he cried, passionately, "it is so! You are a traitor! I will suffer no contradiction!"

Before Hubert could answer, Dunning, who, while Alonzo was speaking, had exhausted himself in trying to display his contempt for Hubert by disdainful miens and gestures, cried: "And I accuse you of being an accomplice in man-stealing, and a fugitive from the penitentiary, for whom this"—flourishing his horsewhip with an insolent laugh—"was intended, if my friend hadn't interceded for you!"

But Hubert, with flashing eye, had sprung back, and snatched from a corner a thick heavy cane which he had himself cut in the wood and trimmed. "Villain!" he cried, "do you come to my house, like an assassin, to attack me? Is that your honour of a cavalier? Your aspersions I despise, but one touch—and you shall be felled by the weight of this stick!"

But Alonzo had thrown himself between the two. "Dunning!" he cried, indignantly, "is that the way you keep your

promise? This is *my* affair, Bob!—Be unconcerned, sir; my friend's zeal carries him too far. We did not come to attack you dishonourably. I came to call you to account for your conduct towards a lady whom I respect, and who is my near relation, and if you are indeed a man of honour, you will not refuse satisfaction to the offended party."

"Mr. Castleton," replied Hubert, and his whole manner showed deep agitation, "this brawler I will meet, as he desires, or rather, as he deserves; but you, Alonzo—by heaven! none of your accusations shall induce me to have an encounter with you!"

Alonzo started. "Coward!" he cried, "is your bit of life so dear to you?"

Hubert turned pale. "Boy!" he exclaimed, passionately. "But no! you do not in reality think me a coward. I disapprove of duelling, as a remnant of an age of barbarity. It is a double stain in this country, which has done away with less well-founded prejudices. Against him, there, I will prove to you whether I can bear insult like a coward. But with you, Alonzo, I will not fight! By God in heaven, I will not!"

Alonzo was strangely bewildered and agitated. Even Bob Dunning looked perplexed. "And why not with me?" inquired the former, with a frown.

"I honour, I—love your family. I honour Virginia. I never deceived Virginia. I never persuaded her to any improper step. I have never insulted Virginia, nor you, Alonzo."

But Virginia's name was enough to re-awaken the whole fury of passion in the deluded youth. There would have been no need of Dunning's calling to him: "Can you bear that, Castleton? Can you let the rascal mention your cousin's name?"—he broke out anew into passionate reproaches, *again called Hubert* a coward, and with his intentionally *irritating, hardly* connected speeches, Dunning, with satanic

laughter, mingled such sneering words, that Hubert, unable to contain himself any longer, had just lifted his cane again, when—the door opened, and Clotilde entered.

She came in violent alarm, and out of breath, for already in the yard the angry voices had met her ear. Now she suddenly stood among the excited men, who, at her entrance, started back as if struck by an electric shock. Hubert's arm sank. Alonzo, changing colour, retreated a few steps; even Dunning's coarseness could not resist the atmosphere of female dignity, and the respect for the tender sex to which he had been brought up. He mumbled a few unintelligible words, and, crossing his arms, leaned back against the wall.

"Leave us for a moment, dear wife," Hubert said at length.

But Clotilde had rapidly collected herself. She quickly approached Alonzo. "Welcome, dear friend! Welcome to the house of those who love you so dearly, and esteem you so much. How? you withdraw your hand? What mistake is here?"

Meanwhile Alonzo, too, had with difficulty collected himself. "I am not here as your friend, Clotilde," he said, in a constrained voice, "I am not come on a friendly visit. My business is only with Hubert, not with you."

"Oh, my dear friend," replied Clotilde, "Hubert and I are one! You cannot be angry at Hubert without being so at me, too. He loves you. To you alone he owes my preservation. Oh, suffer him, suffer me, to thank you now, now that my life has only grown dear to me again."

Alonzo had turned from her gloomily. "Hubert is a deceiver," he said.

"No, he is not, dear friend," she answered, in a low, pleading voice; with a rapid movement she possessed herself of his hand. She continued to talk to him with fervour; she spoke of their present happiness, finally attained after so much

suffering, and how they owed it to him alone. She carefully avoided Virginia's name.

In the mean time, Hubert and Dunning had rapidly exchanged a few low, hasty words. Both seemed suddenly passionless and decided, and Dunning, while they hastily made some necessary agreements, was even more civil in his language than Hubert. Clotilde, while she was speaking, and exercising the old charm over the noble nature of the bewildered youth, had stood with her back to the others, and did not observe their negotiation.

At this moment Dunning called out, "Enough of fine words now, Castleton! Our business is settled, we must go!"

Alonzo tore himself away. "Enough, Clotilde!" he cried, and both, bowing politely for the first time, rushed from the door, from the house. In a moment they were in their chaise, and flew from the courtyard.

"Hubert!" exclaimed Clotilde, in the greatest consternation, "what does this mean? Tell me what has happened! Tell me all."

"Nothing, dearest heart," he replied, "nothing of moment. Do not be uneasy!"—and then, feeling the need of solitude, he broke off the conversation, took his hat, and went quickly out of the back-door, crossing the meadow with long strides, in the direction of the wood.

In what a terrible state of mind did he leave Clotilde! He would not speak to her, would not hear her! And Alonzo? What could be his purpose? That he had not given it up was quite certain; but it had been shaken, he had been softened, his anger had begun to yield to reason, his hatred to gentler feelings, when that demon dragged him away with him. She must see him once more, she must run every risk, to prevent the abomination of a combat between —*brothers*.

She hastened to the stable, before which the carriage still stood. *Eli was just* taking out the horse, when his mistress

rushed up to him. "Quick, Eli, we must be off again. We must follow these gentlemen. I must speak to them once more."

And hastily assisting Eli to reharness the horse, the carriage was soon in readiness again. Clotilde threw herself into it. "Now hurry, my boy," she said, "and I'll give you something if you overtake them by the way."

The boy was delighted at the chance of racing down hill, which was generally forbidden him. But the others had too much the advantage for him to have reached them, if an accident, caused by their furious driving, had not subjected them to a necessary delay. One of the wheels was broken, and the carriage had been slowly dragged to the house where Eli's parents lived, so that the injury might be repaired sufficiently to enable them to reach the village. The gentlemen had alighted. Dunning stood beside the chaise, cursing and swearing, Alonzo was pacing rapidly up and down the small space that had been cleared in front of the house, when Clotilde arrived and sprang from the carriage.

She resolutely approached Alonzo, who looked at her in startled surprise, put her arm in his, and led him to the other end of the little grass plot.

"Mr. Castleton," she said, calmly, "I *must* speak to you. No false delicacy shall prevent me from following you till you have answered me. This fearful mistake, which causes you to depart entirely from your noble, generous nature, must be explained."

Alonzo, too, had by this time collected himself completely, "No mistake, madam," he said, with forced coldness. "All discussions about it will not alter the matter. You think Mr. Hubert innocent, I think him guilty. We will not change each other's opinion. But guilty or not guilty, I am resolved upon a course of action, such as alone becomes a man of honour, and which none of your entreaties or remonstrances will alter."

"But what is it that you want, Alonzo? What do you want to revenge on him? For what do you wish to punish him?"

Alonzo looked at Clotilde with a kind of pity. "I could answer you: for his having trampled under foot the laws of my country, and having sown, by example as well as by evil precepts, the seed of mutiny and rebellion among a peaceable community. But I prefer to tell you the whole truth. I would punish him, Clotilde," and while he spoke, the passionate working of his features returned with redoubled force, "because, faithless and dishonourable, he forgot *you*, who were mourning away your life for him, and treacherously crept into Virginia's unguarded heart; because he entangled her fancy in a net of falsehood, and when he had finally, after following her from place to place, succeeded in inducing her, in her generosity, to take one false step, made her the victim of a re-awakened passion."

His words pierced Clotilde's heart like daggers. But a voice within her cried, It is not true! But how should she place her words so as not to excite the unhappy youth—for unhappy she felt he was—still more. She could not acknowledge Hubert to be guilty, and yet she knew that Alonzo could not support the conviction of Virginia's guilt.

"Oh, Alonzo," she cried, "Virginia deceived herself before she deceived you. If Hubert ever erred against me, against my memory, I have long forgiven him, he has long since atoned for it to me by the fullest love. But believe me, Alonzo, he never loved Virginia. He esteemed her. He admired her. Virginia *thought* herself beloved, now thinks herself deceived. She will forget this passing fancy."

She was alarmed at the effect of her words. Alonzo had stared at her while she spoke, and his features were so strangely distorted, that Clotilde shuddered. Suddenly his face was covered with a dark glow, his eyes flashed with fury, and he cried: "Clotilde, I have sworn it! I have sworn to her, by

the life of my unhappy mother, that I would avenge her. And shall I renounce her for ever? Shall I lose the prize of a whole life? Shall another bear off the pearl that belongs to me alone? Yes, I have sworn it to her! I will avenge her! No other shall do it! Blood must flow! *His* blood must flow! Blood alone can avenge her! Not a word, Clotilde! I have sworn it, and sooner than I will renounce this prize, for which I have suffered so fearfully, the abyss of hell shall swallow me up!"

In a passion awful to behold, and increasing with every word, the unfortunate young man stood before her. Suddenly he turned to the carriage, which stood in readiness, as if he were flying from her. His companion had observed the conversation from afar, stamping and cursing impatiently. But when, at Alonzo's last furious outbreak, Clotilde grew suddenly pale, and, when he turned from her, fell back fainting, it was Dunning who sprang to her assistance, and supported her half-unconscious form until Eli's mother came running up to aid her, while the two cavaliers drove rapidly away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SPRINGING UP OF THE SEED.

IT was only for a few moments that Clotilde, paralyzed by fear and anxiety, remained in a state of half-unconsciousness, while the good negro woman tried to lead her into the house.

"I wonder if he calls himself a gentleman," cried the latter, indignantly, "to talk to a lady so roughly. They're fine Christians! Racing down hill as if the devil was behind them, cursing and swearing worse than the heathen, and speaking to a lady as if they'd run away from a mad-house. Come along, dear, don't think of it any more. Just come in, missus dear, and get a drink of water!"

But Clotilde quickly roused herself. She felt decidedly that she must *act*. "I will, I must disclose all to him,"—this one thought filled her mind,—"there is no other way of preventing this awful crime."

Hastily thanking the woman, she tore herself from her, and staggered to the carriage. "We must go back to the house again immediately, my good Eli," she said, and urged the astonished boy to make the horse go faster.

"I must disclose the truth to him, however bitter it may be to the injured pride of the unhappy man—and Hubert must not know it! *His* pride, too, might step in my way! He will do everything to avoid an encounter, I am certain of that. He would do the same if Alonzo were a stranger. I know his principles. But if he were urged, perhaps at

tacked—how many instances of the kind have I heard of in these passionate Southerners—he would be obliged to defend, to aid himself. His life is in danger, and he might, against his will, be led to that fearful crime on which fell the first curse. My beloved, I must avert this danger from you!

"I must do so without telling Hubert of it. These men cannot endure to have a shadow of suspicion fall upon them of their dreading any danger. He might possibly find something in this course, that was against his honour. I am willing to have him conjecture the step which I have taken, and draw it from me at some future time, but unasked I will not disclose it to him. When all is over, he will approve of my conduct."

These thoughts had brought her home. She was glad to find that Hubert had not yet returned from his work. She quickly opened her writing-desk. If she had been less excited, she would have been painfully embarrassed with regard to a choice of the words in which she should reveal to the unhappy youth what an ineffaceable stain rested upon his birth. But her glowing zeal rapidly inspired her with words, her natural sense of delicacy dictated to her the suitable ones. She disclosed to him that his father Uberto, and Hubert, the father of her husband, were one and the same person, and the latter his elder brother. She related to him in hasty, softening, and yet truthful outlines, the history of his father, told the circumstances of his later life, and the year of his death, and sent him, in confirmation of this improbable sounding discovery, the miraculous image of the Virgin which had belonged to his mother. This article, which bore signs of its authenticity upon it that could not be doubted, must necessarily convince him of the truth of her statements, however unwelcome they might be to him.

When she had carefully sealed the package and the

letter, she called Eli to her. Twilight had set in in the mean time.

"Eli," she said, "I am going to charge you with something very important to-day. I have something for you to do which must be done to-day."

"Very well, missus," answered the boy, readily; "shall I write? or cipher?"—for Clotilde gave him lessons in both.

"Oh, no! I want you to take these things down to the inn this evening, to the gentleman who is called Mr. Castleton."

"This evening?" asked the boy, and hesitated. "It'll be night before I get there."

"If you walk quickly, you can reach the village before it is quite dark. Are you afraid?"

"Afraid? No, indeed! But—it's so dark in the woods at night—not that I am afraid—but——"

"Why it's full moon, Eli, you'll come back in the bright moonlight."

"The moon's awful in the woods, missus," replied Eli, "I ain't afraid, but ——"

"Very well; as I said before, the matter is very important. If you exert yourself, you can get there before night. And I will spare you a large part of the way home. You can stay over night at your parents, and come back early to-morrow morning."

Eli, though naturally rather fearful, was good-natured, and the prospect of spending the evening with his brothers and sisters, finally removed all his objections. Clotilde gave him his supper to eat on the way. Then she put the letter and package into his hands, with the urgent admonition to give them, if he could not see Mr. Castleton himself, to Mrs. Curtis, and beg her, in his mistress' name, to deliver them as soon as possible. Then once more recommending him to be as quick as he could, and very careful in the execution of his commission, she sent him off. She saw him run

down the hill, and looked after him until a turn in the road hid him from her eyes. She felt easier when the letter was gone. "But where can Hubert be?" she asked herself, and stepped from the back-door out on the meadow.

It grew darker and darker. "He must have gone very far," she thought.

She went into the kitchen to prepare the supper. Here she saw that Eli, occupied by having to drive to and fro so much, had neglected to place the necessary wood in readiness for her. She went to the wood-house herself to fetch in an armful. She opened the door. To her surprise she saw Hubert before her, who was occupied, in a corner of the shed, with something which he hastily concealed at her unexpected entrance. But her eye had already caught a flash, as of polished metal.

"You here, dearest!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "I thought you had not returned yet. Have you been home long?"

Hubert gave her an evasive answer. He appeared not to have missed her, and evidently did not know that she had been absent. He now followed her into the kitchen, assisted her in her little preparations, and when she replied to his inquiry after Eli, that she had given him something to do, he seemed quite satisfied.

Both, for a while, avoided speaking of the visitors whom Clotilde had found with Hubert that afternoon. The former at length found this reserve too unnatural; and she noticed, besides this, a certain increased tenderness in Hubert's whole manner, a certain gentleness, which touched her, though it did not surprise her. For she suspected that this heightened affection on Hubert's part was ascribable to his presentiment of a coming danger. The reason which she had for hoping that she had averted this danger, made her calmer, though not less affectionate.

"Dearest husband," she said, putting her arm around him,

"let us not persist in a reserve which alters so entirely our relation to each other! As I saw Alonzo to-day, I hardly recognised in him the noble youth of formerly. Into such an unnatural state an unhappy passion has thrown him."

"I was forcibly seized," replied Hubert, "when, so suddenly —my brother stood before me. He came full of hatred and thirst for revenge. I felt nothing but love and pity. None of his insulting words could irritate me more than momentarily. And yet I feel decidedly, that a disclosure of our relation to each other would only excite him still more against me."

Clotilde reddened slightly. "It would be cruel to reveal it to him *unnecessarily*," she said, emphatically. "But why, if in your breast there is only love for your brother, should he feel less kindly, if he ever discovered your relation. I never knew him to be otherwise than noble and just."

"Can you ask why?" rejoined Hubert. "His birth has not injured me. *I* can love *him* without generosity. But *my* existence, and its undeniable legality, only deepens the impress of shame which his bears. May he therefore never learn who was my father!"

"*Never unnecessarily*," repeated Clotilde. "But you only half know the noble youth. You have only seen him in an unnatural over-excitement, into which his own and Virginia's unhappy passion had thrown him. I hardly venture to decide whether he deceives himself, or has been deceived by Virginia's jealous desire for revenge—I almost fear the latter."

Hubert covered his eyes with his hands. Clotilde continued:

"He is your brother, dearest; nevertheless, I can only wish and pray that you may never meet again."

"Be it so, my beloved," replied Hubert, "but if we should meet, you may be certain that this hand will never be raised against my brother, even though he should seek to excite me *to it by a thousand* insults."

"Heaven forbid!" said Clotilde. "But tell me, Franz—did I not see arms in your hand a while ago? Were they not pistols? Can it be? Is there any possibility of your having occasion to use them?"

Hubert smiled rather constrainedly. "How you watch me!" he said, with some embarrassment. "As far as I know, you have never found it singular that, in our lonely situation, I always have a brace of pistols in readiness. And it can surprise you just as little that it enters my mind to test the serviceableness of my weapons, when, one fine afternoon, a couple of bullies enter my house and insult me, after their Southern cavalier-fashion. You may depend upon it, however, against Alonzo I shall never make use of these or any other weapons."

Clotilde kissed him gently. "Dear, noble heart!" she said, tenderly, and felt herself pressed to his breast in delight. She was wonderfully calmed by his words. Poor thing! She knew nothing of the share which Dunning had in that unlucky, unfortunate afternoon-visit. The whole business with him had remained entirely unknown to her; it was interrupted by her entrance, and was finished behind her back during her conversation with Alonzo. She little suspected that the arrangements for the unhappy encounter which she hoped with certainty to have prevented, had already been made.

She therefore gave herself up, unconcernedly, to a more general conversation with her beloved husband, which received a higher charm from the enhanced fervency of his manner. A blissful feeling of renewed surety of possession entered her poor heart. It seemed to her as if they both had suddenly been removed from some great danger, and while she gave and received words of love, her heart rose up in gratitude to God.

They went out into the glorious moonlight night. Strewn with brilliant stars, the arch of heaven rose above them, of a deep azure, and yet of a purity and clearness such as Clotilde

had never seen but in Italy. What feeling individual is there, in whom the moon's gentle light does not awaken an inner spiritual life? Or recall the memory of beloved dead? Our lovers, too, gave themselves up to such recollections on this evening. They spoke of Clotilde's dear parents, for whom Hubert too had cherished such a warm affection; of Hubert's exemplary mother, and, with a deep sigh, of his father, who had possessed everything that could grace and adorn life, and who now stood before his Judge, to render up an account of the talent intrusted to his care.

With tears, too, they spoke of their dear friends, Stellmann and Henrietta, who had gone forth, with such innocent delight, to meet a new life, only to be hurled into eternity in a moment of indescribable terror.

"They died together, at least," said Clotilde. "There is consolation in that. But we, Hubert, who were torn asunder, and by God's decree were brought together again after many heavy trials—could we endure the thought of having to part again now? Would not a separation be a thousand times more bitter now that we are so completely interwoven with each other, than at that time—now, when we are looking forward to a new, three-fold existence, when we are blessed not only by a sweet present, but also by happy hopes? Oh, that Sassen were here! That he, dear friend, could convince himself that I am truly happy by your side. It would reconcile the excellent man to my emigration and to that which he calls his loss. For he has a strong, generous heart!"

Hubert sat beside her, his breast overflowing with mingled emotions of happiness and pain. He had wound his arm around the dear one, and leaned his head upon her shoulder. He, usually so eloquent, was silent now, and drank in with painful delight the sounds which the beloved wife, whom he held in his arms, whispered to him in her happiness. His heart was heavy. He feared not death. Trusting to *his skill, indeed*, he hardly believed in any danger. But

there was a possibility. He could not withdraw his eye from it entirely. And life was so beautiful with her!

They had retired very late; Clotilde awoke the next morning, later than usual, roused by a gentle kiss from Hubert. He stood before her completely dressed.

"I did not intend to waken you, dear heart," he said. "You were sleeping so quietly and soundly. I must go to work early to-day, to carry on the path in the valley. I was going away without breakfast, so as not to waken you; but you looked so strangely lovely, I could not resist."

"Naughty man!" said Clotilde, hastily throwing on her clothes. "What if you had gone off without breakfast, because your lazy wife overslept herself! You shall have something to eat immediately. Pray do not go, wait a few moments."

"I do not know where the boy is," remarked Hubert. "I have been calling him, but in vain."

Clotilde averted her face. "I had an errand for him quite late last night, and told him he might stay at his father's all night, but he ought to be here now."

She was busy with her preparations. Hubert looked at her dreamily, following each of her movements with his eyes. Breakfast was soon ready, and despatched in some haste. Eli had not yet returned. When Hubert took up his tools, Clotilde, too, put on her sun-bonnet, to attend to some work in the garden before the sun should be too hot.

Hubert threw his arms around her, and the farewell-kiss which he pressed upon her lips was accompanied by an embrace so painfully fervent, that she laughingly extricated herself, and begged him not to crush her. She ran away when he would have repeated the embrace, kissed her hand to him, and disappeared in the garden.

She was hardly gone, when he returned to his room, hid the spade and axe behind the door, threw off his working-clothes, and dressed himself fully. With the loaded pistols

concealed in his pockets, he went, with rapid steps, through the front-door, across the courtyard, and down the hill.

Clotilde, meanwhile, had several times looked around anxiously for Eli. At last, in passing the stable, she saw him in it, rubbing down the horse.

"What!" she exclaimed, "Eli, you here? You at home? Why did you not tell me of it? Have you been here long?"

"Yes, missus, some time," replied the boy, without pausing in his occupation.

"Come out, Eli," she called to him.

He came out slowly.

"Now tell me, how did you deliver your message? Did you give the letter to Mr. Castleton himself?"

"I gave it to Missus Curtis."

"Why not to Mr. Castleton?"

"He wasn't home."

"Not at home, so late in the evening? Where could he have gone to in the village?"

"Don't know, missus, he was gone out already, and the other gentlemen, too."

"Gone out already? What are you talking about, Eli? Did you not carry the letter last night?"

"I mean," replied the boy, "he hadn't come home yet. You can ask Missus Curtis; I really and truly gave her the letter."

"Who doubts it, Eli? But why do you not look at me when you are speaking to me? How often have I reproved you for that unpleasant habit of looking on one side when you are speaking or being spoken to!"

Eli looked straight in her face. "It's certainly true, missus; I put the letter and the bundle in Missus Curtis' hand myself, and she said she'd give them to the gentlemen right away, as soon as they came back, and would ask first which one was called Castleton. She said the gentlemen were *going away to-day*. She wanted to know if it wasn't an old

acquaintance of yours or Mr. Hubert's. It got to him quite safe, missus."

The boy spoke the truth, but not the whole truth. He had punctually delivered the letter and package; not the night before, however, as Clotilde had ordered him, but only that morning. For already in the increasing twilight a feeling of fear had come over him in the wood. He could not help stopping at his mother's for a moment, to see if one of his brothers, or perhaps his father, could keep him company. But the latter was at work on a farm some distance off, where he was going to stay all night, and had taken along the boy who came next to Eli. While they were talking over the matter it grew later and later. Eli finally thought the night would not make much difference, and that he would rather get up early and do the errand by daylight. The mother was easily persuaded. He remained, and played with the children till bedtime.

All this he carefully concealed from his mistress. Without misgiving, Clotilde returned to her household work. She did not suspect that the thunder-cloud which she hoped to have turned off, was already hovering over her head, ready to burst!

At a short distance from the village, removed from the public road, and only connected with it by footpaths, was a little grove—slender, vigorous trees, crowded by no rankling underwood—interspersed with green clearings, the largest about fifty feet square. In this open space three young men were walking to and fro with impatient strides. Two of them we know already. Alonzo Castleton, with his dark, flashing eyes, his sallow complexion spotted with dark red from feverish excitement, the veins of his forehead thickly swollen. It was evident that, although it was early morning, he had heated himself by drink, and, in want of a fiery wine, which was not to be found in the village, had made use of some other more vulgar concoction, composed of rum and other heating

ingredients—poisonous, ruinous beverages, such as greedy appetites have invented in great variety in the United States.

In the tall figure of the other, as well as in the pale face, with features disfigured by early dissipation, we easily recognise Robert Dunning.

The third was a healthy, vigorous young man, also from South Carolina, and an intimate friend of Alonzo's. He was a medical student, and had just passed a brilliant examination at Boston. He was on the eve of a voyage to Europe, to finish his studies at Paris and Vienna, and prepare himself for future practice in one of the Southern States. Just then Alonzo, the playmate of his boyhood, came to him, on his way to Vermont—for from Clotilde's letter and remittance he had at length learned where he could find the hated man who had robbed him of Virginia's heart. The unhappy girl, burning with jealousy and revenge, had promised him her hand as the price of the traitor's punishment. Was it love, was it stubbornness of purpose, which now made the deluded youth put his life at stake to win the prize so long striven for?

He came to Boston to ask Edward Lorimer—this was the young physician's name—to do him the friendly service of accompanying him to Vermont, and acting as his second. But Robert Dunning, who, kept *au courant* of Hubert's trial by the papers and his mother's letters, had taken a lively interest in it, and who, besides, was a sworn enemy of all Abolitionists, forced himself upon him in the same capacity for this bloody enterprise. Or rather he declared his intention of going to Vermont himself, now that he knew the retreat of this vagabond, to give the d—— man-stealer a lesson with his horsewhip; and it was only by accepting his offer of acting as his second, on which occasion he hoped to wreak his vengeance upon him in still a different way, that Alonzo had finally extorted from him the promise not to forestall him in an attack on the foreign adventurer.

Alonzo, in whom, in spite of the storm within his breast,

there mingled, with his chivalric sense of honour, a suspicion that he had no *common* adventurer to deal with, now requested Lorimer to join them, partly to act as surgeon in case of necessity, partly, and particularly, that the stranger, who, from Clotilde's description, lived secluded from all society, only among common farmers, might not be without assistance.

Lorimer, by some years the senior of the two others, would have preferred not to take part in the affair, as his European tour was already fixed, and his passage taken; but he, too, hated the Abolitionists as much as any Southerner, and did not grudge the intruder a good chastisement, even if he was not inclined to bestow it himself. Added to this, he could hope to withdraw himself all the more easily, by his near departure, from the severe punitory laws of the New-England States, which regarded the duellist as a murderer, and the second as a murderer's accomplice. Alonzo's appeal to his generosity, with regard to the desolate situation of the stranger in case of an encounter, settled the matter, and he suffered himself to be induced to accompany the two friends.

When the latter repaired to Hubert's house, Lorimer still hoped that a few strokes from Dunning—of the intention of giving which, the latter still bragged to him, if not to Alonzo—would put an end to the affair, and that Alonzo would pronounce the adventurer, dishonoured thus before his eyes, unworthy of the nobler punishment from the hand of a cavalier. But when they returned, Alonzo penetrated by Hubert's noble demeanour, and the interview with Clotilde, Dunning full of compelled esteem for the stranger, he too commenced to look at the matter from another point of view. In the mean time everything was agreed upon and decided: time, place, and weapons. And Hubert had also been informed of the fact that Lorimer, in default of a personal friend, would act as his second.

The latter now ordered a carriage to a place on the main road where the nearest path from the grove joined it. It was settled that in case of a dangerous injury, he should convey the opponent as quickly as possible to the stage route to Albany, from where he could escape to New York with the steamboat, or to Ticonderoga, which was nearer, and from where a steamboat would take him up Lake Champlain to Canada. The wounded man, he thought, would find refuge and care in Mrs. Curtis' inn, the back orchard of which was only separated from the grove by the road.

Alonzo's burning impatience had brought the young men to the place of combat some time before ten o'clock, the appointed hour. While he paced up and down impatiently, with glazed eye and forced calmness, the two others had sat down upon two stumps, and Lorimer said, in a tone of vexation:

"You see he's not coming. And it can't be wondered at, after all, Bob. From the way in which you went at him, I dare say the poor fellow thinks he'll have to fight with the whole three of us."

"I tell you, Ned," replied the other, "the man didn't look to me, at all, as if he'd be afraid even of three. If he don't come, he's nothing but a braggart. We know the way to his door now, and if he withdraws from the cavalier-custom, Alonzo can't object to the horsewhip any more."

"I must confess," replied Lorimer, seriously, and in a low voice, "I don't like Alonzo Castleton's motive much, either. I pity the poor boy. He's not himself any more. I shouldn't want to have the fair fury, even if she had all the riches of the world in her possession."

"She says," rejoined the other as softly, "that the fellow deceived her. And Alonzo has set his mind upon it that he will have her."

"Our young ladies certainly let themselves be deceived too easily by these foreign adventurers. Give them a title, a

ribbon or star, a gay uniform—and the finest fellow, whose heart is swelling with the sense of his freedom, and whom no king has a right to command anything, will be unhesitatingly sacrificed. My bile always rises when I go to New York and Philadelphia, and meet, in Broadway or Chestnut street, all those trim, moustachioed dandies, so evidently in search of adventures, flirting with our beauties, who so often fall into their traps. How many of them, that talk of kings and dukes as if they had grown up among them, have never seen a court-saloon except when they handed round refreshments in it, and never a maid of honour but when they dressed her hair!"

At this moment Hubert emerged from one of the side paths. He looked at his watch when he saw the three already assembled. It was a few minutes past ten.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "for being later than I intended. The walk was beyond my calculation."

Lorimer, whom a single glance had convinced that he had a man of cultivation and noble manners before him, had immediately risen, and approached him. "Introduce me, Bob," he whispered to Dunning.

"Mr. Hubert," said the latter, "I have the honour of introducing Mr. Lorimer to you; the same generous gentleman whom I mentioned to you yesterday."

"My friend Castleton has told me, sir," Lorimer began, "that you are entirely without friends in this part of the country, and are living among a set of farmers who are entirely unacquainted with the laws of honour. This made it improbable that you would find in the neighbourhood a second in the intended encounter, and at his request I have accompanied him, to offer my services to you in this capacity."

"The feeling which induced you to take this step, does you and Mr. Castleton honour," replied Hubert. "I am much obliged to you, sir. I have, however, declared to Mr.

Castleton already yesterday, that I would on no condition fight with him."

Alonzo started forward. "Quiet, Alonzo," requested Lorimer. "And for what purpose did you come here then, sir?"

"I came to meet the challenge of *this* gentleman," answered Hubert, pointing to Dunning. "The insolence with which, without the least provocation on my part, he attacked me yesterday, at my house, with threats and insults, makes me inclined to give him a trifling memorial with regard to the respect which is due from youths who have hardly outgrown the age of boyhood, to older men. The presence of my wife prevented me, yesterday, from doing it on the spot."

"I shall not run away from you," said Dunning, with a sneer, "in case you have any wish for a second duel. For the present, I am, according to my promise, my cousin's second."

"And yet I am only here on *your* invitation, and as *your* opponent," replied Hubert, contemptuously. "I herewith declare to you all, that I disapprove of and condemn the practice of duelling most decidedly, and only take this step to guard myself and my home from attacks similar to that of yesterday. And to convince you, gentlemen, that it is neither fear nor awkwardness in the use of weapons, but principle alone, that makes me an enemy to the duel—do you see that maple-tree? do you see that little dead branch which extends westward, on the right of the upper bough, between those two leafy ones?—as sure as I am of that little branch, so sure am I of my opponent, if I intend to hit him."

The eyes of the three Southerners had followed his direction mechanically. Hubert aimed. One moment, and the branch designated lay shattered upon the ground.

Dunning changed colour. Alonzo, too, was disconcerted for a moment. Lorimer cried, "That was a master-piece!"

"If, young gentleman," continued Hubert, calmly, turning to Dunning, "you are willing to declare to me now that you behaved yesterday like a rude schoolboy, and apologize for the insult you had designed for me, we will break off the matter here, and I will require no other witnesses than these two gentlemen."

Before Dunning, nearly suffocating with rage, and agitated by the idea of certain death, could answer, Lorimer spoke:

"Perhaps, sir, you would be willing to receive the declaration in rather different words?"

But Dunning had roused himself meanwhile, and cried, "An insolent demand! Only get through with Castleton! You will have plenty of time afterwards to satisfy your desire for revenge on me!"

Alonzo, more and more heated and confused by all that was passing around him, now quickly stepped up to Hubert. "And to me," he said, with suppressed rage, "you will not account?"

"Yes, Alonzo, I will account to you; not with weapons, however, but with words. You are the preserver of my wife —you are Virginia's friend. I will never fire at you. God Almighty is my witness that I never deceived Virginia; I never loved the unhappy girl! And how, Alonzo, can I engage in an encounter with you? I have never offended you, nor you me! But even if there were an abyss of hatred and insult between us—how could I fight with you *now*, Alonzo? You are not yourself! Your hand trembles! Do you not see, Mr. Lorimer, that Mr. Castleton is entirely unfit for combat? Quick, Mr. Dunning, take your weapons, if you will not be satisfied otherwise. With Mr. Castleton I will not fight."

While Lorimer, with some concern, was making the necessary preparations, Dunning whispered to Alonzo, "Can you bear that, Castleton; can you submit to such contempt? He *don't think* it worth while to fight with you; he says you are

unfit for it! Did you hear how he insulted Virginia? Haven't you got any honour left?"

Thus satanically stung and spurred onward, Alonzo, outwardly calm still, but with inward rage, confronted Hubert at regular shooting distance.

"Fire, sir!" he cried. "I am a man of honour. You have the first shot. You are the challenged party!"

"Alonzo, I *will not* fire at you," replied Hubert, with a firm voice; and, with rapid decision, he fired his second pistol into the air.

At this, an insane fury seized the unhappy youth, and, with his loaded pistol in his hand, he rushed up to Hubert. He stopped about six paces from him. "Fire," he cried, "or you are lost! Fire, villain! I say you *shall* have the first shot!"

Hubert, with admirable presence of mind, quickly sprang on one side. "Madman!" he exclaimed, "would you make a murderer of me? He is raving, Mr. Lorimer, seize him! Bring him to himself, if you are his friend!"

Lorimer sprang to Alonzo, and, holding his arms behind him, cried: "Command yourself, Alonzo! come to yourself! No man of honour acts thus." But with supernatural strength, the other, in frenzy, tore himself from his grasp. "Do you despise me, traitor, because you think it was you, after all, who bore away the prize?"—he shouted, in terrible passion—"die, then, because she would have it so!"

And, stepping forward with a quick turn, he fired. Hubert staggered, sank back with an exclamation which was unintelligible to the three, and lay lifeless upon the ground.

Dunning and Lorimer had seized the madman at the moment when the pistol went off. It was too late. They both, and Alonzo himself, stood for an instant as if stunned.

"Assassin!" cried Lorimer, letting go his hold, and threw himself upon Hubert. He was the first who regained his composure. "Perhaps he can yet be saved," he said. "Tear

rible, awful!—Take charge of the insane man, Bob; only insanity can excuse such a deed. Take him away, out of Vermont. I cannot leave this unfortunate man, who fell a victim to his generosity. Stop at the inn, and send me, as soon as possible, two strong men with a litter. Leave my baggage there; I will stay with this murdered man."

Forcibly dragged away by Dunning, Alonzo, only half-conscious, hastened through the wood to the carriage. The boy who drove it, frightened by the shots and by Alonzo's looks, stared at them in mute terror. But Dunning, springing into the chaise, and drawing Alonzo after him, snatched the reins from his hands, and raced round the nearest corner, up to the tavern.

The landlady had already had the valises of the three gentlemen brought down to the door. She had discovered that they had hired Mike Walker's chaise again to-day, and Lizzy had heard them, in the morning, speak of leaving. She therefore wished to give them a hint that she had no desire to keep them. She stood at the door herself, partly to receive their payment of their bill, when they should return from the walk which she imagined they were taking, partly to execute Clotilde's commission.

The wind had borne the sounds of the shots in an opposite direction, but their reverberation had been noticed by several neighbours, and one and another, who happened to have nothing to do, had joined her, and just expressed their wonder as to what this could signify, when the chaise came driving up at a furious rate.

"Our reckoning, quick!" cried Dunning. "Put on the baggage; Mr. Lorimer's valise remains here. He's going to stay. What do we owe you?"

"A dollar apiece," answered Mrs. Curtis, drily, but when her glance fell upon Castleton's deathlike countenance, she asked, "What ails you, sir, are you ill?"

"Mr. Castleton is not well," replied Dunning, throwing

her a bank note; "we are going right to Redfield, to the doctor's. Go on. But look here, Mrs. Curtis——"

"If that is Mr. Castleton," the landlady interrupted him, for the horses were already starting, "here is a letter for him from Mrs. Hubert, and a package."

Alonzo started back, as if stung by an adder. "Go on!" he cried, in a hollow voice. Dunning snatched the letter and package from Mrs. Curtis' hand.

"What ails the gentleman?" she inquired, with a distrustful look.

"Nothing, he is ill. And now just send two men with a litter and bedding to the grove behind your orchard. There is a wounded man there, who needs help."

The carriage was already in motion when Dunning called out these words to her in a loud voice. A stroke of the whip, and he drove rapidly away.

"What has happened?" asked the bystanders, who had all heard Dunning's words. "See if they aren't a couple of murderers; they've killed the third one; that accounts for the shots we heard!"

But the active landlady speedily despatched the necessary aid. Through the back-door of the orchard the grove could soon be reached. She remained at the door until the men whom she had sent should return with the litter. She expected to see the features of the young man who had been her guest the night before, and a tear rose in her eye, as she thought of the mutability of everything earthly, and of the bloody death of the youth, who, but a few hours before, was blooming in the fulness of health. But when she recognised in the ghastly, bloody form which lay stretched on the litter, convulsively distorted, the husband, alas! so recently the happy husband, of her young friend, she broke out into loud, heartfelt grief, and could not tear her thoughts from the unhappy wife.

Lorimer, prostrated with sorrow and shame for his treach-

erous friend, slowly walked by Hubert's side. He had bound up the wound with the utmost care. But he soon saw that there was no hope. Nevertheless, he remained with him until the physician arrived who had been sent for to Redfield. "I cannot see the unhappy young wife!" he said; "it is a terrible affair! I'm glad I'm going away, and will soon be over this!"

With this he hired a wagon to take him to Montpelier—for the stage between Woodhill and Redfield only ran twice a week—whence he would hasten, by the mail-coach, to Boston, there to embark in the first steamer for Europe.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

ON the hill at Woodhill, in the courtyard of her dwelling, under the shadow of a venerable oak, sat Clotilde. Her household duties were accomplished. The dinner was upon the fire, the little table spread on the veranda. She had carried her work-basket out to her favourite seat under the oak, to await, in busy occupation and quiet reflection, the return of her beloved husband, whose image filled her soul more than ever.

There was a holy peace around her. A soft breeze played in the branches, there was a pretty twittering and humming over her head, by her side. The lovely concert of rural nature lulled her soul to the sweetest dreams. She felt so calm, so serene. For the boy from the store, when he brought her some articles which she had ordered yesterday, about an hour ago, had told her that he had nearly been run over on the way to the hill; that Mike Walker's chaise had rushed past him with the two gentlemen in it that had come in the stage from Redfield the day before. One of them had the reins himself, and was furiously whipping up the horse, so that he had hardly had time to run out of the way.

"And so they are gone!" thought Clotilde. "Thank God, the danger is over! Poor Alonzo! How I pity you for the discovery which I could not spare you! And yet I pity you still more, that your unfortunate blind passion makes you the tool of Virginia's insane desire for revenge! Can I *have understood* him right! Can it be that she has made

the ruin of the man she once loved, the condition of her final acceptance of Alonzo's love? Unhappy, terrible creature! What a new fearful example of the force of passion when it is governed by no beneficial discipline of the mind!

"Poor Virginia! I pity you! But your injustice shall trouble my quiet happiness no longer! Away with the thought of her ignoble love!" She passed her delicate hand over her forehead, as if thus to brush away everything which could disturb her enjoyment of her sweet hopes. With a happy smile she took from the basket one piece after the other of her cut-out work, spread out the little shirts and slips on her lap with gentle delight, carefully folded them up again, and gave herself up, while she sewed industriously, to the flow of her sweetly-sad thoughts.

"Poor, beloved little one!" she thought, "not in dear Germany will you first behold the light of the world! You will be no German boy or girl! Your heart will not beat more joyfully when you think of the glorious Rhine, or of those palaces of Nature, the Alps of Salzburg or the Tyrol! It will not swell proudly when you hear of those of your German countrymen in whom humanity has expanded to its highest spiritual power, of Luther, Leibnitz, Goethe, Beethoven, Humboldt! Your bosom will not threaten to burst with indignation and love, when, at some future time, you think of Germany, lacerated, dismembered, bleeding Germany, about whose fate its princes consult with *strangers*, on whose formation *strangers* must decide! Oh, shame!

"But you will have a free, proud, united country, my darling baby. A country which gave shelter to your exiled father, which your mother has chosen voluntarily, which love has made her choose. And what responsibilities await her now, in training you up to be a worthy member of a republic. It is only in a democratic republic that the pure nature of man can fully develop itself. How frequently will the prejudices which I have inherited, and been educated to, trouble

me, in your education! I shall have to educate myself a great deal yet, before I can feel myself entirely capacitated to bring you up.

"But where can Hubert be?—What joys await you, dearest husband! And how our hearts will be bound closer and closer to each other! How our souls, in this common endeavour, will become more and more harmoniously attuned! I might be afraid of the contrast between us"—she thought of their different views on the relation of man to God—"if you were not *Franz Hubert*, if I did not love in you all that is noble, generous, liberal. I have heard my father remark that difference of religious opinion is of less importance in childless marriages; but where the education of beloved children is one of the aims of life with both parties, and they are both conscientious, the pure happiness of married life is in great danger of being wrecked upon this difference.

"How true and well-remarked!" she added, thoughtfully. "But—I still remember the occasion distinctly—my father spoke of the difference between the Protestant and Catholic religions. They were discussing mixed marriages. But the difference between Hubert's views and mine has nothing to do with doctrines. I am convinced that in my dear husband's heart faith does live, notwithstanding that he wraps it around so with sophistry, that at times the offspring of Heaven cannot be recognised. And he has that *charity*, which, as the Apostle teaches us, is still greater than hope and faith."

Thus the loving wife, with gentle hand, drew a veil over the slight shades which she would not see where there was so much light. "Where can Hubert be?" she said once more.

She had said so repeatedly. She began to be rather uneasy. She went to the kitchen, moved the dinner from the fire, looked out of the back-door towards the wood, and then resumed her work. This was repeated; she was uneasy without being anxious. Hubert had often kept her waiting *for hours.*

She had just sat down again, when she saw a chaise drive up the hill, and, a moment after, enter the yard. She recognised Mrs. Curtis in it. A gentleman in black accompanied her. It was Dr. Hopkins, the minister of the place.

This visit was something very unusual. Clotilde went cordially to meet them, without any misgiving. Even the solemn, serious mien of the clergyman did not strike her. It was habitual with him. Mrs. Curtis, too, like many New-England women who belong to the church, even if they are of a mild and cheerful disposition, wore a serious, reserved expression on her features. To-day there was a melancholy softness in her face, that made Clotilde ask:

"What ails you, dear Mrs. Curtis? Has anything sad happened to you?"

The landlady was silent. But the minister began, with solemn voice: "There is no one of us who must not be ready at any time to have the hand of the Lord laid upon him in affliction."

Clotilde gave him a look of alarm and inquiry. He turned toward the house. Mrs. Curtis took Clotilde's hand, and tried to lead her in-doors. Her eyes were filled with tears.

"What has happened?" cried Clotilde, terrified, stopping in the door.

"You are a Christian," said the reverend gentleman, taking her other hand. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away!"

At this moment, a dull murmur of voices came up the hill. Several persons entered the yard. "Come, dear Mrs. Hubert," said her two friends again, and attempted once more to draw her into the house. But Clotilde, a dim, fearful presentiment flashing through her mind, tore herself forcibly from their grasp. The courtyard filled with people. Four men brought in a litter. Beds were spread over it, a wounded man lay upon them. With a cry of horror the wretched wife rushed towards it, and when the men set

down the litter, and she, ghastly pale, had cast one glance upon it, she sank down fainting beside it.

Hubert had returned to a faint consciousness under the physician's care, and, in a low, urgent voice, had entreated them to take him "to his wife." While he was being conveyed home, he had again fallen into a deathlike faint.

Hours passed, and amid Clotilde's burning tears, in her arms, he awoke to life once more.

He smiled upon her sadly. "The seed has sprung up," he said, in a low voice. "Oh, forgive me, Clotilde! I did not think to die by a brother's hand! My unhappy father! Your God is just, my Clotilde, but he is merciful; he accepts of the son's life as an atonement for the father's sin!"

He spoke unconnectedly, interrupted by the death-rattle in his throat. From time to time he moaned deeply: "Oh, Clotilde, must I leave you here alone? Oh, forgive me, beloved! And must I leave you and my child? Must I leave you two alone and helpless in a strange land?"

His voice broke. But Clotilde, a comforting angel, seized, as it were, with a heavenly foreboding, bent over him, and whispered: "Die in peace, beloved, we shall soon follow you! I have lost you twice, I know I could not do so a third time!"

He expired, and, with a firm, gentle hand, she closed his breaking eyes. *Two* hearts broke when he breathed his last. Ghastly pale, icy cold, calm and collected, she sat beside her husband's corpse. Let us drop a veil over the heart-rending scenes of the succeeding hours, the succeeding days!—

The house and yard had long grown empty again. On the meadow behind the house he was buried; thus it had been ordered by Clotilde before her last strength gave way, and she sank into unconsciousness. She wished him to rest on the spot which had witnessed their love, their happiness. A hired nurse sat by her bedside. But she was not desolate *and friendless.* Mrs. Curtis and other good women from the

village came and went, took turns in watching with her at night, and nursing her by day. They would have done so to every one, for in the primitive conditions of isolated New-England life, the virtues of neighbourly love and a certain patriarchal family-care continue to prevail in a high degree How much more, then, of love and care was bestowed on Clotilde, the pious, angelic, unhappy wife, who had won every heart in the few months of her sojourn among them! A deep, silent mourning went through the village, and the good women vied with each other in rendering services to the desolate one, and aiding her in her distress.

In the adjoining room sat a stranger, a middle-aged man, in mourning, his head resting on his hand, with every appearance of profound grief. His noble deportment and his foreign English made the simple women rather reserved towards him, but the deep sorrow that spoke from his whole manner touched them. He had come on the day on which Hubert's body had been committed to the grave. There it was affecting to behold how, with ashy cheeks, he approached the open grave, and, with a look of the deepest grief, threw a handful of earth upon the lowered coffin, and, turning away, hid his face, almost overwhelmed by emotion. Since that time Clotilde had lain in unconsciousness. He had often stood beside her bed, she had often fixed her cold, dull gaze upon her dear friend, but without recognising him. Then he would turn away with a bleeding heart—such a look from Clotilde, who was all life, all soul, he could not endure—would withdraw to the next room, and wait in sorrowful impatience for her to come back to consciousness.

The physician came out of her room. "Is she awake?" inquired Sassen, for it was he.

"She is awake," replied the other, in a doubtful tone, "but she is *very* weak."

"I must see her," said Sassen, resolutely. "It will refresh her to know that I am near. Tell her that the friend of her

youth, her father's friend, her former guardian, has come here, and that he will and must see her."

The doctor, not without a hope that the presence of her friend might have a beneficial effect upon his patient, went into the sick-room to prepare her.

In England, where he had gone from Singapore, in an English man-of-war, the Baron had found the letters of his agent, which contained the intelligence of Clotilde's shipwreck, and the later ones from Charleston, in which she herself informed him of her personal preservation and of her living with the Castletons. But the newer letters, which told him of her re-union with her betrothed husband, had been sent to Marseilles, where the Baron, who wished still to visit the East, intended to land on his final return to Europe. He was consequently not yet in possession of them.

On the reception of this direful intelligence, he quickly resolved to go to Charleston, to his beloved young friend, and be her staff and support. He undertook the voyage without any pretensions; but whether, in his generous friendship, there did not mingle something of a bold hope, is a question which we will leave uninvestigated.

The Atlantic steam-navigation had just commenced. Two short weeks brought him to another hemisphere. In New York he learned from Hubert's business-friends the altered state of things. His heart was strong. He was noble enough to rejoice at the happiness of his beloved. He was noble enough to be willing to witness this happiness, now that he had once come so far for the purpose of seeing his young friend once more. He made particular inquiries concerning the abode of the young couple, but could gain only some general information about it, and started for Vermont, to seek them out.

In a village a few stages behind Concord, the two mail-coaches which ran to and fro from that place, met. The table was set for the passengers of both. Sassen's neighbour during

the meal was a young gentleman of pleasing exterior, from whose remarks he gathered that he had left Montpelier the day before.

"Allow me to ask, sir," Sassen accosted him, "are you acquainted with the country around Montpelier?"

"Not particularly; I have spent a short time in that neighbourhood."

"Perhaps you can tell me where I must leave the Montpelier road to get to Redfield?"

"You will have to take the stage to Middlebury," replied the young man, and named the point from which it went. "You are a stranger, sir," he continued, politely; "that little nest can hardly be your journey's end; perhaps I can be of further service to you."

"Much obliged. I wish to go to Woodhill, a village in the vicinity of Redfield."

The young man changed colour. "You are from Germany?" he asked. "Do you intend to visit friends there, sir?"

"Do you perhaps know my friends?"

"Mr. Hubert, your friend!" cried the other, with agitation.

"What about him, sir?" asked the Baron, in alarm. "I am the most intimate friend of Mrs. Hubert's family."

Lorimer rose quickly. "Come with me, sir!" he said, and Sassen silently followed him into another room, for the attention of the other travellers was turned upon them.

"You have come," said Lorimer, resolutely, "at an evil hour for yourself, sir, but at the most salutary moment for the unhappy young lady. Her desolate situation has weighed heavily upon my mind. Let me tell you, in a few words, what a tragedy has just been enacted at Woodhill. For time presses; I see them leading out the horses. Your countryman, with or without guilt, has awakened in the heart of a beautiful girl from one of our first South Carolinian families, a

passionate love. We Southerners are hot-headed fellows. Her cousin, an old lover of hers, and blinded by insane passion, has revenged her. He shot Hubert in a duel yesterday morning. He murdered him, for he acted like a madman. Hubert was a noble, generous man. My heart bleeds when I think how he has been treated by one of my countrymen, one of my friends! Ten years of my life I'd give," he added, striking his forehead, "if I could make this terrible affair undone! But I'll swear to it, my friend acted thus in insanity; he was not responsible. Do you go, sir, and console the unhappy young widow! The happiest couple that ever lived, the people say! And the poor creature is on the point of becoming a mother, they tell me! I must go. Farewell, sir!"

The Baron had listened in the deepest agitation. "One moment more, sir," he said, with outward calmness. "What has become of the murderer?"

"God knows! Unfortunate young man, he will not much enjoy the fruits of his horrible deed! When he regains his senses, he must experience the deepest remorse that, instead of killing Hubert in a duel, he has madly *murdered* him. But I must go."

"If there is a law in your country," replied the Baron, threateningly, "the murderer shall not escape punishment. Where has he gone, sir?"

Lorimer extricated himself from his hold, for the other, in violent emotion, had grasped his arm. "The unhappy man is my friend," he said. "I tell you, he was not accountable. I, sir, I came to be Hubert's second, because I knew him to be friendless; but I pity the murderer more than the victim. Go, sir, seek to console the poor widow. Your good genius has brought you here!"

This he said in hastening from the room. The stage was *ready and waiting* for him.

Bewildered, uncertain what course to pursue, and penetrated by a deep grief, Sassen remained behind.

Now he entered the sick-room of his unfortunate young friend. Pale, as if robbed of all vital power, she lay upon her bed. The snowy sheets and pillows which surrounded her, were hardly whiter than that sweet, bloodless face, than those delicate hands, which were, in a few days, wasted almost to a shadow. Entirely devoid of all vitality herself, and incapable of giving life as she was, she had been delivered of a dead child. "Lay the dear pledge beside its father," she whispered, "I shall soon follow." She had requested repeatedly that the grave might not be closed. Full of a calm, hopeful faith, she looked forward to her certain dissolution.

When her trusty friend entered, restraining himself with difficulty, trembling with inward emotion, she turned her eye upon him with a faint smile. "God is merciful," she murmured, "He does not suffer me to die alone! He has sent me my best earthly friend to close my weary eyes!"

And must he see her thus again, so crushed and faded the flower of his life! He could hardly bear it. The strong man almost broke down beneath that terrible grief. But with his usual self-control, he laid his hand upon his heroic breast, and forcibly pressed back his swelling, bursting heart. The dying woman saw in him only the strong, mild friend, who had once desired to be the support of her life, and now had been sent by God to be her support in death.

During two mournful days of gradually-failing consciousness, a few clear moments were with difficulty taken advantage of, in which the Baron received Clotilde's last orders, and was made by her, through a legal act, the unlimited administrator of all her property. She made him promise her not to call Alonzo to account. "Unhappy young man!" she said, "he bears the punishment in his heart!" *Eli had* confessed to her that he had delivered the letter

too late. But she thought her husband had fallen in a forced combat.

Then she withdrew her thoughts entirely from everything earthly. On her friend's faithful bosom she breathed out her soul, that soul so full of love and weary unto death. And thus, dead, he held her in his arms, whom to call his own had, for many years, been the one longing desire of his life. A few scalding tears dropped from that manly eye, upon the brow, smooth and cold as marble, of the departed one.

By the side of her husband, of her child, as she had willed it, he buried her; then erected a plain marble monument to the re-united husband and wife, planted cypress-trees around the grave, and devoted the spot which had witnessed the happiness of the lovers, entirely to their memory. A poor, honest family were placed in the house, who were to watch faithfully over the burial-spot, against the free use of the house and garden. With business-like caution, the Baron put the superintendence of their duty into the hands of a committee, which he formed of the minister and several other worthy men of the place.

He travelled backwards and forwards until all was arranged, and stern winter had already commenced. Then, with bleeding heart, he tore himself away from the last resting-place of her whom he had loved so fervently. Nature herself, as if to sympathize with him, had just spread its snow-white shroud upon the lonely mound, and no loving glance was ever to fall upon it again, after the faithful friend, often leaning back from the carriage, had looked his last upon it!

It may be that some traveller, be he a native of the exiles' newly-adopted country, or one of their many homeless German brethren and sisters, whom the pressure of the times has brought across the ocean, will one day turn his wandering *footsteps* to Vermont, climb the hill at Woodhill, and

read, on the marble monument, the inscription in English and German:

"Here rest, while their souls are united in God, the earthly remains of a loving husband and wife, Franz and Clotilde Hubert, and their little one. On the spot which the sun of their brief happiness shone upon, they now sleep in eternal peace."

Then, while the soft breezes whisper among the cypress boughs, and the distant waterfall murmurs its endless, mournful lay, a deep sadness will come over the feeling heart, and it will be seized with a consciousness of the mutability of all earthly things, and perhaps think, with a heavy sigh, of its native land, so far, far away, and the desolate homes of all the loved ones who are sleeping in the "court of peace."* And it will ask, "Who may these lovers have been?" and long to know more of them.

The Baron employed this winter in a tour through the slave states. Although he was not acquainted with the particulars which had led to the last sad catastrophe, he yet passed through Charleston without seeking out the Castleton family, for he would not touch the bandage which, with firm hand, he had drawn around his wound. In the spring he visited New York and Boston, and then left the country, to return to Europe, cured, it is true, of some prejudices, but yet influenced, on the whole, by one-sided impressions, and confirmed in his preconceived opinions. For he had not looked at things with the eye of a cosmopolite, only with those of an aristocrat. He was totally incapable of loving a country which, instead of a Past, had only a Future. But when, a few years later, the fire, which had long been smouldering, broke out in France, when its bright flames passed over Germany, and threatened finally to consume the long-undermined institutions of an olden time, with which

* *Friedhof*, court of peace, a beautiful German name for the graveyard.

his soul was intergrown—at this period he thought seriously of repairing to Clotilde's quiet resting-place, and there, where her heart broke in love, wearing out his noble life in sorrow and vexation.

Edward Lorimer was just about to embark for Europe, when Dunning, in great ill-humour, and cursing the whole world, returned to Boston. He was indignant at Castleton, that melancholy weathercock, as he called him, that ungrateful hypochondriac, who let women's tears make him as soft as mush, and now, after he had risked everything, and raced over the whole country, to have his way, was going to desert his beautiful cousin after all. For he was thinking of going off and taking the next steamer for Europe. There was no getting along with such an over-virtuous fellow! He looked like a ghost, talked of nothing but fratricide and the mark of Cain, because he had happened to shoot such a vagabond, a man-stealer, whom he had only meant to chastise; he called him, who had helped him like a brother, a devil, a serpent. In short, there was no way of living with him any longer! He, Dunning, had started off, and left him to himself in New York.

Alonzo's awakening from the terrible intoxication of mind and senses in which he had passed some time, had been terrible. The deed was done, he knew not how. His soul, terrified at itself, was contracted in convulsive rigidity. For a long while he grasped Clotilde's letter and package tightly in his hand. He had not the courage to break the seal. With a secret shudder he at length put both in his pocket. On the steamboat which took him from Albany to New York he sat silent, and regardless of all around, gazing into the river. He avoided all recognition of acquaintances. Dunning pretended that he was ill, and was believed.

It was only at the hotel in New York that he opened *Clotilde's* letter. "Perhaps," he thought, "the unhappy

woman has a last request to make of me. And I will grant it, though it should cost my life!"

He locked himself in his room to read the letter. Hours passed, the day went by, and he did not open the door; night came; the servants, Dunning, the landlord, knocked in vain. "I wish to be alone," said a hollow voice inside. "I want nothing; go!"

At last, the next morning, the door opened. But another man came forth. Despair sat upon his deathly-pale countenance. His dark eyes burned with a ghastly fire in deep, shadowy hollows. "How you look!" cried Dunning, in dismay. "Do I wear the mark of Cain upon my brow?" asked Alonzo, in gloomy calmness.

He held a letter in his hand. He had written to Virginia during the night. She suddenly stood before him in an altered form. He thought with horror of the fulfilment of what had for many years been the most fervent desire of his life; he felt a horror of her love. He had disclosed all to her, had revealed to her, and to her alone, that she had made him a fratricide. He had written to her that he was now convinced that Hubert had never loved her, that he had felt himself drawn to her at first because he had thought she was his sister, her dead cousin Virginia, and afterwards from pity, because she had shown him her love. In his heart he had ever been true to Clotilde.

"To a terrible, fearful view," he wrote, "my eyes have been opened. You appear to me like the glittering serpent which lured the race of man to ruin, and cheated it out of Paradise. You are like the infernal flame which promises hidden treasures, and only lights the unhappy wretch who seeks them, to destruction. You incited me to revenge, and brought down the most ancient curse upon my head. I can see your face no more. I have a horror of your beauty, to which cleaves my brother's blood. You have robbed my unhappy mother of her only son, the light of her eyes; for

I must become an exile; the mark of Cain is upon my brow; I can see my home no more. The stones would rise up against me and call me fratricide! I will go beyond the seas, I will roam from land to land, to escape the curse which your thirst for revenge, your mad jealousy, have drawn down upon me!"

The next steamer took him to England. Restlessly he wandered through Europe, the East, the half of Asia. Many of his countrymen, in their travels, have already met the wretched youth, who, without repose, without enjoyment, accompanied only by a servant, hastens from city to city, from land to land, and, with the *valet de place* by his side, conscientiously goes through the whole list of sights, etc., but seems to see only with his eye, to hear only with his ear, while his suffering soul broods in darkness. He attaches himself to no one — no one joins him; for his mysterious, gloomy mien repels every one, and the sight of him sends a secret shudder through many a tender heart, which thinks, with a sigh: "Unfortunate man! He looks as if he had committed a crime!"

How many of his countrymen now make use of the rapid intercourse by means of steamers and propellers, to see the land of their forefathers, and make the great European tour! The winter succeeding the one which had spread its sheet of snow over the grave at Woodhill, a charming American shone in the highest *salons* of Paris, and the most fashionable circles had much to say about "*la belle Américaine*" and her "*spirituelles*," eccentricities, and amiable coquetries. The Southern fire in her eye kindled the hearts of all the men; her piquant conversation kept up the flame. Her loving husband, who hung upon her looks, was like her shadow, but just because she always kept him, like her shadow, by her side, and, surrounded by a crowd of admirers, treated him more like a valet than like her husband, she secured her reputation, in spite of a thou-

sand coquetries, but no intrigues. Rich, beautiful, sought by all, surrounded by all the refinements of luxury and art, adored by her husband — who would not have called the lovely American Fortune's favourite child? And, indeed, the world never knew the enchanting stranger otherwise than laughing, giving pleasure, and enjoying.

And yet Phyllis, the black waiting-maid, might have told much of the sleepless nights of her mistress, and how she was inwardly bruised and ill, and would often weep for hours together, and wring her hands, and wish herself dead. And the husband? How carefully did he avoid being alone with his beautiful wife! How did he seek to divert her mind and keep her in good humour, and, by rich presents and constant yielding to her wishes, endeavour to keep her out of that unhappy state of mind whose victim he, and only he, had always to be!

A few months after Virginia had received her unfortunate cousin's letter, she had bestowed her hand upon Mr. John Carroll, a wealthy planter from Tennessee. Her father, indignant at Alonzo's sudden departure for Europe, which was totally incomprehensible to him, had promoted the connection, although, by it, his favourite plan was destroyed. John Carroll, a plain, worthy man, had applied for the post of ambassador to Naples; for, being out of health, he hoped that the Italian climate would benefit him. He could speak neither French nor Italian—but he had a secretary who could understand the former if it was not spoken too quickly, and his beautiful wife was familiar with both languages. Through friends and connections, he had succeeded in obtaining the appointment, and as, often, one good fortune joins another, and to him who hath, more is given, it was to this appointment that he owed the hand of the admired Miss Castleton.

Virginia had but little regard for her husband, for he was small in stature, in weak health, without particular mental *endowments*, and her obedient servant in everything. As an

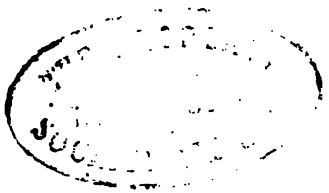
American ambassador in Naples has not much important business besides spending his annual salary of nine thousand dollars, it was an easy matter for her, after she had spent a few weeks in Naples, and visited Rome, Florence and Venice, to induce her husband to spend the greater part of the year in Paris. For the society in which she shone there was far more interesting to her, and drew her more out of her unhappy self, than all the antiques and all the paintings of the world. Mr. Carroll proposed a trip to Germany; but this she would in no way hear of. She hated the Germans, and had banished all German books from her library. In a whirl of dissipation the unhappy young creature hoped to drown the voice of her conscience and the claims of a heart thirsting, famishing for love.

With a sort of passionate longing she thought of her sister Sarah, whom she called her saint. When, though very rarely, a letter arrived from this faithful servant of God, who continued untiringly to win souls to Him in distant Africa, it gave Virginia a day of rejoicing. Such a letter always kindled a small, quiet light in her heart, but it was completely outshone by the thousand brilliant lights of her worldly pleasures.

Yet she liked to speak of her pious sister to her free-thinking friends, and could defend religion to the Russian Count Stroyef, and the Greek Prince Cantacuczeno, the two most distinguished of her admirers, with so fascinating a zeal, that she soon received the name of "*la belle puritaine.*" Those who knew Virginia better, however, were well aware that if she felt drawn to any church, it was the Catholic. To Phyllis, at least, she often, when she came home from one of her brilliant assemblies, and felt very miserable, expressed the wish that she had been born in a Catholic country, and could weep out her life in a convent.

Who can tell what may happen, when the autumn of life *despoils the* young rose of her leaves, and the world, after it

has ceased to pay her homage, has lost its splendour for her! Perchance she will then, by a formal change of faith, quiet her torturing conscience, and thus conciliate the angry spirit of her grandmother, the stern Lucia Losada, whose fiery blood glows in her veins!



THE END.